

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY



VOLUME 161 NUMBER 2

FEBRUARY 1938

THIS BUSINESS RELAPSE

BY LEONARD P. AYRES

THIS business slump is not a new depression, for we have never completed in this country the recovery from the great depression that began in 1929. It is not a mere recession, for it is too serious to be designated by so mild a term. It is a relapse with complications.

It began last summer with a decline in stock prices which appeared at first to be nothing more than a normal corrective reaction in a bull market. But the decline continued with such increasing momentum that in two months the quoted values of stocks listed on the New York exchange had been reduced by some 25 billions of dollars. Meanwhile the contagion had spread throughout the business structure, and by the end of November production in the basic iron and steel industry had been reduced to low depression levels.

During all the final quarter of last year, business activity continued to shrink as if it were being rapidly evaporated by some potent invisible agency. The declines in manufacturing output were among the most drastic that have ever been recorded within so brief a time in all our business history. By the end of the year the volume of railroad freight

had fallen almost to the low levels of the worst depression years. Unemployment developed on a large scale. In three short months most of the hard-won gains of the three recovery years of 1935, 1936, and 1937 had been canceled.

Business was good last summer when this relapse began to get under way. The volume of industrial production was almost as great as it had been in the last prosperity year of 1929. Employment had increased until it was nearly back at the levels of 1929. The profits earned by corporations in the second quarter of the year were the largest since the prosperity period before the depression. Agriculture was having its best year since that time. General business activity had so nearly regained its pre-depression proportions last summer that even the statisticians who measure such things with their index numbers were almost ready to pronounce the old depression ended and full recovery attained. They would have done so except for the fact that our population had increased by some eight millions since 1929, which still left our per capita production of goods somewhat below normal levels.

It was under the auspicious conditions

Copyright 1938, by The Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston, Mass. All rights reserved.

prevailing last summer that the new collapse of business developed. The shock to confidence resulting from the stock panic and the business collapse was increased by the absence of conditions appearing to warrant any such precipitate and general retreat of trade and industry. Moreover, the first serious downturn came in the security markets about which there had been a minimum of anxiety. The new Securities Exchange Act which was passed in 1934 carried in its preamble the statement that a purpose of the new law was to prevent 'sudden and unreasonable fluctuations of security prices.' The press and the public generally had approved the new act, and had reposed a good deal of faith in its effectiveness to protect investors. The sudden shattering of that faith has contributed to the loss of confidence.

It now seems probable that this rapid relapse of general business will become considerably more serious before its downward momentum can be checked. One reason for this is that unemployment is increasing far more rapidly than it did in the early stages of previous periods of hard times. The surpluses of corporations have been depleted during the depression years. Companies are unable to accumulate reserves because the new tax on undistributed profits forces them either to pay out their earnings in dividends or to hand over large proportions of them to the government.

Wages are so much higher than they were a few years ago, and working hours are so much shorter, and the exactions of labor organizations are so much more drastic, that those industrial corporations which are operating without earning profits find that their losses mount with appalling rapidity. Under these conditions the managements of manufacturing concerns do not dare assume the risks of continuing to operate even temporarily while their costs exceed their incomes. Many companies are now closing down because they believe they must do so in order to survive.

II

The great sociologist, Giddings, once made the illuminating comment that 'the causes of calamity are delusively obvious.' Clearly it is a nearly universal trait of human nature to seek a scapegoat to bear the blame for misfortune. Nevertheless, in the case of this business relapse there has not developed so far any near unanimity of opinion as to who or what is responsible for the disaster. There are at least six explanations that have the support of responsible economic judgment.

The first of them holds that the seeds of this reaction were sowed last spring when the administration at Washington gave out a series of emphatic warnings that commodity prices were too high, and were advancing too fast. Business activity was increasing at the time, and men were confidently discussing the prospects for a coming boom, but the warnings effectively dampened their enthusiasms. Corporations which had been building up their inventories and increasing their forward orders began to curtail and then reverse these policies. As new orders fell off, manufacturers restricted production in order to work down the stocks of goods already accumulated. The theory is that the warnings issued in the spring brought their full effect in the autumn, when demand fell, prices of raw materials dropped, and depression descended on business.

A second explanation is that the administration doubled the reserve requirements of banks, forcing them to keep on hand twice as much cash in proportion to their total deposits as they had needed to previously. This caused the banks to sell bond holdings, which weakened security prices, and contracted credit. The increased requirements imposed on the banks were parts of the policies of administration officials designed to offset the boom which they imagined was in the making, and to erect safeguards against inflation. The au-

thorities applied the credit brakes, but in their zeal they slammed them on and caused the long business skid that is still under way, and still threatening to end in a bad smash.

There is yet another explanation involving banking which attributes our troubles to a ruling by the Federal agency that insures bank deposits. That ruling requires banks to have capital at least equal to 10 per cent of their deposits. At the same time the administration has artificially reduced interest rates to such low levels that banks can neither earn enough to build up their capital assets by profits nor pay dividends large enough to attract new capital through the sale of stock. The result is that banks having deposits equal to ten times their capital cannot make additional loans because that would increase their deposits beyond the permitted ratio.

Probably the explanation having the widest support among economists is that our present difficulties are the direct results of attempts made by the administration to institute a balanced budget. During the recovery period, up to about the end of 1936, we had been trying to spend our way out of the depression by disbursing from four to six billion dollars a year more than we were taking in by way of taxes. This was done by borrowing, and it furnished a constant and enormous flow of consumer purchasing power which sustained our recovery. Then in 1937 the government sharply reduced its borrowings and increased its tax receipts until it was actually taking something away from the flow of the purchasing power of the people instead of greatly adding to it. Government suddenly handed back to business the task of keeping the people supplied with purchasing power without giving any adequate warnings of what it was doing, and without any tapering-off process.

One of the two remaining popularly accepted explanations attributes our present troubles to the widespread dis-

may prevailing among business men as the result of their brief and turbulent experience with the workings of the National Labor Relations Act. Many of them feel that it is simply not worth while for any man to continue trying to do business under present labor conditions if he has accumulated enough to support himself and his family, however modestly, amid the peaceful surroundings of retirement.

The last of the six explanations is somewhat like this one, for it holds that the cumulative effect of high income taxes, undistributed profit taxes, capital gain taxes, social security taxes, and unemployment insurance taxes has finally so nearly destroyed profit incentives that enterprise has become folly. Under such circumstances satisfaction and achievement can best be sought through working for someone else, and preferably for the government.

All six of these explanations have some characteristics in common. They all place the responsibility for our business slump in Washington. More astonishingly, they all attribute our troubles to ineptitude, and bungling, and inefficiency in high places, rather than to any purposeful attempt to supplant our traditional economic system with some other system. All six explanations implicitly assume that the administration had good intentions, but they conclude that those good intentions have come to constitute the paving of the hot spot on which we now find ourselves.

It seems wholly probable that future analysts studying these matters more calmly, and aided by the clarifying perspective of time, will agree that there is something of validity in each and all of these explanations. Nevertheless, they now fall short of telling us convincingly why it was that an apparently minor and normal reaction in the stock market last August kept on getting deeper and steeper until it developed into a panic, and initiated a business relapse of this magnitude. Perhaps the controlling fac-

tor which converted the reaction into the relapse was the cumulative effect of bad news.

When the decline in the stock market was getting under way, the news from the little world war in Spain was bad, and getting worse. Then came tidings of the operations of pirate submarines in the Mediterranean, and stock prices moved lower. Suddenly the news came that the British ambassador to China had been shot by a Japanese aviator, and again prices broke. Meanwhile we were getting successive rumors and finally definite reports that the President had decided to call a special session of the Congress for the hurried enactment of more laws for the further drastic regulation of agriculture, industry, and the utilities, and for a reorganization of the administrative offices in Washington with greatly increased concentration of power.

When that news was verified, American investors suddenly and spontaneously adopted a policy of watchful waiting. These investors included not only individuals who purchase and sell securities for their personal accounts, but corporations which invest in properties by erecting new plants, extending old ones, and installing equipment. It was like a sit-down strike, except that it was unorganized and without leadership. What seems to have happened late last summer was that great numbers of both individual and corporate investors abruptly decided that they no longer had sufficient confidence in the future prospects for profits to be willing to bet on them with their own money.

There are two indicators of business confidence that are more reliable than any others. One of them is the action of stock prices, and the other the records of the sales of new securities to raise money for the promotion of business enterprises. They both tell the same story. When stock prices are rising, and flotations of new securities are increasing, business confidence is strong and gaining. When prices are falling, and fewer new securi-

ties are being offered, confidence is waning.

In these recent months, stock prices have suffered one of the most rapid declines in their history, and flotations of new securities have dwindled away to a mere trickle. These declines assumed serious proportions when it became known that a special session of the Congress was to be called for the hurried enactment of a sweeping programme of new legislation for the further regulation of business. Apparently investors decided then that stocks would probably be worth less in the future than they had normally been in the past. They thought they would be worth less because of restricted markets for dealing in them, the dangers of insolvencies due to the forced disbursements of earnings, the ever-increasing exactions of labor organizations, and the chronic fears of still more harassing laws and regulations.

The result was a hurried selling of stocks for whatever they would bring, and a general withdrawal by corporations of projects for financing extensions of their enterprises. The administrators of our national plan for a managed recovery had miscalculated the endurance of business. They had overlooked the fundamental fact that the most dangerous foe of business is chronic uncertainty. Business can overcome almost any obstacles that have known characteristics and fixed conditions, but it cannot prevail against continuous shifting of the laws, regulations, taxes, and labor conditions under which it must operate.

III

Our chances of recovering from this relapse without having to go through with a long, slow, depression convalescence depend in large measure on what happens this year to business in other countries. Most of the rest of the world is much further along than we are in the recovery from the great depression. In nearly all the other important countries

the volume of industrial production is running well above that of 1929. It may well be that their business cycles have run so far, and mounted so high, that downturns could easily get under way.

It might readily happen that declines in business activity abroad might result from our depression conditions here, and foreign economists are already expressing anxious comments about that possibility. If that should take place, and if business activity abroad should slow down seriously, our chances for a prompt resumption of recovery here would be poor indeed. Depressions are no respecters of national boundaries, and poor conditions here may well engender hard times abroad, and those in turn may operate to postpone recovery in this country.

The statistical office of the League of Nations considers the average monthly volume of industrial production in 1929 to have been equal to 100 in each important nation publishing records of such measures. On that basis our production in November was 80. In the rest of the world as a whole the latest figure — which, as this is written, is that of September — stood at 114. In England it was 114, in Germany 118, in Denmark 133, and in Sweden 142. These other countries have far exceeded their old prosperity records, and have been experiencing new and greater prosperities.

The most significant international comparisons of all are those between the records of this country and those of Canada. Our Federal index of industrial production includes the outputs of manufacturing and mining. The official index of the Dominion includes other items, such as construction, but if we combine by statistical methods the data for manufacturing and mining we can construct for Canada figures that are directly comparable with our own, and they afford astonishing comparisons.

We find that the great depression was more severe in Canada than it was here. Our industrial production fell 46 per cent from the highest month in 1929 to the

lowest month of the depression, but the corresponding decline from highest month to lowest month in Canada was 49 per cent. In this country our industrial production recovered from the lowest depression month, up to last October, 55 per cent of its depression losses. But, up to last October, Canadian industrial production had recovered 110 per cent of its depression losses, and was far above its highest records of the old prosperity period of 1929. Canada has done twice as well as we have in bringing back production.

Unemployment was more severe in Canada than it was with us, and the Dominion has done better with reemployment than we have. From the low of the depression up to last October, Canada had regained in employment 93 per cent of the depression losses, while we had regained only 83 per cent.

It would be prudent for us to ponder well the questions suggested by the discrepancies between the results of our recovery efforts and those that Canada has achieved. There is a country so like our own in populations, institutions, and business procedures, that for thousands of miles along the border, except at its eastern end, the traveler crossing the line finds it hard to realize that he is in a different country. Canada's per capita wealth is far lower than ours. The climate is more rigorous. She lacks many of our natural resources, especially coal and iron. She was harder hit by the depression. And yet Canada has done a far better recovery job than we have, and we ought to be asking ourselves why she has succeeded and why we have not.

This relapse of business is precisely described by the French phrase which calls such a collapse a 'crisis of confidence.' Two American statesmen, who have long since passed on, expressed in speeches exactly the basic principles which apply to this troubled time. Thomas B. Reed once said, 'If a period of prosperity could be expressed in a single word, that word would be "con-

fidence"; and if a period of adversity could be expressed in a single word, that word would be "distrust." That sounds as though Reed had foreseen our present problems, but Daniel Webster, speaking in the Senate a little over a century ago, seems to have been discussing the difficulty of finding the solution we are seeking, for he said, 'Confidence is a thing not to be produced by compulsion. Men cannot be forced into trust.'

The economic solution of our problem is simple. We could win our way back to a sturdy recovery far more easily than the Canadians have done if it were not for the political difficulties which confound us. The electric utilities are the key log in our depression jam. Before the depression they were raising a billion dollars of new capital each year, and spending it for new construction. In recent years they have been raising only about one twentieth as much new capital, and they have been doing little construction. They have great accumulated shortages of equipment which they are eager to make up. If there could be a treaty of peace between the utilities and the government, more than a billion dollars' worth a year of new construction could promptly be got under way.

If the utilities should resume large-scale construction, the railroads would have greatly increased traffic. Before the depression, the roads were spending more than two billions a year for materials and capital expenditures, but in the past five depression years their average expenditures of the same sorts have been reduced to three quarters of a billion per year. Since this present downturn began they have been further reduced to very small amounts. If the roads could gain the rate increases now being considered in Washington, and also gain important traffic from the utilities, they would promptly increase their own expenditures by perhaps a billion dollars a year. If the utilities and railroads were once more eager customers, the basic iron and

steel industry would be prosperous. If those three industries were prosperous, the automobile industry would prosper also, and the expansion of the building-construction industry would promptly get under way.

We have all the economic requisites for prosperity. We have the men, money, materials, and markets. We do not need to exploit some new invention, or to expand an infant industry, to find work for all. There are still waiting to be made up enormous shortages accumulated during the depression years in the durable-goods industries. We need large numbers of ships and bridges, generators and transmission lines, cars and locomotives, cranes and machine tools, new dwellings and industrial plants. Our troubles are political, not economic. Probably no nation stricken by a depression ever before faced a recovery problem so simple in its economic terms, and so complex in its political terms.

We need to start from where we are, and work with what we have. No new monetary manipulation will turn the trick this time. Budget balancing must again be postponed because new necessities for supporting the unemployed are upon us, but lavish expenditures for priming the pump of prosperity will not again avail to get a new recovery under way. Our solution must come through coöperation between government, business, and labor, and our problem is to develop a working combination of that coöperation.

The controlling condition of our problem is that we live in a profit-and-loss economy which cannot be changed into a managed economy except through a great social crisis, and after a dreadful new depression. The incentive which impels men to take present risks in the hope of making future gains is confidence in the prospects for profits. At present that confidence is lacking, and it cannot be coerced or intimidated into being. Only government can re-create it, if only government will.

CHARLES LAUGHTON AND I

BY ELSA LANCHESTER

INTRODUCTION BY CHARLES LAUGHTON

READING these articles has given me quite a turn. We have been married for the last eight and one-half years, and in life, as in her style of writing, Elsa is a sweet, unsophisticated, and even naïve person; but suddenly, through an apparently chance but invariably carefully-worked-out remark which has probably taken weeks of thought, you feel somewhat as if you had been kicked by the hind leg of a giraffe.

As I read through these articles, I said to myself, 'Dear Elsa; bless her heart; the little pet'; and suddenly I came across a line which made my bones rattle inside their covering of fat. Mind you, in her relationship to me these blows would always be salutary and invariably thought out for my own good — like castor oil in childhood. But the little brute does enjoy summing up relationships and situations in one shattering line. To keep her friendship you certainly have to be able to 'take it'; but it must be worth it, for she has never lost a friend.

For the sake of my personal comfort I should have liked to blue-pencil a very great deal of these articles, but actually the only thing that disappeared was an elaborate exposition of her point of view on strip-tease, and this went only because it was dead news anyhow. To have edited these articles would only have given a false impression of her point of view of me, and it would have been a beastly shame considering all the cigarettes she has smoked and all the pencils she has bitten through.

This is the nicest husband-and-wife story I know. I was cast in *On the Spot*, Edgar Wallace's play, in which I had to wear smart clothes and go around the stage kissing the women. I came home one night in a state of despair, sullen and nasty, and said to Elsa: 'I know they won't stand for this. I have got a face like an elephant's behind, and in this play I have got to do the big sex act.' She turned round on me like the proverbial tiger cat and whipped out: 'How dare you presume you are unattractive! Hold your shoulders back, keep your head up and smile, so that I can hold my head up with other women.' Can you beat that? I owe her plenty. — C. L.

I

I HAD never met Charles before we played together in Arnold Bennett's *Mr. Prohack*, though he had seen me many times before on the stage. I was introduced to him at the first rehearsal. The romantic aspect of our association was not, perhaps, immediately apparent. In *Mr. Prohack* I always looked upon Charles as a great actor — automatically. I did not say, 'Is n't he wonderful?' I knew, automatically, that he had this talent as well as I knew my own foot. If I had been full of a sort of respectful awe we should not have had any relationship at all.

You know, in the theatre we tell each other the latest risqué stories; one can say the beginning of our interest was ap-

parent in so far as I never exchanged such stories with Charles, which may or may not have meant anything — I don't know. He may have exchanged them with other people, as I probably did. I remember we remarked about it afterwards — that we did not do that. I don't know why. It may have been my reticence with a man I admired.

I should say we became engaged just before Charles went into *The Man with Red Hair* in 1928, and *Alibi*. That ran a year. Then he did *Mr. Pickwick* at the Haymarket. We got married after that, and for our honeymoon went to Switzerland — to Arosa — in February. Our visit was in time for the winter sports. Charles had been before and was good on skis. I had never skied, but as I was a dancer everybody told me, 'You will do it in a minute; it's very simple, you know. You have the right balance and everything.'

So I traipsed up the first mountain and tried to keep up with Charles. People said, 'The skis are six feet long and the snow is very soft. If you fall you cannot hurt yourself. You just fall. Put your arms out and drop in the snow.' Actually I went down like a daddy longlegs, and, being double-jointed, I completely collapsed. When I fell I let myself go, and if you collapse sideways one ski cuts you right in the middle. That is what happened. I went down heavily and also got one of the ski sticks right in my mouth and had to extract it like a tooth! Altogether it was a very, very bad show.

From Arosa we went on to Italy, and visited Naples. I was wildly excited about Vesuvius, but Charles was scared to death by it. Charles hates elemental displays of any sort, whereas if I could see a hailstone as big as a football I should be enchanted by it. I love thunderstorms, rough seas, volcanoes. Charles loathes them. I know it is usual for women to dislike these things. Women are supposed to like sweets and men not, but it is absolutely the other way round. Women hate sweets, and men

absolutely wallow in coconut cakes and horrible things like that. That's true of Charles as well as of other men. The same applies to all those theories as to what women like and do not like — I have never found them true.

I think the dislike of rough seas, thunderstorms, and so on is hereditary. Charles's mother is afraid of thunder. If a child is brought up to see people hide under blankets when a storm is on, the child naturally thinks it is dangerous. I was brought up to stand at the window and watch lightning, but not to hold a pair of scissors in my hand at the same time. That's all.

Vesuvius was in an average state when we were there — which means the whole centre of the earth seems to rumble under your feet, then about every four minutes there is a terrific shooting up of rocks and muck and stuff, all red. Afterwards an enormous cauliflower of yellow smoke comes out, which becomes white as it goes into the sky. We both went up Vesuvius. I wanted to stay and watch, but Charles was not only frightened but worried by it. It disturbed his inside. One goes up with twenty or thirty people, and I noticed that a lot took one look and walked straight back to the funicular railway. That sort of thing does upset some people. It feels as if the rumbling were in your inside. Being the centre of the earth, it has some sort of direct action on one. I felt it myself, as well as Charles, but I liked it.

Our best acting relationship was in *The Tempest*, when Charles was Prospero and I was Ariel, which worked very well as a stage relationship. I do not know why it is, but few people can stand up against Charles on the stage. I do not think I have attracted attention because I am married to him, but because I am not frightened of standing up against his acting. As a matter of fact, that point became very apparent in *Rembrandt*. We understand each other so well, being married, that we can do better teamwork on the stage or films.

In an acting relationship like that in *Rembrandt* it is a hard thing to look at each other in that natural way for the camera that one has learned to do through living with a person for several years. It is rather shocking to have to do that in a show, but it works if you can. You don't have to remember how you look at a person you live with. You just have to be yourself, but when you get home you feel as if you had given yourself away, and that your private life has been exposed. It is rather like going to bed in a shop window. It is dangerous for one's real relationship. I have never felt that quite so strongly as in *Rembrandt*.

Then there was *Henry the Eighth*, when I played Anne of Cleves with Charles. Again, the scene I had with him was picked out as the best in the picture. It is true, we rehearse between ourselves a lot, but something happens when you know the person and his speed of talking and all his little habits. If you put your hand on the hand of that person you don't feel you have got to *act* a reaction. There is a 'natural naturalness' which we are not unconscious of when we are acting together. In *Henry the Eighth*, that scene with Henry's dislike of Anne of Cleves also affected our real behavior. He really thought I was Anne of Cleves, and I thought he was somebody whom by various wiles I must try to avoid.

When Charles was in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* — I did not play in that — he would come home occasionally a little like the domineering father. When he revealed any tendency in the home to be like Mr. Barrett, I said, 'Ah-ah,' and tried to show him that he was still acting, and not himself — that he must not bring the stage home like a dog bringing a bone into the house.

II

To give a true picture of Charles's future I feel I ought to hark back a little to his past. In school he was not brilliant at any subject except mathematics. He

hated games, which always gives a boy an uncomfortable time at school. He did not then know what he wanted to do, but at any rate he acquired a capacity for concentrating on and carrying out any object he had in mind. I think he must have inherited this quality from his mother, who has the same determination and organizing ability. When she married Charles's father they bought a small hotel, and it was her overwhelming determination that built up the Pavilion Hotel, Scarborough, the forerunner of the three hotels now carried on in Scarborough by Charles's mother and his two brothers.

The three boys were brought up in a hotel, which of course is not exactly a home. They had no permanent nursery, and were always shifted about from 19B to 22A according to the summer or winter season. A hotel certainly does not provide an atmosphere conducive to inviting one's friends to tea, and for this reason all three brothers now find the usual approaches to friendship a little difficult. Even now I have to apply friends to Charles like a poultice, but then they stick like clams — he gradually takes them to him and they become permanent friends.

In trying to tell you about Charles's childhood I have been asking him for more detailed recollections that might show when he first wanted to be an actor or thought of the stage. He said:

'I remember I was abnormally interested in pierrot troupes which I saw on the sands at Scarborough at a very early age when I was not allowed to go to the theatre. I, of course, always had to disappear when the velvet bag was handed round, as I had nothing to put in it.

'I remember some time later I even took great pains to build a model theatre. My brother, in a rage, bit off the heads of all the marionette performers I had made. But then I had a cousin who was even more given to theatricals than I was and he is now a partner in a steel-works in Sheffield — so what?

'Once when I was very small I was walking with my mother across the fashionable Spa Bridge in Scarborough, and I saw what I thought was a very lovely lady indeed. Probably I picked her out because she was a little more highly colored than the other lovely ladies. I asked my mother, "Who is the pretty lady?" and she replied, "Hush, dear! That's a theatrical."

'Later on my mother, to my great shame, sometimes used to introduce me as "My eldest son. He's artistic."

'At school I won some sort of prize for mathematics — Heaven help me! — and I chose for my prize an edition of Shakespeare bound in tree calf. I thought to myself: One day this will become the most famous edition of Shakespeare in the world, the much-thumbed copy of Charles Laughton. I was about twelve and I really honestly thought this.'

Charles's family did not take kindly to the idea of his becoming an actor when he finally decided upon it. It was decreed instead that he was to learn the hotel business from the bottom up, and, as he had no definite cause to object at that time, he allowed himself to be sent to Claridge's. Besides, London was the big city with the big theatres. This was early in 1916, he had just left school, and he was then just sixteen.

'I was sent to Claridge's in London,' Charles says, 'and was in turn bill clerk, control clerk, and cashier's clerk. I was paid ten shillings a week and my keep, and later on, I think, twelve and sixpence a week. It was when I was at Claridge's that I got really hopelessly bitten by the stage. I spent every penny I made on the galleries of the London theatres.

'I went to see *Chu Chin Chow* thirteen times, *A Kiss for Cinderella* about ten times, *Razzle Dazzle*, the revue at the Drury Lane, eight or nine times, and I became a rabid fan of both Sir Gerald Du Maurier and Miss Hilda Trevelyan, who appeared in *A Kiss for Cinderella*. If anybody had slurred their names in

any way I would have fought him to the death.

'When I was at Claridge's I naturally got to know a lot of the staff, a very large percentage of whom are still there to-day. One of the pleasantest things in my life is, if I go into Claridge's restaurant, the way my old friends look after me. They pretend they don't know me, but like to show me off to any important people I may be dining with by taking special care of me. They have been known to whisper to me when taking my chair from me: "These are n't your kind of people, Charlie, are they?" "No," I have reassured them.'

Charles did not become of military age until the last year of the war, but nevertheless he saw a good deal of it. He got sent straight to the front and was badly gassed just before the Armistice. He had been at a public school and could have got a commission, but he said: —

'Something told me I might not be the kind of fellow to take command of men under fire, and so I stubbornly stood out against having a commission and was conscripted into the ranks. Being a "softie" at the moment, I was naturally extremely frightened of what I was about to experience. However, it did not take me very long to learn to fight and to do what I was told. Sometimes it is a good thing for young people to have a complete change of environment at an impressionable age. The war was more of an upheaval than a change. One experience, which I would rather not talk about, took away my sleep intermittently for two years afterwards, though, looking back, I admit the war probably had a toughening effect on me.'

III

When he was demobilized, Charles went back to Scarborough and started work in the family hotel. He was good at the policy of the hotel, but apparently bad at looking after the detail. This job took up all his working hours, but he

turned to amateur theatricals as a recreation. At this time it could only be called a hobby. Charles loves to talk about these amateur days.

'I was asked to join a company of amateurs called the "Scarborough Players." We did *Trelawney of the Wells*, and I played the part of Sir William Gower. I must have been exceedingly bad. We then did *Hobson's Choice*, which was a real box-office success. You know the usual signs: opening without any ballyhoo, empty for the first day or so, and then the word going round that it is a good show and nobody being able to get a seat at the end of the run. That is real success: opening without ballyhoo and people telling each other. Then we did a programme of four one-act plays. We had a lot of fun in those amateur days, and we worked with a very great deal of enthusiasm. It must have been an unhappy experience for my parents to watch all my energies going into "theatricals" instead of being concentrated on the family business.'

This being the case, it became clearer and clearer that there was nothing for it but for Charles to go on the stage. He must have known it for many months before he decided to drop this bombshell on the family. In Charles's case it was an enormous decision to make, for if he had failed they certainly would have been within their rights in saying, 'What did we tell you?' for after all there were a life career and security waiting for him in the hotel business. On the face of it, he had nothing which might convince them that the stage held any opportunities for him. He was not good-looking, he could n't sing, he could n't dance, he did n't even have a very good speaking voice as yet, and he did n't look like an actor — although I might add he actually has a typical 'actor's mask.' (It is all very well to discover this after the event!)

The shock must have been doubly great to the family, since he had not shown any visible signs of courage, but there is one thing that Charles has always had, and

that is courage enough to gamble with his career. He will not gamble with anything else, — money, friendship, or health, — but every twist and turn in his career has been a daring choice of ways.

Talking about this critical time, he said to me:—

'What broke the ice was my brother coming home one day (he was learning farming and auctioneering) and complaining to me about my being the eldest son, and having the business. I told him that he could have the business as far as I was concerned, as I wanted to go on the stage. My father was very pleasant about it, but my mother was a little doubtful. However, they made me an allowance, and I was allowed to go to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, where thinking about acting ceased to be a crime and became a cardinal virtue.'

Charles carried off the Gold Medal from the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art to where he was living — a small bedroom in Long Acre; and after the first job at the Barnes Theatre he started the search for work. It was not a hopeless search, since he was often offered similar parts to the one in *The Government Inspector* at a comparatively large salary, but he said to himself, 'I won't be typed' — which meant that he had to wait two or three months to get a different kind of part at less money. This happened time and time again. Heaven knows, he has reaped the benefit of it since. It meant an enormous amount of heartbreak to make a success in one part at three pounds a week and be offered a similar part at thirty pounds a week, and to say, 'No, I would rather wait.'

Eventually he got the part of Ficsur in *Liliom*, at the Duke of York's Theatre, in December 1926, with Ivor Novello and Fay Compton. He made a great success in this part, and I think it was at this time that I first heard his name. I heard it off and on until I met him, and have a faint recollection that the name 'Charles Laughton' belonged to a fat man who was going to be 'somebody.' I

was in a play at the Everyman Theatre called *The Pool* and we made every effort to get him for the part of my lover, but failed.

After *Liliom* he played General Markeloff in *The Greater Love* with Sybil Thorndike and Basil Gill. I asked him what he felt like when playing with these famous names, and he said:—

‘It was a great experience acting with such people as Sybil Thorndike, Fay Compton, and Basil Gill. I used to watch them night after night through cracks in the scenery, and wonder how they got their effects—they always seemed to be so sure. I don’t know now any more than I did then.’

He next appeared as Mr. Pratt in *The Happy Husband*, and as Count Pahlen in *Paul the First* in 1927. *Paul the First* was one of the plays produced by Komisarjevsky in a season at the Court Theatre, so, while playing Count Pahlen in this play at night, he was rehearsing for *Mr. Prohack* during the day. The rehearsals were exciting and enjoyable, for it was an exceedingly good cast and we all were very happy in our work. Charles played the lead and I played his secretary, Mimi Winstock. It was n’t a very large part, but I drew the same salary as Charles—such were our relative positions at that time.

Many people who have acted with Charles have stated that he is difficult to act with, as he has never developed any recognized stage technique. It is for this reason that perhaps one could call him a gifted amateur. Charles himself agrees with this view, and says he is afraid he will remain so. Yet there is no one who is easier to work with, and no one who personally has taught me more about acting.

Charles continued his stage career, but his health at this time was not good. He was in *The Silver Tassie* and one or two plays that did not run so well. His voice became very bad, and all the critics said, ‘How long is this chap’s voice going to last?’ He used to be constantly troubled

by sore throats. For a whole year his voice grew steadily worse, and he became worried about his career. It was like beating a dead horse to try to speak. The voice is a nervous thing. What with first-night nerves and bad throats, the future looked anything but rosy.

It became exceedingly worrying. Charles used to have a dreadfully husky voice in all his early successes, a completely different voice from that of to-day. At first the press were kind. They always noticed it, however, and it was rather hurtful. They then lapsed into tolerance—‘Oh, well, he’s a wonderful actor. It’s too bad about his voice.’ Finally Charles decided to go and have his tonsils out. It is clear that if he had not had that operation things might have been different. It was unpleasant during that period, because it was the only obstacle to fame that stood in his way. To a person who has clear-cut ideas as to what he wants to do and how to do it, such a trouble was nerve-racking.

We went to Italy after the operation and when we came back Charles had a year’s run in *On the Spot*, a play specially written for him by Edgar Wallace. It is interesting how this play came to be written. Edgar Wallace sent for Charles one day, and so off he went to his flat in Portland Place. Edgar stalked round the room telling Charles a possible story about something like the Düsseldorf murders taking place in St. John’s Wood. He was very sincere in wanting to write a play for Charles, but he must have had a lacklustre look in his eye, for Charles did not catch any enthusiasm from him.

I believe it must have been a copy of *Time* that was lying on Edgar Wallace’s desk, and it was open at a page which showed a photo of a most villainous-looking man, with a black bang of hair over his forehead and black bloodshot eyes. Charles asked who he was, and Edgar began describing the bloodthirsty horrors of this man’s life—his cold-blooded shootings, his many mistresses,

and the floral funerals he gave to people he bumped off. Charles said, 'Why not write a play about him?' Edgar said, 'Too vicious.' Charles said, 'Notoriously box-office.' Edgar said, 'Hm . . .' and Charles began to detect a gleam in his eye. Charles said, 'He would have a purple carpet and a golden organ.' Edgar said, 'He would get rid of the bodies in the sofa.' And for two hours suggestions flew from both of them like sparks. Charles came home pale and tired, and said, 'I believe Edgar is going to write the play of his career.'

On the Spot was written in two days. The script was hardly changed during rehearsals. Edgar Wallace must have made a great deal out of the play — but of course it was only one of his many lines.

After that we acted together at the St. James's Theatre in *Payment Deferred*, in which I was Charles's daughter, aged twelve. It was a grim play and rather a strain. It was a really frightening study of a murderer. All I can remember is that it seemed to be raining every day during the production — there was a sort of thick fog over everything. Life became rather a drizzle outside our home. It was a dreary time because it was such a dreary play. It hit the bottom, you know. When the curtain went down we would have a stiff whiskey to pick us up a bit, and we used to go to supper in a restaurant where there was a band playing. We did that more than we have ever done before or since, to offset the effect of the play. It is a fine play, but too near the bone.

In theatres there is always a little peephole through which you can look at the audience. You often see people get their handkerchiefs out, and put their heads down during a play, but in *Payment Deferred* I saw people throw their heads right up and cry, which is very extraordinary — there were tears running down their upturned faces. People are usually ashamed of crying in a theatre, and try to hide it. In *Payment Deferred*

they cried openly. In that, as in all his performances, Charles more or less showed people that it might be themselves they were seeing.

Charles tries to portray a character so that everybody in the world can identify himself with it. He wants people to see themselves, to imagine that in certain circumstances the character portrayed might be themselves.

That is what makes people understand. If an actor can do that, however slightly, it is a very important asset. I think Charles's work is essentially an effort to show different men in an absolutely universal light; to show Englishmen as the whole world will understand them — not Englishmen for Englishmen, but Englishmen for Spaniards and Englishmen for Italians, so that they say, 'Yes, that's an Englishman.' I think that is why all Charles's performances seem as if they were on a larger canvas than the other performances. When seeing *Mutiny on the Bounty* people all over the world have been inclined to say 'That's Captain Bligh' rather than 'That's Charles Laughton.'

We went to New York in *Payment Deferred*. Mr. Gilbert Miller wanted to present Charles in New York, so it was a Gilbert Miller production. The London success was repeated. But the New York success was something new for Charles. Neither of us had ever been there before.

Although we did not realize it at the time, this trip to New York was to be the beginning of Charles's career as a film actor. Charles had not thought of being a film actor. He was interested in the cinema, and had done one or two bits in England, but nothing of any consequence.

When film offers came in, Charles was offered more money for signing a long contract for stories over which he had no choice than he is now getting for single films, but he would never sign for a long contract or for a story he did not know. With all this going about and being taxed in two countries and so on,

we should have liked the money. But Charles has never put that first. He has always tramped the world for stories. After all, if you get paid a hundred pounds a week, and have ten failures, you do not keep on getting a hundred pounds a week. Better to have ten pounds a week for the rest of your life and good work.

IV

We returned to England, and three days afterward Paramount offered him *The Devil and the Deep*, with a fairly reasonable contract — that is, two films a year for three years, which was not a long contract and not a very big tie. Anyway it was the smallest tie that had been offered him, but also less money. Our friend Benn Levy was on the script. Charles cabled Benn Levy, and asked, 'What's the story like?' Benn advised him to do it. A few quickly exchanged cables, and we had only been in England three days when we left again, this time for Hollywood and *The Devil and the Deep*.

As to Charles's reaction — he was not even happy at that time. It is very disturbing suddenly to be offered a fortune and to keep your head. It was a great strain, and we used to sit around and say, 'Well, after all, we can go on living in a little flat. It won't hurt us.' He was not fighting against a film career; he wanted to do films, but he was not going to start in something that was going to kill his possible future.

The executives in New York did not understand him. They had never met anything like that before. I was not present at any of the interviews, but I think they were talking a completely different language. They knew this man had made a success and they wanted to buy him. That was their usual method. I do not think they were annoyed; rather they were completely puzzled by Charles; they just had no point of contact.

Once in Hollywood, everything was different. Nobody had ever heard of him

or his New York success. When we actually arrived there, he just had his contract and a part in *The Devil and the Deep*.

Film hours everybody knows, of course. Charles left the house about six or seven in the morning, and usually returned about half-past seven or eight at night for dinner. I occasionally went and had lunch with him at the Paramount studio, where we first met Josef von Sternberg, whom we both became very fond of.

By the time Charles got back home in the evening he would be very tired, and we were just obliged to go to bed. There is one thing in Hollywood: if you do go out to a dinner or party while you are working you hardly ever have to say 'Good-bye' to your hostess, and you certainly don't have to apologize for leaving early. I wish people would get into that habit in England.

Of camera experience, and by this I mean a very, very long step from stage technique, — a giant stride, in fact, — Charles knew there was a lot to learn, but he was at that time innocent of how much. On the stage you have to enlarge everything a dozen times, so that it will reach the back of the gallery and at the same time not lead the front row of the stalls to think that you are a ham. But on the screen you always have to understate, and bear in mind that you are playing right up against the audience and that everybody is even nearer than the front row of the stalls. The public is as near to you in a close-up as your own image in a shaving mirror, so that batting an eyelid is batting an eyelid and you dare not exaggerate by one hair's breadth.

Charles was quick to grasp this difference, but suffered agonies in controlling his gestures, although he found little difficulty in projecting his thoughts through his eyes in a close shot; for he is, I think, in stage acting, one of the few actors who always feel things emotionally before interpreting them physically.

Charles, among other actors for the films, eventually learned which was a good take and which a bad one, because if you truly feel something under the eye of the camera it is as if you had suddenly found a pearl for which you had been searching a very long time.

Charles has always liked Hollywood. From the first he loved the sunlight. He, of course, knew that he was a beginner and was very humble. He used to watch Gary Cooper acting in *The Devil and the Deep*. Many people say that Gary Cooper is just a good-looking man and acts unconsciously, but the moment Charles saw him he said, 'This man is a terrific actor.' Gary can flick a cigarette, and the timing is so perfect that you could watch him do it a hundred times and never get quite the way he does it. He likes to pretend he is just a good fellow, but he is really aware of what he is doing, which means he is a conscious actor, not just a consciously good-looking man.

Gary Cooper was in *The Devil and the Deep*, and Tallulah Bankhead also. They used to work at night a lot because it was a submarine picture, with many exteriors, and complete silence was needed. The longest working hours Charles has ever done were on that picture. There was one twenty-three-hour effort. I was with him then. We got up in the morning at seven, and it was light when we went home the next morning.

This was a shot showing Charles hacking open the bulkheads and letting the water in on himself, and then sitting in a chair until the water rose up over him; he had actually to let the water rise up over his face for the close-up camera. It was a wonderful shot, and, since it was rather dangerous, they had an oxygen apparatus and everything necessary in reserve. Charles got so into the mood of this shot that I became scared and started to think he was seriously contemplating suicide, because he always adjusts himself to what he is doing and really feels it. When the water was over his head the

camera had to continue to shoot on the water for some time, giving the impression that the body was still underneath. I feared that, not wanting to bob up, he might take some mouthfuls of water.

In one 'take' the fireman thought he was not coming up, but Charles was actually swimming underneath. The fireman plunged in, fully clothed, to rescue him from drowning!

The ten takes that were necessary were all made on the same night. There was a kind of dressing room on wheels in which Charles could change. He had two suits, and as he got one wet, he took it off and they rushed it in and ironed it out again while he put on another. I think he drank quite a lot of whiskey in the intervals to keep out the cold. Of course, when you are working on your nerves and getting cold under water, whiskey does not make you drunk. You know, when you have a fever you can drink alcohol and it does not affect you at all. He drank whiskey and did not get a cold, but he got very morose. I put that down to the suicidal scene in which he had to play. All the others were feeling grim, too. They said to me, 'Charles is in a pretty bad way, is n't he?' We all got into a bad state of nerves.

After *The Devil and the Deep* there was a rest for a week or so. Charles wanted to do a De Mille picture. He knew that at that time a De Mille picture attracted world-wide attention, and that it is better to show your little finger in a box-office picture than to play the lead in a non-box-office one. Although he had made an enormous impression in *The Devil and the Deep* round the Hollywood studios, it was not yet released, and so it was a good thing to get into a big picture. The Cecil B. De Mille film was his second one for Paramount. It was *The Sign of the Cross* and Charles took the part of Nero. Charles enjoyed playing this part. He thought Nero's love of jewels and resplendent garb and all his petty foibles silly and comical. He said of Nero: 'If you actually saw him in real life you

would want to laugh. The only thing that made him a sinister figure was the power he possessed. Anyone who can have a man thrown to the lions is bound to be sinister.'

It was very funny in the restaurant or anywhere about the Paramount lot during the shooting of *The Sign of the Cross*. If you saw a bunch of clean-shaven brutal men with hair on their chests you could be sure they were barbarians, but if you saw a lot of weak, kindly old gentlemen with staffs and long white beards you were quite safe in saying, 'Those are Christians.' Cecil B. De Mille made the difference very marked — perhaps to make sure that the lions did not eat the wrong people.

During that first visit to Hollywood, Charles also did *Payment Deferred* for Thalberg and M-G-M, and that is what sent me home. I had played the part of his daughter when the play was produced in London and New York, but of course Charles was not yet 'box-office' in Hollywood; they had to surround him with names, so they put Maureen O'Sullivan into the part of his daughter, which was hurtful to me. If someone had then said 'Box-office' to me I should have said 'Why?' — I did not understand. Now I know that the bigger the name the better, and that the only thing for me to do is to get my name bigger and not question other people's names.

Before I came home I went to see Irving Thalberg. It was the first time I had met him. I think if he had seen me earlier I should have got the part of the adolescent in the film, but he had thought, 'Oh, Charles Laughton's wife — what the hell does she look like, I wonder.' I was sitting in his office, I remember, when Thalberg walked in. He looked at me, went to the door, and shouted to someone outside, 'I told you to send Mrs. Laughton in,' and they replied, 'We have sent Mrs. Laughton in.' Then he looked at me again and said, 'Are *you* Mrs. Laughton?' Of course I

went in a simple hat and frock and looked as adolescent as I could. That was after Maureen O'Sullivan had been cast, but I had thought to myself that when I did meet him I would show him that he had made a mistake.

On my return to England I was introduced to Alexander Korda. I met him for the first time in the Grosvenor Street office. Korda knew I was married to Charles, and possibly that added a little to his charm of manner. He immediately suggested a film for both of us that was never made and has been completely forgotten. Anyway, he told me the story: it was called *A Gust of Wind* — quite a lovely French story. He wanted Charles to do the leading part and thought I could play opposite him.

Charles had worked in England with Komisarjevsky, the Russian stage director, and with Dupont, a film director. My first impression of Korda was that he was like these two people: his intelligence, manner, and culture were similar. It was a quick first impression.

I thought, 'Charles will like this man,' and I wrote to that effect to Charles: that here was a man I thought he could really work with. He did n't reply. Charles never replies to my letters at all. I may write to him once a week, maybe once a fortnight, but I don't get any answer. Charles hates writing letters, but he cables night letters about twice a week. You can send quite a lot for ten shillings in this way, and if there is any very important news, or if you feel desperately lonely, you can telephone. That costs two or three pounds. When you are separated there is not really much point in writing letters when you know a person well. Nowadays I am not likely to sit down and write some pseudo-literary splurge to Charles. I might give myself pleasure, but not him.

V

For many years people have taken one look at Charles and said, 'You know,

you ought to do Henry the Eighth.' It is an obvious remark — rather like saying, when there is a blue sky, 'Is n't it a lovely blue sky?' To tell the truth, I believe the first person who thought of it for a film was a friend of ours, John Armstrong the painter. He was introduced to Korda, and eventually designed the costumes for *Henry the Eighth*.

At first the film was to be called *Henry VIII's Fourth Wife*, which was I, Anne of Cleves, because it was to be a film about us two, and because all the comedy that was, I suppose, to be got out of the picture appeared to be in relation to that queen. However, another wife came in, then another, as it became obvious that what the public knew about Henry the Eighth was that he had a lot of wives, and that's what they wanted to see. Korda was right. The revised version developed into a much better picture.

Those were the days when one did the best one could with a piece of string and a drawing pin. *Henry the Eighth* was produced for, I think, about 50,000 pounds, which is little money for a comparatively big film. If the same film were now made at Denham it would cost at least twice that. It might be asked, 'Why not go on with the drawing pin and string?' I think the answer is because the odds are against getting the same good results twice. A film company thrives on its high average, not on its flashes in the pan.

Three or four months passed during the making of that picture — it took such a long time to prepare. Charles himself took a great deal of trouble to probe the character and period of Henry the Eighth before starting the picture, and while doing this he persuaded anyone connected with the film that he had any contact with to do the same. I remember his insisting on taking Korda to Hampton Court to see the architecture and pictures; also Vincent Korda, Alex's brother, who made such a marvelous job of the sets. As far as I know, neither of them had been there before.

Charles read every possible book he could get on the subject, and saw numerous Holbein pictures of Henry the Eighth. Gradually the character began to soak in. One day he would think he had got the walk, the next day he would lose it. And then he would get a look in the eye for one scene and let that set for a few days. Eventually I should say he found himself living in the part. I myself was, of course, soaking up Anne of Cleves in my little way on the side. I suppose Charles and I are like a couple of sponges when studying a part. We absorb every bit of information that comes in useful, even to snatching at characteristics in our closest friends if they fit.

There were such a lot of alterations and holdups that in the end Charles was called back to Hollywood before *Henry the Eighth* was finished. They shot Charles in his scenes, and we did the rest after he left. He was about six weeks actually shooting the picture. He saw the cut version of it for the first time in America, and was as surprised as everyone to see what a good picture it proved to be.

In October 1933, Charles came back to England and joined the Old Vic — Sadler's Wells Company. We were both in that. It was a nine-months season, but Charles missed the first play because he could not get back in time. The first production was *Twelfth Night*. He only got back in time to rehearse for one week as Lopakhin in Chekhov's *Cherry Orchard*.

During those days we had no flat in London because of all the going back and forth, and we lived in a modern apartment house at Bury Court, Jermyn Street — really service flats, and convenient for the Old Vic, since we did not have to go through traffic. We could go through St. James's Park and over Westminster Bridge. Although it was a poky sort of existence, studying our parts in a couple of rooms and a bathroom, we had a marvelous time.

At the beginning of the Old Vic season I had taken the flat in which we are now living. It required, however, the whole of the nine months of the season to get it prepared, because windows had to be enlarged and two of the rooms made into one. It was a very Victorian flat when we took it, and had to be completely gutted and modernized. My search for it during the early days of the Old Vic season led me to the conclusion that, instead of going to house agents when you need a new home, it is better to go to doctors and ask them which of their patients is dying. When I first saw this flat it was so full of Victorian furniture that it looked ready to suffocate anybody. After it had been altered, we lived in it for only two weeks at the end of the Old Vic season, and then we had to pack up and leave. We were away for a whole year, which was very sad, since we had just got the flat all ready. Still, it was nice to come back to it.

At the Old Vic we rehearsed every day for the following production, starting at half-past ten in the morning and going on until half-past four or five in the afternoon. The curtain rose for the nightly performances at eight o'clock. There was just time to dash back to Jermyn Street for dinner and back again to the theatre.

When the curtain comes down, one is always in a nervy state and wanting to talk to someone. One hears such things as 'I nearly tripped up on the carpet — God, I sweated!' and 'Did you see me try to open the door the wrong way and it hit me in the face?' You must sit round afterwards and have it all out, and so we practically lived with the actors — at least with many of them — Roger Livesey, Ursula Jeans, Flora

Robson, Athene Seyler, and others. They would come back to our small rooms, and we would sit shoulder to shoulder drinking beer and eating cold tongue and salad — which was all we could get in a service flat — and talk about the theatre until about two in the morning. Then up again at half-past nine and off once more. It was a wonderful nine months.

I had a lot of success, but was so bad in *The Importance of Being Earnest* that I dried up at every performance and used to appeal to the prompter, not caring a hoot what the audience thought of me. I just stood and said 'What?' and got practically my whole part from the prompter in a sort of despairing condition. I was not suited to the part, but there seemed to be no one else to play it. In a repertory company you have to take what comes. I had successes, but that was my star failure.

Charles was at that time studying *Macbeth* and was rather worried because, although he took large and small parts with the rest, he had to bear the brunt of the press criticism. He did not go to the Old Vic for publicity, but to work and study, and yet he drew all the attention. Charles thought he could go back on his career and learn the classics by going to the Old Vic and working for small money, but he could not. He went down there to hide, and found himself more in the spotlight than ever because of newspapers making headlines of what they called his 'spectacular sacrifice.' Others could give good and bad performances with him, and not be nearly so noticeable as when he gave a bad performance. If you want to hide from the public when you are already in the public eye, you can't.

(To be continued)

‘GET DOWN, YOU FOOL!’

BY ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

I

NOT a few, I think, would be of the opinion that the strongly contrasted figures of Abraham Lincoln and the second Oliver Wendell Holmes were the two most creditable and encouraging embodiments which it has been the portion of the human spirit to experience in this country. Those holding that opinion would learn with the greater interest that once, in a unique and fateful moment of American history, those two met — the one a handsome towering lad in his early twenties, the other with less than a year of his course still to run — met and had salty and characteristic words with each other.

In vain you will search the Library of Congress for any record of that colloquy, and the only life of Justice Holmes as yet written — an extremely unauthorized biography by Silas Bent published in 1932 — was the work of a man who appears not to have known that the meeting ever took place. I have reasons, however, for believing that it did and submit those reasons here as a memorandum for the convenience of the designated chroniclers now at work on that definitive biography of the great judge for which, with such patience as we can muster, the world is waiting.

The story came to me from Professor Harold J. Laski of the London School of Economics and Political Science. Of his exceptional qualifications as a witness in any matter relating to Justice Holmes, I need say no more than that, among the letters which have been turned over to

the aforesaid biographers, there are close to six hundred which Professor Laski had received from the Judge during the eighteen years of their friendship. Wherefore at a luncheon given for Laski a few months ago in New York (and in spite of Hendrik Van Loon, who was bursting with other topics) some of us guilefully led the talk to the subject of Justice Holmes and were rewarded by many stories about him. At least three of these belong, to my notion, in the schoolbooks.

Well, one of those stories concerns an annual pilgrimage which the Judge used to make to Arlington — that bivouac across the Potomac where (having shyly entrusted Justice Van Devanter with the task of wangling the privilege for him) Holmes himself now lies buried. On September 13, in each year of the years he spent in Washington, he used to take flowers to Arlington because that was the birthday of General Sedgwick — Major General John Sedgwick, who, until he was killed in action at Spottsylvania, commanded the division in which Holmes's own 20th Massachusetts fought some of its bloodiest battles. No private of the Civil War could have published his memoirs under the morose title *Generals Die in Bed*.

Now on several of these memorial occasions Laski played escort, and once, by way of prodding a little war reminiscence out of the old veteran, he asked a few such primary questions as must have reminded his companion that here was an

Englishman with only the most languid and meagre interest in American military history. Had the rebels ever come dangerously close to Washington? They had? Well, well. How close? Where were they? From the heights of Arlington the Justice was able to gesture with his stick towards the point of the attack on Fort Stevens.

Then he laughed. 'Where were they?' he repeated reminiscently. 'You know, the last person who asked me that question was Mr. Lincoln.' And he told of a day long past when, Lincoln having come out from the White House to inspect the defenses, the task of piloting him had fallen to Holmes. Lincoln too wanted to know just where the enemy were, and Holmes pointed them out. The President stood up to look. Now, when standing up and supplemented by his high plug hat, Mr. Lincoln was a target of exceptional visibility. From the rebel marksmen came a snarl of musketry fire. Grabbing the President by the arm, the young officer dragged him under cover, and afterwards, in wave upon wave of hot misgiving, was unable to forget that in doing so he had said, 'Get down, you fool!'

Admittedly this was not the approved style for an officer to employ in addressing the Commander in Chief of the armed forces of his country. The youthful aide was the more relieved when, just as Lincoln was quitting the fort, he took the trouble to walk back. 'Good-bye, Colonel Holmes,' he said. 'I'm glad to see you know how to talk to a civilian.'

II

Well, there was the story. I heard it with something like stupefaction. Hard to believe? Very. But — and this is a rarer experience — not so easy to disbelieve, either. I soon dismissed as untenable the convenient idea that Laski had invented it. Anyone who, as a reporter, as a lawyer, or even as a juror, has had any considerable practice in

estimating the veracity of testimony would recognize Laski as a witness of almost phonographic fidelity.

The Justice himself, then. Had he been yarning? Or even stretching the truth a bit? Would he have been one — even as you and I — to report as his own an experience of someone else? *You* know, just to make it sound more authentic. No, not Mr. Justice Holmes. No one could for a moment accept that explanation — no one, that is, at all familiar with the workings of his mind, as that mind was opened to us in his legal opinions, in his chary and fastidious speeches, and above all in his letters to young Mr. Wu, which, having recently come to unsanctioned light in Shanghai, are only a whetting appetizer for the great feast that will nourish us when all of the Holmes correspondence is published.

No, I found it unbelievable that either Laski or Holmes had fabricated the story. Then how, in the name of all that's probable, could we be hearing it for the first time after more than seventy years? True, the only Holmes biography in print was written with less than the decent minimum of coöperation from its subject. But one would think that even an ill-equipped and hurried biographer could hardly have overlooked so salient an episode — if it were true.

If it were true! The startled Laski, subjected at once to a stern and skeptical cross-examination, could yield no corroborative detail. He had told all he knew. Suspended in time and space, — like a lighted pumpkin on Halloween, — his testimony had all the innocence of a child's. He did n't know in what chapter of the Civil War it was supposed to fit, did n't even know the story had not long been a part of American folklore. The task of vetting it must fall to others.

Now such a meeting as Laski described could have occurred, if at all, only during the sweltering hours of Early's raid. That swift and desperate lunge at the

capital was made in July '64, at a time when Lee was besieged in Richmond and Sherman was on his way to Atlanta. Present and unaccounted for, however, were 12,000 rebel troops held in leash in the Shenandoah Valley under the erratic command of Lee's 'bad old man' — Jubal Early. What better could they do than try to catch Washington off guard?

Only a feint? Perhaps. But there was always the wild chance that they could achieve demoralization by actually taking the city. Certainly they were encouraged by the not unreasonable hope of finding its defenses manned only by civilians or, at best, by convalescent soldiers from the Washington hospitals.

But in the nick of time Grant (in addition to hurrying the 19th Corps, then homing by transport from Louisiana) detached the 6th Corps from the siege of Richmond and sent it to the rescue by water. The old-timers of that corps swarmed down the gangplanks even as Early's men, who had been helpfully delayed by Lew Wallace at the Monocacy, were swinging along through the choking dust of the Seventh Street Pike.

Thus it befell that, when Early was in position to open fire, the reply came from parapets manned not by clerks and cripples but by veterans in fine fettle. So that was that. He departed with all convenient speed. True, he was only half-heartedly pursued. But a few weeks down the road, Cedar Creek was waiting for him — and a man on horseback named Phil Sheridan.

Of course Lincoln would have been up to his neck in the Early raid — and was. As the reinforcements came up the Potomac he was down on the wharves to welcome them — such reassuringly seasoned soldiers — as they piled off the steamboats. You can picture them milling around him in the midsummer sunshine as clearly as if you were seeing it all in a woodcut in an old *Harper's*

Weekly. Then of course he visited the defenses, and equally of course it was promptly reported (and later sanctified by Nicolay and Hay) that he had to be warned not to expose himself to the enemy fire. This is always said when distinguished noncombatants come within earshot of guns fired in anger. I have even known a war correspondent to report it of himself. By cable. Collect. My story, then, is in the great tradition — and plausible enough so long as you leave Holmes out of it.

That indeed was the oppressive burden of the reports I got back from the two specialists to whom I first took it for proper confirmation. One of these was Lieutenant Colonel John W. Thomason, Jr., U. S. M. C., a marine who not only can read and write but, as if that were not disquieting enough, can draw as well. My second expert was Lloyd Lewis, biographer of Sherman, who for years has spent so much of his spare time poring over unedited documents of the secession that his wife has been known to lament that she lost her husband in the Civil War.

Both of these consultants verified my layman's assumption that the episode must have happened, if it did, on the second day of Early's raid. Both of them were so affable as to agree that it was a good story. They regretted only that, even to oblige me, they could see no way, offhand, of working Holmes into it. What would he have been doing in that show? Who had ever heard him so much as mentioned in the chronicles and yarns of the Early raid? At Ball's Bluff, Antietam, Chancellorsville — yes. But these had been mileposts in the rough road of the 20th Massachusetts, a regiment here not even remotely involved.

Curiously enough the verification was supplied all unconsciously by Mr. Bent. In his life of the Justice it is recorded that after Chancellorsville, — the Captain had been shot in the heel, and during his recuperation in Charles

Street, Boston, his father found it a saving of time to keep track only of the visitors who did *not* address the hero as Achilles, — after that convalescence he did not rejoin the 20th but, marked for light duty and breveted a Lieutenant Colonel by way of consolation, was assigned instead as A. D. C. to General Horatio Wright. That was in January '64. In May, Wright was put in command of the 6th Corps.

So much Mr. Bent reports, and I speak of the verification as unconsciously supplied because one does gather from the context that he quite failed to identify the 6th as the corps which came to the rescue when Jubal Early advanced on Washington. So Holmes was A. D. C. to the General commanding that defense. True, he was mustered out on July 17. But the Early raid was over and done with four days before that. Wherefore it seems to me we have an *a priori* probability that Holmes *was* on the parapets when Lincoln visited them, and that as the General's aide it would have been his job, rather than another's, to attend the President on his rounds.

I wish we might have every word of what was said between them. I think it reasonable, for example, to guess that Lincoln recognized the young officer as the son of a more illustrious father. Did he tell him there was one poem by the elder Holmes which he knew by heart? That was 'The Last Leaf.' Do you suppose he made good his boast by quoting a stanza or two?

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

Did he recite it all? He could have.

III

But surely it is now no mere guesswork that once, under great provocation, Holmes did call Mr. Lincoln a fool and that, far from being offended, Mr. Lincoln felt it was the *mot juste*.

That, of course, leaves still in the realm of guesswork the real perplexity — the question as to why we have not all known the story all our lives. To anyone disposed to speculate on that point I can only offer the perhaps helpful reminder that the Justice's memories of the Civil War have never found their way into print, and that when on great occasions he spoke in honor of the 20th Massachusetts, his pride was not only in its valor and its wounds but in its reticence. It is my own surmise that in after years he heard of so many high-ranking warriors having rescued Lincoln from Early's snipers that it took him a long time to recover from his distaste. More than half a century had to pass before he could bring himself to say in effect — and then only in rare confidences — 'You know, it was to me that really happened. It was this way.'

Having reënforced the story to my own satisfaction, I promptly invited contradiction by dropping it into a broadcast and also, in table talk, tried it out on sundry listeners who, until I brought up my batteries of evidence, received it with varying degrees of incredulity. At only one dinner table was it heard without any amazement. That was at the home in Cambridge of Felix Frankfurter, the teacher in the Harvard Law School to whom Justice Holmes bequeathed, if it had to be done by anyone, the task of writing a history of his life on the bench. Professor Frankfurter admitted that he had heard the story before — a reception always disconcerting to a raconteur. Oh! From whom had he heard it? 'Why,' the professor said mildly, 'I heard it from Justice Holmes.'

If it has been an unconscionable time in finding its way into print, at least it

can be said that the evidence has been filed at last in a court long since recognized as having jurisdiction. For an earlier and somewhat more rapidly reported episode in the life of Wendell Holmes as a soldier was first printed in the *Atlantic*. You will find it — if you keep your back numbers handy — in the issue of December 1862. Of course I refer to the article called ‘My Hunt after “The Captain,”’ wherein, while they were still a vividly fresh experience, the elder Holmes described his own adventures after the telegraph brought the news to Charles Street that his first-born had been shot through the neck at Antietam.

The article recounts his woeful search in the hospitals and through all the shambles of the roads radiating from the battlefield. That search was unduly prolonged because, in Hagerstown, the slightly casualty had been picked up by a household of pretty Maryland girls and by them had been so hovered over and fed and played to that it was quite five days before he felt equal to being evacuated. It was on a train bound thence to Philadelphia that the anxious father caught up with him at last. Dr. Holmes reported that meeting thus: —

‘How are you, Boy?’ ‘How are you, Dad?’ Such are the proprieties of life, as they are observed among us Anglo-Saxons of the nineteenth century, decently disguising those

natural impulses that made Joseph, the prime minister of Egypt, weep aloud so that the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard — nay, which had once overcome his shaggy old uncle Esau so entirely that he fell on his brother’s neck and cried like a baby in the presence of all the women. But the hidden cisterns of the soul may be filling fast with sweet tears, while the windows through which it looks are undimmed by a drop or a film of moisture.

Thus the Autocrat long ago. John Palfrey, the Boston lawyer who is at work on the life of Holmes *off* the bench, will, I assume, include that famous report and probably needs no reminder that the subject of it did not regard it highly. Everywhere the article was read with admiration, Holmes, Jr. dissenting. We may guess he felt his father had rather prettified the facts. That colloquy at the end, for instance. In response to the greeting, ‘How are you, Boy?’ the son had not, as it happens, said, ‘How are you, Dad?’ After all, he was already a scarred veteran of several battles. What he had really answered — or so I’ve heard — was, ‘Boy nothing.’

Then there is a sequel. Are we to have that, too? More than half a century later, one of the girls called him up. Yes, one of the Hagerstown girls. And, in a great flutter, the old judge —

But that is another story. After all, it’s not my job to write the biography. That’s up to a couple of other fellows.

THE JUDAS GOOSE

BY WINIFRED VAN ETTEN

I

IT was old Joe Diemouth who told me the story of the goose Judas, and it was a story I always remembered, chiefly at first because it was so different from most of Joe's stories — no adventures or dangers or heroism on his part, none of the atmosphere of mighty hunter that first made me, a lad in the gun-worshipping stage, the old man's satellite. And in later years I have remembered it because of its own peculiar quality of somehow epitomizing a kind of life that has disappeared forever. As I look back now, I realize that my own boyhood days bore the last imprints of that disappearing life, and there is in me still a sense of continuity with it strong enough to turn me homesick when I visit the little town now with all its brisk and colorless modernity.

Joe was a very old man when I first knew him, but still a hunter. He lived just behind us, and sometimes I would rouse vaguely out of sleep and hear a rattletrap buggy leaving Joe's yard and would know that he was up in the cold and dark of three o'clock to go hunting. He would stand for hours in ice water above his knees to get a shot at a wild duck. He nearly drove his daughter and his granddaughters crazy, and of course he did finally get himself pneumonia and they all thought he'd die. He fooled them, though, but after that he had to take his hunting out in talk. He showed me how to build traps and told me stories of the great dogs he'd owned and his adventures with them,

explained every trophy that decorated his walls — the mounted fish, and the buffalo and moose horns and antlers that hung on every wall of his cottage home.

His wife, passionately neat, had anti-macassars — two or three or half a dozen of them — on every piece of her gold plush furniture. Old Joe could n't do anything with her when it came to tidies. He himself seemed almost as incongruous in that stuffed and dusted little place. Even with his infirmities, Joe belonged outside, with the marshes and wild things, not in with the tidies and canaries. How Joe despised those canaries! He would tell me about his goose Judas, his voice raised over the inconsequential twitterings of those contemptibly tame and useless canaries — caged things, content to be caged.

At the time he had Judas, when he was a young man with a young family, Joe lived on a farm about ten miles from town. Ten miles were ten miles in those days, and a farmer had to be a self-sufficient person. There could be no running into town to buy a loaf of bread if the wife found she was out just ten minutes before dinner. Joe was a hunter not only because he liked to hunt but because he had to. Ducks and wild geese were plentiful and furnished about the only fresh meat the family got. About thirty rods from the farmhouse was a slough. You can drive all over northwest Iowa now without seeing a slough, — all the water has been drained off, — but in those days farmers simply farmed around

the sloughs, and there were acres and acres that were too swampy to cultivate at all. The wild ducks and geese loved Joe's slough and they had n't learned yet to be wary. His little girls loved the slough, too, and so did Joe, who spent a lot of time prowling around there. One day he found a wild goose's nest and brought the eggs home with him to put under a hen. Out of three goslings hatched, two were ganders, and as soon as they were large enough they were killed and eaten. But the one was a goose, and Joe made up his mind to raise it for a decoy.

At first the wild goose was just another fowl around the barnyard. It was months before anyone gave her a name, and then it was n't a very nice name the goose got for herself. 'Judas' they called her, and it did n't seem right, both because she was a lady and because by that time they were all fond of her, and you don't call any creature you are fond of 'Judas.' But Judas it was, because she had earned her title and it was all too appropriate.

By the time she had acquired her name she had also become a great pet of all the family, but particularly of Joe. She used to follow him about wherever he went, coaxing for extra food and for attention. She loved to be petted, and if she caught Joe sitting down anywhere she'd come up to him and bunt her head against his knee and nuzzle him like a dog wanting caresses. She was a pretty thing, and it gave her endless pleasure to have her long dark throat stroked gently. She'd bend her head down and make little singing sounds of satisfaction just as long as anyone would keep on petting her. The children loved her. Joe's littlest girl used to take Judas's dark head in her hand and softly stroke the pretty arrangements of feathers on neck and body, fingering the white muffler around the throat and ruffling the plumage to see it fall back once more into its delicate design.

They clipped her wings so that she could n't fly away, but it would scarcely

have been necessary, for Judas showed no inclination to leave her home. She was far tamer than any of the domestic flock, lovely to look at, and so intelligent that it seemed impolite to refer to her as a goose.

II

The thing that got Judas her name was her extraordinary attitude toward her duties as a decoy. She seemed to know what it was all about, to realize what her function was, and to take an unnatural kind of pleasure in it. There was nothing of the ignorant cat's-paw about Judas. She knew she was supposed to call down other wild geese out of the sky in order that Joe could shoot them. She did it knowingly and deliberately. It was fantastic to see her. She and Joe worked together like a couple of sportsmen, or a sportsman and his best-loved dog, and the slough was their hunting ground. It was a favorite resort for Judas at all times, and the brush that surrounded it made excellent cover for Joe and his gun.

In the spring and fall, when the wild geese were honking overhead, Judas played her siren part to perfection. Paddling around on the pond, she sent her lonesome call skyward and lured her tribesmen down to doom. She seemed to exult in her powers and liked to show them off under less favorable conditions than the pond provided her. Often and often she would stand in the farmyard, only a few feet from the door of the house, and call down a gander for Joe, lurking in the doorway, to shoot.

You might have thought she was just lonesome, calling for a companion, and too stupid to realize what was going to happen to any bird she brought down to join her. But her conduct when Joe's gun had done its work left no room for such a charitable supposition. Judas clearly enjoyed seeing other geese shot. When a gander crumpled into a soft heap beside her she jumped up and down in her joy. She did a victory dance about

the body, and when Joe approached to pick it up she stretched out her neck to him and discussed the kill in low, well-pleased tones of voice. She definitely knew what that gun meant, for whenever Joe appeared with it on his arm she followed, noisy with excitement and anticipating the sport with all the eagerness of a hunting dog.

There was something a little dreadful about Judas, a little preposterous — something chilling. She was, really, a detestable fowl if one considered her from the aspect of her relationship to her own kindred. But, considered from a human point of view, she was a pet and a loyal helper. Perhaps there was something a little touching about her preference of her human friends to her own kind — a betrayer appears noble if he has done his betraying out of loyalty to you.

Judas was about three years old when she began to show a change of heart toward her own race. It was early spring, and the wild geese were thick in the swamp. Joe got all he wanted and Judas exhibited her usual interest in all the proceedings, calling ganders down in the barnyard to be slaughtered, doing her dance and singing her song when they were killed. It was astonishing that Joe was able to get close enough to kill so many of them, but the gander is a gallant fellow, waiting always for the goose to fly first. And Judas, of course, never flew.

Then, gradually, Joe became aware that Judas was not around the barnyard as much as she used to be. The children reported seeing her on the pond, and with her always a young gander. Judas had taken a mate. He never came around the farm buildings at all, and Judas never tried to bring him there. She seemed to realize that that was no place for her beloved. She made her nest in an old strawstack several fields beyond the house, where the children discovered her devotedly tending her eggs.

The gander was n't around much in the daytime, now, but every morning he

came to the pond and called until Judas left her nest and went to the water for a swim with him. He seemed to be trying to get her to go away. Often he flew a short distance and anxiously called and Judas as anxiously answered. But she could n't fly far on account of her clipped wings, and besides she had her eggs to tend. So she stayed, and the gander stayed with her.

They were pretty to see together as they took their morning swim, often side by side like a well-married pair talking over domestic affairs. Then again they would have one of their worried discussions of going away, the gander flying and calling and Judas explaining and explaining why it was that she could n't go. He never seemed to understand that Judas could n't fly. He put on many a demonstration for her and then she would try, but was able, of course, to rise only a few feet in the air. Her lover never gave up. He seemed to feel that in due time he would be able to teach this strange bride of his all she needed to know for the long, strong flight his heart demanded for him and for her.

Joe got worried about this love affair of Judas. Sooner or later, he thought, the mate would win. Judas's wings would grow, and she was getting shyer and shyer of human beings. The gander must have been telling her with masculine positiveness that no good could come of her association with them, for it was almost impossible now to catch her.

Joe decided he would have to kill the gander. He could n't allow such a valuable decoy as Judas to be wooed away from him, and that he was sure was going to happen. The little girls cried when he said he was going to shoot the gander — they kept hoping that he would become tame, too, and they liked the idea of having the pair of them around. They liked the idea of Judas's being happy with a mate. Joe was sure it would n't work. The gander would n't tame in the first place, and even if he did he doubted if Judas would be useful

as a decoy as long as he was about. So Joe made up his mind to kill him.

III

Joe Diemouth forgot all about what a glorious sport hunting was when he came to this part of his tale. I don't know how many times I heard the story of Judas, but every time when Joe told how he had made up his mind to kill the gander he almost cried. His weather-beaten little face crinkled up and his bright old eyes grew misty. He could n't see now how he'd ever had the heart to do it. A wild goose was a pretty, graceful thing, a gallant thing ready to give its life for its mate. It was a treat, now, merely to get a look at one. Old Joe would willingly sit up to his neck in a slough just to see one zooming toward him. He would n't ask for a shot at it. He would n't even want to shoot it. But in those days wild fowl of all descriptions were so plentiful that it never occurred to Joe to think of them except in terms of something to be shot if possible. Still, when he came to tell me of the actual shooting of Judas's mate, he always looked guilty, and he did n't like the telling of that part of his story.

It was a late spring that year, a tantalizing, procrastinating spring. Just as it began to look as if winter were actually routed, just as the sun began to have some real warmth in it and the green blush on the rolling prairies was more than a hallucination caused by wishing for green in a gray world, there'd come a hard freeze and discourage everything for another two weeks. The family got up one morning as cold as they had been any time that winter, it seemed, and found everything frozen up. The little pond had half an inch of ice.

Joe was in a bad temper over this setback, and when he saw Judas's mate come down to the pond he decided it was a good time to do away with him. Besides, Judas was n't around, and Joe, in spite of her antics with other geese,

did n't quite like the idea of killing her mate while she looked on. He went back to the house and got his gun. Then he attempted to creep close enough to the pond to shoot the visitor. But the gander was cautious. A dozen times Joe tried for a shot at him, but each time he made off. Joe was getting irritated. Finally he chanced a shot, which went wild and left the gander flying overhead in circles and making it perfectly apparent that he knew exactly where Joe was ambushed.

Joe was crouched in the brush, cursing, mad enough by this time to kill the bird with a good heart. And then he saw Judas. She was coming down to the pond in a tearing hurry. It seemed almost as if, having heard that one shot and knowing well what a shot was likely to mean, she'd left her nest and come rushing to investigate. Joe kept very quiet. All right, let her bring her mate down as she'd brought so many others. He was determined by this time to get that gander.

Judas came out on the ice and called anxiously. She marched about, peering and plaintively inquiring. And her lover answered that cry. Down he came. He lit beside her on the ice and pushed her about a bit with his body and neck. It seemed almost as if he were trying to get between her and Joe. She, glad to see him, stretched out her neck to him and talked. He kept nudging her about, in great anxiety, but he could n't make it clear to her what he wanted. He flew a little, coaxing, and Judas this time did her best to follow, but her wings were n't equal yet to flight in spite of the fact that Joe had n't been able for some time to catch her and clip them. So the gander came back to the ice beside her. He stood in front of her and turned his head in the direction of Joe's cover. Joe took aim and just as he pulled the trigger it seemed to him that the gander raised his head up haughtily, disdainful or defying death. The next instant he was a heap of wind-ruffled feathers on the ice.

'I never felt so low-down in my life,'

old Joe told me. He felt so terrible the instant he had pulled that trigger that he stayed in the cover for a long time afterwards. He had a feeling that he did n't want Judas to see him.

It was like the time he'd had to kill his favorite hound because he'd got so old and sick and deaf. He had to be killed, for pity's sake, and Joe could n't bear to turn him over to someone else, perhaps clumsy, to kill. It was up to him to do it himself. The hound was so deaf he figured he could sneak up on him when he was asleep and get it over and the old dog would never know what hit him. And he did find the old fellow snoozing in the sun in a position where he could get a sure shot at him. He crept up close and there was n't a movement from the hound. He put his gun to his shoulder, took careful aim, and then, just as he fired, the dog looked up — looked directly at his master training a gun on him. And in that last instant of life there was a look in his eyes that haunted old Joe for years. He used to wake up in the night in a cold sweat, seeing the grieved eyes of old War-Dance, the best dog he'd ever had.

It was like that when he'd killed Judas's mate, except, in a way, he felt worse — meaner. He'd killed War-Dance to keep him from suffering, but he'd killed the gander just because it appealed to him as convenient. Someway he'd half expected to see Judas jump up and down and express her usual glee when a bird was shot beside her. But she did nothing of the kind. She stayed around the pond for quite a while, looking at her fallen mate, seeming not to understand that he was dead. Then she left the pond reluctantly and went back to her nest.

Joe took the body of the gander and buried it. It did n't seem decent to eat a creature that had stood up and defied death for his mate the way that gander had. Joe could see him, lifting his head haughtily, contemptuously, as he took aim. Old Joe used to mutter something

at this point about a soul. He was rather incoherent about it. Joe was never one to deal in abstractions, and he had no churchly phrases in which to express his meaning, but it seemed to me that he was trying to say that Judas's mate had a soul and you could n't eat a creature that had a soul. Soul, to old Joe, apparently meant personality. Any living thing that impressed itself on him as having personality, as being an individual, he thought of as having a soul.

I know he believed his hunting dogs went to some kind of special heaven. And for all I know they did. At least, there is something in dogs, and in wild creatures, that seems to express the soul of a place. There's something gone from that country now that it used to have, clearly when old Joe was a young man, faintly but still perceptibly when I was a boy. And I don't believe it's just that intimations of immortality have fled from me because I'm no longer young. It's really gone — something that used to be there. The great prairies have to express themselves to-day in terms of scraggly villages full of radios and oil-burning furnaces. And what have those things to say of the spirit of the place? The little wild things, driven away now, forever, said it better because they were in themselves the soul of the marching land and the brooding water. They're gone, now, and the land has lost its voice and lies inarticulate, though the noise of an alien life fills it.

Judas did n't show up again after the death of her mate. Old Joe went to look for her. He found her on her nest, dead. The eggs were cold.

No, she did n't die of a broken heart. Old Joe examined her and found a shot in her. Evidently it had glanced off the ice and struck her, not hard enough to kill her outright, but enough to cause her death. So, said old Joe, he lost his decoy anyway, and he might as well have allowed Judas's mate to live. And, mighty huntsman though I fancied myself to be, I thought so too.

ARE CHILDREN VEGETABLES?

A Parental Note on Education

BY WILSON FOLLETT

I

THE hayfields are extensions of our lawn, or our lawn a theft from the hayfields, and from time to time a spear of timothy creeps in. Timothy, in the fertile manured fields hereabout, grows waist-high; in a wet season it will even attain the height of a tall man's shoulder. It is interesting to watch the spear in the lawn in its summer-long struggle for self-realization. Clipped back as often as it gets a good start, the plant learns week by week to modify its aspirations and, almost, its nature. A potential giant among grasses in early May, it is a pygmy by late July. Its first answer to the discouraging environment is a frantic acceleration of growth; it is trying desperately to achieve its natural stature in the negligible interval between mowings. Thwarted again and again, it discovers that gigantism is getting it nowhere and gradually adopts a more modest aim. Taught and driven by its innate need, it seeks completion, perpetuation, on a miniature scale, and by the first week of August it presents to the hostile blade a formation as complete and mature as that of its uninhibited cousins in the field — a plant finished and perfect from root-crown to seed-spike, but rearing that triumphant spike scarcely an inch and a half above the ground.

It has obeyed the law of its being; it has fulfilled itself — after a fashion.

As a father of very young children

whose growth, development, and early education are matters of prime concern to me, I can never run a lawn mower over this small drama of adaptation without seeing in my act a faithful analogy of what our civilization is perpetually doing to the minds of its young. The infant intelligence enters the world with an inherent capacity for growth of which no one has ever yet ascertained the limit; and we promptly set bounds to its growth — arbitrary bounds of our own preconceiving. The young mind puts out new shoots of amazing health and vigor; and we forthwith clip them down. The mutilated organism, disillusioned and sensing that it has a hostile environment to cope with, resorts for a while to freakish and frantic behaviors; witness the number of children hardly out of the teething stage who are distraught, addled, peevish, almost impossible to interest, and incapable of amusing themselves except by experiments in deliberate mischief. (Some of them are still that way at twenty-five — forty — sixty.) In the end the child unlearns its instinct of untrammelled growth, for it finds that there is no other way to self-adjustment, survival, or any growth whatsoever. It submits itself to the conditions imposed; it curtails its aspirations; it grows here a little and there a little, stealthily, when and as it can; and presently, with luck, it attains the mental shape, the structure, the

development, but not the stature, of an adult human being. When we have got through the season of running our lawn mowers over it, it is complete and mature — and a dwarf.

II

A country physician, now of blessed memory, who helped some thirty-five hundred babies into the world, — he also helped a good share of them grow up to have babies of their own, — once said soberly to me: 'They know a lot more than we think they do.' He had one of the thirty-five hundred on his knee at the moment; in its seventh week of life it was the victim of a parental failure to have hit on a digestible diet, and it was expressing a merited opinion with some force and lucidity.

To my sage elderly friend's pronouncement I can still think of nothing better to say than the shambling assent I mumbled at the time: 'I think they do.'

But the world at large does not agree with him. The branches of pseudo-science devoted to the study of the developing mind do not agree with him. Especially and above all, the sciences that ultimately determine the content and the methods of modern education do not agree with him. The conviction tacitly underlying all official opinion on this subject is that babies know a lot less than we think they do; and on this conviction all our dealing with them is based. The result is the howling imbecility of trying to build a mature civilization out of organized, enforced, artificially prolonged infantilism, a sound and healthy civilization out of mental rickets. Rickets is the characteristic infantile disease of malnutrition, and mental malnutrition is precisely the state in which we are bringing up our children, with the explicit blessing of all the accredited and certificated authorities on how they can best be brought up — the generalissimos, drum majors, and plain troopers of education.

Now any baby, like the one on my venerated friend's knee, has all the power in the world to enforce adult mankind's respect for its bodily digestion; but unfortunately it has no such talent for getting its own way about what shall go into its mental digestive tract. Adults put into a baby's mind whatever they suppose to be nutritious for it, — usually what some fancied authority supposes to be so, — and the poor baby, in default and ignorance of better, just takes what he gets. Unlike the wrong physical diet, a deficiency of mental vitamins and calories lacks the most effective of all sanctions: it does not kill. Our standard, our everyday working norm, is in fact the child whom we have systematically made a victim of chronic intellectual starvation. This is an ailment from which all the babies in the civilized world suffer at one time and another. The more civilized and enlightened their particular stratum of society considers itself, the more they suffer; for the knowledgeable folk, the ones who have picked up the best current ideas of infanticulture from the highest authorities, are the most completely convinced that the new human being is a mindless vegetable, not only incapable of being taught anything of consequence for a number of years, but actually damaged by the attempt to teach him anything.

A saving remnant of us crass common folk know better, as we shall duly see.

III

It is a source of constant amazement to the thoughtful that the existence of easily tapped, still largely unutilized abilities in the young should be at once thoroughly established in the province of physical development and utterly unrecognized or denied in that of mental development.

It is now well known, for instance, that any baby not congenitally subnormal can, with some thoughtful encour-

agement, roller-skate almost before it can walk steadily, drink reliably out of a glass or mug at ten months or so without help, benefit by digesting much coarser food than is customarily supplied, dress itself (including buttons and ordinary knots) at half the traditional age or less, and perform a great variety of controlled motions formerly supposed to be impossible, unsuitable, or injurious. It is also known that the earliest feasible challenge to these abilities is altogether salutary. It tends powerfully toward poise and an even temper, and it helps counteract the nervous bafflement that, by all accounts, is modern childhood's most distressing, most universal ill — the bafflement common to all, old or young, with unused powers that hunger and thirst for use.

But any suggestion that babies also possess cognate mental abilities, and that early exercise of these is quite as indispensable to full health, is instantly greeted with appalled outcries about 'forcing,' 'cramming,' 'overtaxing the attention,' 'deliberate and wanton encouragement of precocity,' and the like. How anyone, and especially a scientist, thinks he can distinguish between physical abilities that infants possess and mental ones they lack, I will not undertake to guess; everything that a child learns to do with its body involves, I should say, a tremendous leverage of mind upon matter. But discriminate we do, or think we do; and the result is our altogether artificial and crippling division of the infant's world into obvious physical urges to be encouraged and not so obvious mental urges to be repressed or sidetracked — a body to be nurtured and a mind to be starved.

It is my steadfast conviction that *all* these young abilities and powers are psychophysical, all of them hungers that cannot be denied without damage to the whole organism. Anyone, psychologist or layman, who hugs the delusion that babies are vegetables ought to throw away his preconceptions long enough to

study the cycle a child goes through in, for example, the forlorn struggle to convey some new perception or thought for which he has all the equipment but the words no one has taken the trouble to give him. It is a cycle that begins in eager hope and excitement, graduates through discouragement to despair, and ends in general peevishness or an enigmatic burst of rage over something apparently quite unconnected — the point at which children are slapped and shoved out of sight and sound by the outraged authors of their helplessness, who would certainly profit more by musing, better late than never, on the parable of the buried talents.

IV

It is, I think, in connection with a process just referred to, the acquisition of language, that we can most handily measure the gulf between the healthy child's enormous appetite and the starvation diet customarily supplied by environment. Because the process of acquisition is common to all human beings except those born dumb, and because it is the one tangible accompaniment to nearly all other developmental processes, our management or mismanagement of it goes to the very taproot of education. I mean education in the deepest possible sense, as determining the kind of human beings we rear.

Contemplate, if you please, a wholly typical and very enlightening sample of how ruthlessly science and popular opinion work together to run the lawn mower over the young idea.

A friend with a sardonic taste in absurdities lately mailed me a Sunday rotogravure section containing a page of text and pictures devoted to — I quote — 'the newest child wonder' and captioned 'A "Genius" by Test at the Age of 28 Months.' A little girl of the Middle West — name and address supplied — has been put through her paces, it transpires, by a university psychologist, some of whose findings are: (1) she can

talk in sentences of a dozen or thirteen words; (2) her intelligence quotient is 185, or '45 points higher than that normally identified with "genius"' (that is, I take it, normally identified with an abnormality); (3) her memory-span is that of a five-year-old; (4) she has picked up her remarkable mental equipment unconsciously, by close association with cultivated parents; and (5) her speaking vocabulary is 3800 words. This description of an absolutely normal little girl in a normally nutritious environment is capped by the psychologist's asseveration that she is 'the most remarkable child I have ever seen.'

What is truly remarkable about the exhibit, it seems to me, is the tone of incredulous amazement with which the scientist reports this instance of mental health and normal growth, coupled with the fact that a great metropolitan newspaper should regard the data reported as news. Nothing could more conclusively disclose the length to which the modern world has gone in identifying the norm with the average. So complete has this identification become that when we chance upon an instance of infant normality there is nothing left for us but to cry it up as an instance of staggering precocity and make a holy show of it, to the untold damage of the victim. Science-cum-education and the decadence of the family have brought it about between them that normal infancy is one of the most surprising phenomena in nature, especially in American urban life. When we find it we study it as intently as if it were something miraculous and end by hypnotizing ourselves and others into thinking it just that.

The whole case for precocity is given away the moment you couple the psychologist's statement that the child is innately remarkable with his other statement that she is 'the product of well-nigh perfect environment in the home.' For the attributes described — particularly the twelve-word sentences and the 3800-word vocabulary — are

patently impossible without such an environment, whereas with it they are strictly automatic and inevitable. What the report really boils down to is an outcry of glad wonder at the discovery of an American family fit to bring up its young. A living specimen of the dodo could not be celebrated with more excitement.

The mental development of a very young child, so far as it can be measured, is of course a direct function of (a) the kind of persons with whom he associates, (b) the amount of his association with them, and (c) the pains they take to make themselves intelligible and enjoyable to him. That is the simple principle, to our whole civilization an all-important one, to which science and education are persistently shutting their eyes.

The aberration that at present captivates educational psychology is the attempt to measure the mind in terms of its capacity — a chimera that takes principally the form of incessant experimentation with intelligence tests. Leave entirely aside the pertinent question whether any way has yet been found to test the intelligence of a human individual; leave aside the other material question how sensibly the existing tentative forms of intelligence test are applied and interpreted.¹ It is enough to remark

¹ I once saw a nationally famous consulting psychologist administer one of these tests to a girl of four. At one point he passed briskly across her field of vision a dime, a nickel, and a quarter, asking her to identify each. The child leaned forward in a painfully intense effort to fix each moving coin. She said: 'I will read what it says on it if you will hold it still.' Because her parents lived in a hamlet, made all their purchases at one general store, and wrote a monthly check for the total, she had hardly even seen money. Her score on that section of the test: zero. The I. Q. arrived at was 120 — twenty points lower, I presume, than that 'normally identified with "genius."' At the end the child read the whole of 'Rikki-tikki-tavi' with great expressiveness and absorption. The expert's last word was: 'Her score would undoubtedly be much higher if she took the test a few more times.' He had not the faintest idea that he was being pretty funny or that he was giving anything away except his extremely valuable time. — AUTHOR

that the whole problem of inherent capacity, or teachableness, on which the professional educator is perpetually harping, is of vanishing importance in connection with the extremely young mind, for it is a factor that simply does not come into play. Nature has seen to it that every normal baby comes into the world with many times more learning capacity than can possibly be utilized in the hours he will spend awake, or for that matter in twenty-four hours a day. The healthy baby with half a chance acquires, for instance, his first few thousand words with so unconscious and so infinitesimal an expenditure of tissue that it makes no earthly difference whether a tenth, a hundredth, or a thousandth part of his potential ability is called upon. Any attempted investigation of his total mental capacity is as academic as a dispute among hydrographic engineers about how much water could be carried by a prehistoric river channel in the Sahara Desert.

The content of a child's mind is, be it repeated, a function and an implicit intelligence test of his environment, and we know nothing about its potential volume except by its content. All our insistence on defining the factor of inherent ability is simply a way of shirking the task of education and the responsibility of parents and dumping them back upon nature.

v

Match the Middle Western psychologist's amazed disclosures with some data almost casually gathered by an ordinary layman from a perfectly ordinary little girl. As it happens, I kept records of the recent growth in language of a young woman whom I shall call Jane, during the interesting formative period from her sixteenth month to her second birthday. Bear in mind that Jane is no 'genius,' by test or otherwise, in or out of inverted commas. Her intelligence quotient is not known to be 185 or any-

thing else, and her memory-span is certainly not that of a five-year-old, whatever that means. (A five-year-old's memory will outreach Jane's whole life thus far — if you give him something that seems to him worth remembering. You have to be a professional psychologist not to know that.) No claim is made for her congenital gifts except that she seems to be normally curious and acquisitive and reasonably even-tempered when these instincts are gratified. The jottings that follow will, I hope, throw a small but intense spotlight on this whole matter of the connection between early mental growth and environment.

Jane's parents talk with a fair range of diction and subject matter as ordinary household talk goes. Being too poor to delegate any of their responsibility even if they were so inclined, they are with her much more than all other persons put together. They answer her legitimate questions so far as time and their knowledge permit; from the beginning they have deferred to, but not glutted, her appetite for being read to; and they have not talked down to her. The results, so far as they touch her command of speech, have been these: —

At nearly sixteen months — to be very precise, after 476 days in this fascinatingly verbose world — her speaking vocabulary numbered 516 words. This figure excludes names of persons and places, plus some consistent sounds that were evidently words to her, plus joke words and words merely parroted, plus, of course, whatever handful of terms her scribes may have missed collecting. It includes, however, all but a negligible fraction of the English words she had then used repeatedly on her own initiative with some intelligible and consistent meaning (not necessarily the conventional adult one); and any fractional error present is necessarily on the side of understatement.

We let eight months elapse and on her second birthday once more closed the

record on a speaking vocabulary as nearly complete as we could make it. This time there was no hope of reaching even an approximation by mere memory and careful listening. We actually read through the entire standard Anglo-American vocabulary as printed in a convenient 100,000-word abridged dictionary, Webster's Collegiate, harpooning every word that both of us could actually recall her using sensibly, without prompting, in a specific connection. *A priori*, we rather expected the number to approach 5000. Again with the omission of some unimportant groups, and of course not counting inflections for tense or what not, we found that the total of her words exceeded 6200 — one more small-scale illustration of the large general fact that babies know at least a little more than we think they do.

VI

Now, it is at this point that the tiresome uproar about innate precocity is certain to be raised by various classes of persons — the rich who have only a calling acquaintance with their young; the mother who, being too busy with affairs of real importance to be bothered, leaves her children's nurture to some incompetent with no real stake in what becomes of them in the long run; the vast sorority of those who stun and abash a two-year-old with ecstatic murmurs, coos and gurgles of baby talk; the sort of psychologist who proclaims a world's wonder every time he finds a child under three who can count twenty or compose a lucid sentence; the many dupes of this swarming breed of quack; and in general those who know little or nothing about children. It is the privilege of these to point out if they like that I am reporting an increment of nearly 5700 words in eight months, or an average of over twenty a day, and that no such rate of gain is possible for long at a time even to a highly cultivated mature mind.

To these let me say patiently, first,

that I am not talking about mature cultivated minds, which have the whole nuclear stock of language already at their disposal on a scale to match their needs. I am talking about the infant mind, which is a teeming hive of brand-new, insistent perceptions and a hungry vacuum of the words to express them. What teaches babies words at a rate not approached later in life is simply the pressure of the whole stupendous volume of unknown language. For the benefit of the skeptics and in vindication of the infant intelligence, which is one of the most terrific engines in the universe and at the same time one of the least used, I am now going to add some very specific notes on where and how Jane came by large blocks of her words.

Suppose I approach the issue by asking what would be your offhand impression of a vocabulary fairly well represented by the following items taken quite at random: *compliment, coffin, jig, dainties, erected, bachelor, grin, espied, petticoats, slut, forlorn, mischievous, quench, playfellows, slit, lingered, monument, lackey, chandler, clouting, vinegar, bitterly, pothered, cockleshells, betwixt, ambles, amiable, gliding, broth, utmost, gulp, deuce, victuals, buckram, constable, alarmed, monstrous, trice, gammon, charming, cravat, rout (noun), sumptuous, echoes, maintain, waggled, yonder, wench, vintner, zany.*

Should you, perhaps, characterize such a vocabulary as vigorous, lively, noticeably archaic, slightly on the Elizabethan side, indubitably adult, and quite, quite foreign to the cosmos of any ordinary two-year-old? That, I am afraid, would have been about my own snap judgment of it two years ago. Well, the words cited are, one and all, from a literary source familiar to most of us long before any other; a source our familiarity with which goes back to the very cradle. They are from that classic for weanlings, Mother Goose.

Before me lies Mr. William Rose Benét's recent *Mother Goose* with the

exquisite and lavish pictures by Roger Duvoisin. 'A Comprehensive Collection of the Rhymes,' Mr. Benét calls it. Comprehensive it is, but that is not to say complete. It does not contain anywhere near all the Mother Goose a baby may easily know, or even all that Jane, at two, did know. Yet its vocabulary, I find by count, is well over 2000 words. It happens to be one of Jane's favorite volumes. In the regular course of nightly readings at bedtime she absorbed it whole within a fortnight or so of publication. Babies treat such things on contact exactly as the dry sponge treats water, and with just about a sponge's awareness of the absorptive process. A staggering proportion of Mother Goose consists, as you have probably noted from my random selections, of words that the very young modern child is likely to hear first from that source. (There are, indeed, many that he will probably not hear at all from any other.) In short, several familiar volumes of Mother Goose alone, swallowed whole in the second year of life, will account for a startling fraction of my subject's 6200 words — conceivably between a third and a half of them.

VII

There you have one clue. Consider one more, also typical.

Jane at two was spending, every few days, a quiet half-hour foraging among the children's tables of a memorial library in a town where her parents were then visiting. She picked out for her parents to take home a new edition of *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*; it was no nursery abridgment, but the full Brown-ing text — also, as it happened, with Duvoisin's superb illustrations. When a baby levies demands of this sort you comply if you have arrived at the beginning of wisdom; otherwise you say, as indeed the librarian said earnestly that afternoon: 'Oh no, you won't be ready for this for years yet. It is much too

old.' (You hear the whirring of the lawn mower?) By request the poem was read to Jane that night. It runs to 300-odd lines, and to read it at all expressively takes well over twenty minutes. On the next five nights in a row she also demanded what she insisted on calling 'The Pied Piper of Hamelin-in-Brunswick-by-famous-Hanover-city — Rats!' Late on the sixth night, being taken up sound asleep (you still have to do this with two-year-olds who are not precocious, whatever the size of their vocabularies), she murmured clearly: —

'So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!'

She had most of *The Pied Piper* where it would say itself over in her head; you could start her off anywhere in it, and, asleep or awake, she would go on for at least a few phrases, and oftener for many lines. This is, of course, the way a child knows whatever it knows: by heart. The vocabulary of *The Pied Piper*, strikingly odd to an adult, is the more readily absorbable by an infant for that very reason. Also, the vocabulary is notably large in proportion to the total wordage: just over 850 words, if our count is correct, of which about 325 were previously quite unknown to Jane. Thus, in something under two hours scattered over less than a week she picked up more than 300 words from one narrative poem alone; and of course they were only a fraction of what she picked up from all sources in that same week.

Even one of the most vapid items in her small library, a Beatrix Potter animal story, yields such perfectly good adult words as *elegant*, *uncomfortable*, *unsteadily*, *trod*, *smears*, *rockery*, *degrees*, *difficulties*, *advanced*, *dignity*, *various*, *repose*, *extraordinary*, *tremendous*, and *affronted*. At least six or seven of those overrated, overwhimsical stand-bys, the *Just-So Stories* of Kipling, fit the pre-school years much better than the later ages for which they were ostensibly written, — Jane at two had long known

one of them by heart and others nearly so, — and they are spattered with dozens of such forty-five-calibre words as *inordinate*, *infinite*, and *vitiate*, most of them artfully embedded in contexts that make them chime unforgettably in ear and memory, at the same time irresistibly implying their sense.

Whatever one reads in the presence of a listening child, be it appropriate or not, intelligible or mystifying, is to him a source of words; and I have sometimes fancied that the more mystifying it is, the more words the child will take a fancy to.

VIII

But the preëminent source is, naturally, the talk of adults, whether to the child or to each other within the child's hearing. If you do not talk down to a child, it will assuredly talk up to you; that is the whole story. If our 'child psychologists' want to unearth real miracles to publicize, let them find the infant prodigy who has mastered 3800 words without any traceable access to them, or, *per contra*, the not subnormal child who has had every linguistic encouragement and is still comparatively wordless. While they are searching for these improbables, let them intermit their astonishment at the intelligible twelve-word sentences of twenty-eight-months-old children who speak by the only usage they ever hear.

As a matter of fact, among the 40,000,000 of us who live in small communities off the beat of Binet-Terman tests and child wonders, there are thousands of households in which these psychologists would find themselves shattered with astonishment practically all the time. Jane, being asked at two years whether she was going to ride that afternoon, replied: 'Yes, but not in your carriage [i.e., 'my carriage'; this early pronoun trouble is almost universal], because Mr. D—— has it in A—— [a neighboring town], to fix it so that Janie can ride in

it more comfortably.' That is stenographically exact, and it is the way the speaker had habitually talked for months past. To have talked any other way would have proved her either defective or remarkably perverse. She had been with us when we delivered the carriage to the upholsterer five weeks earlier; his name, that of the town, and the purpose of the errand had happened not to be mentioned in the interim. This is a very conservative sample of the way children remember such things as interest or please them, and it is in no way unlike the conversation you can have any day with farm children of decent stock, who are still brought up to notice things, know things, do things, and be generally self-reliant.

We have known a number of two-year-olds with patently larger vocabularies than Jane's, and known of many others; but most of them did not show the rugged physical development, the sunny temper, the *joie de vivre* and delight in running wild that I should want to see in them if they were mine. We have known, naturally, a good many with much smaller vocabularies, and some with nearly none; but they belonged to gross and ignorant households or to ones that transact their domestic business in grunts and growls, make two non-interpenetrating worlds of the living room and the nursery, give over their offspring to hirelings, or cripple their self-confidence by babying, by indifference, or by constant appeals to fear — households that, in ways complicated or simple, skimp and starve their young.

Of this larger group, by the way, quite the most interesting specimen I ever knew was the infant son of fantastically rich parents — a boy of obviously exceptional keenness who would nevertheless not utter a word in any one of the several languages familiar to his parents, though he communed with great fluency for hours every day of his life with one person, an elderly nurse, in some bizarre

form of jabber of which none but those two could interpret a syllable. His parents, when they were not traveling abroad or visiting one of their other estates, would have been shocked at the idea that they were neglecting him; the hour or so a week that they found for him was split up into so many brief encounters as to give them the sense of being constantly with him, though to an outsider the whole relationship seemed to consist of mere friendly overtures. They looked fondly forward to the time when he would be ready to speak their thoughts in their language; they counted on his turning to them above all others and spontaneously awarding them a son's confiding intimacy; and I suppose it never crossed their minds that they had incurred in his behalf, all told, scarcely a fair sample of the characteristic bother of being parents. Unless they have more luck than most parents ever enjoy without putting in hard, regular work at their job, they may still be waiting twenty years hence for their son to be their son; and late in life they will conceivably discover that this business of infanticulture is one more of the many provinces of human life in which, if you have not sown, you cannot count on reaping.

IX

Be the two-year-old vocabulary 9000 words, 6000, 3000, 300, or none at all, the child's command of speech is assuredly the product of exposure, of opportunity; indeed, what else could it be in a world in which we do not create the words we use, but merely learn them as circumstances bring them our way? These matters seem to be much better understood by the common folk, who begin seriously to wonder if a child is 'quite right' or 'all there' if he does not walk alone and say a good many words at twelve months, than by those who have sat at the feet of science and can speak the patter of pedagogy.

The official view of what is normally to be expected of the young is astoundingly incorporated in a press dispatch about a hapless farm child whose parents were hoping against hope, after she had strayed off in zero weather, that some passing stranger had picked her up. 'Being only three and a half,' the dispatch explains, 'she is of course too young to give her parents' name to anyone who may have found her.' One of our acquaintances, an old, old lady with a farm-and-district-school background, shudders sympathetically over the facts, but pity does not keep her from adding editorially: 'Pshaw! It does n't seem as if her parents could be quite bright, does it?' Not the child, you perceive, but the parents. Hers is the pronouncement of popular common sense, of the folk assumptions.

The same old lady happened to pronounce the last word on Jane, unconsciously supplying still another contrast with the scientifically enlightened view. Two-year-old Jane, on plunging gayly out into a smart shower, flings back over her shoulder from the doorway: —

'But don't be alarmed, for I have an umbrella
That will shelter us both,' said this amiable fellow.

(Mother Goose has some apposite and quotable word for about every situation in life.) The old lady, circumspectly waiting until the door is closed, murmurs: 'H'm! A nice bright little girl, is n't she?' — which is the exact outcome that science, with all its apparatus of statistics and Terman tests, would have reached in connection with the Middle Western little girl already described, if science but had our old lady's horse sense.

It so happened that Jane was then fresh from her latest encounter with her friend the librarian — the one who had protested that *The Pied Piper of Hamelin* was much too old for her. This young woman had now, by interested questioning, discovered the thoroughness and dispatch with which Jane

had taken possession of Browning's jingle. She burst out: 'But how too perfectly marvelous!'

What the old lady said was, as usual, exact and judicious. The librarian, I am sorry to say, was permitting herself to talk the standardized nonsense that is supposed to be pleasing to all parents. (No doubt it does please some.) She had imbibed her ideas from the best pedagogical soothsayers; also, she was then locked in a hopeless struggle to get seven- and eight-year-olds to prefer Grimm, Andersen, and Uncle Remus to Thornton Burgess, in the face of what was being made of their minds by public schools conducted according to those same ideas. For progressive education has reached that community at last, with the result that plenty of third-grade youngsters do not know the alphabet and cannot read a monosyllable. (A decade ago they would have stayed in the first grade until they could read simple English.) The librarian's notion of what can be done with children is naturally prejudiced by her valiant but unavailing endeavors with these starvelings.

In any event, if you seriously want usable knowledge of what children are, — what they know and what can reasonably be expected of them, — you can get the farthest the fastest by resorting, not to the psychological clinic, but to the home. You must consult such parents as have the habit of observation coupled with enough impersonal detachment to allow for their natural affections and prejudices. It is in the nature of things that babies are not telling all they know to comparative strangers, especially strangers who want to itemize their mental contents for professional purposes. The persons who can be looked to for knowledge of a child, if anybody can, are those who have watched him daily from birth. Rely upon it, for instance, that the twenty-eight-months-old vocabulary of 3800 words reported by our psychologist falls far short of

the subject's actual words if the psychologist himself did the investigating, whether he tried to overhaul her entire stock of speech or merely applied one of the rough-and-ready vocabulary tests now in favor.²

There are a good many scientifically established 'facts' that no authority on earth can impose upon the layman who keeps his eyes open, and most of the current dogmas about intelligence are among them. It is, for instance, accepted among scientists — universally, so far as I am aware — that very young children cannot discriminate color. For the benefit of a psychiatrist acquaintance who is perfectly certain of this fact you send, say, a fifteen-months-old child into the next room to get a red bead. (I did this myself.) She comes back with a green one, and the psychiatrist, fairly enough, chuckles. But the moment his back is turned you hear her murmuring over and over to herself: 'Green — green — green.' She was just having her little joke — babyhood's inveterate, often useful joke of pretending to misunderstand what is wanted. She knows the primary colors as well as you do, and knew them before she had any words to match. And she had the words to match long before you suspected it.

Yes, Doctor G——, they know a lot more than we think they do — and what are we going to do about it?

² By the way, here is a homemade formula that you have not seen in any of the learned journals, though you will: Your total English vocabulary from the cradle to the grave is roughly forty-three times the number of English words you know beginning with the letter *o*. Count your *o*-words, multiply by forty-three, and know your total command of language within a fraction of one per cent. I present this observation to some intending doctor of philosophy in linguistic studies. He is welcome to verify the doctrine by five years of statistics gathering, work out the true factor as 42.79416, and get himself into the history of scholarship as the author of Suydam's Law, Schnitkind's Theorem, or what not. Unless I am grossly mistaken, he will be able to show that the formula gives results of incomparably greater accuracy than any of the cross-section vocabulary tests that have been worked out. — AUTHOR

X

One fairly important by-product of painstaking liberality with a child in the matter of words and books is the ease with which he presently teaches himself to read without being aware of it.

Suppose he possesses a goodly number of the miniature books, 32mo or smaller, now being printed with only a few words or lines of print on each page, opposite the relevant picture. (The idea is at least as old as the earliest primers.) The works of Beatrix Potter, *How Percival Caught the Python*, and the classic *Little Black Sambo* are such books. The Oxford University Press issues many tiny ones in inexpensive paper covers. The child has not owned them long before he knows them verbatim and knows to the syllable what is said on the page opposite any given picture. You find one day that the print itself has become a picture to him — a typographic picture of the words he knows, just as often-seen, often-heard pages of music become to him so many pictures of 'The Owl and the Pussy Cat' or 'Rolling Down to Rio.' Recognition of these words in another context and without reference to a picture is an almost transitionless step, one that he takes himself. He will accumulate thus, perhaps without your suspecting it, a substantial reading vocabulary, even if he does not know the separate letters or a phonetic principle. When, a little later, you explain the rudiments of phonetics he seizes upon them hungrily, for they connect with something he already knows; he is aware of the need before the knowledge is offered him.

Any pedagogic superstition to the contrary notwithstanding, it is the line of least resistance for a child so exposed to learn reading shortly after his third birthday, and certainly well before his

fourth. Other children, knowing the letters first from their blocks or what not, easily learn to read at the same age by copying words on slate or paper, or by typewriting words of their own choice in response to letter-by-letter dictation. Either way, there is your battle of education well begun and half won in spare minutes, years before any commonly available system of education has even dreamed of taking up the gage. It is inconceivable that any normal person brought up in a well-managed, reasonably efficient civilization should have as an adult the faintest recollection of learning to read. For our part, we have to smile wryly every time we come across one of those solemnly ponderous arguments in which educators uphold the very latest ingenious method of sugar-coating the primer for six-year-olds, with bitterly sarcastic denunciations of the next-to-the-latest method. It is to our shame as parents, the shame of the culture upon which we shiftlessly dump the natural burdens of parenthood, that the methods have to be devised, the silly wranglings over them deferentially hearkened to.

But the overwhelming reason for helping our offspring realize the natural appetites of their minds is that such realization is indispensable to their growth, their happiness, their all-around health, without which any dream of a healthy civilization is the delusion of making a stream run uphill from its source.

If there is any suggestive value whatever in our own experience, the one golden rule of child-rearing, the all-inclusive principle, is simply this: that to expect too much of our young is an impossibility. Their needs are always silently going ahead of our hopes, even before we have time to get the hopes formulated.

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN THE GENERATIONS

In Britain

BY GRAHAM HUTTON

I

IN a transitional age, an epoch of confusion in standards and principles, the familiar tug of war between old and young is rendered acute. As a result of the Great War, all the trends and tendencies of pre-war Europe were tremendously accelerated. The emancipation of the masses and of women; the solidification of the working classes; the closing of their ranks by men of property of all political views; the onrush of technical progress in production and communications; and, far the most obvious trend, the almost complete apotheosis of the State by both the Right and the Left — these striking innovations, achieved within a decade or so, fixed a great and unbridgeable gulf between the men who finished their education before the war and those who finished it after.

In all European countries where a grain of true individualism and liberalism flourished before the war, — that is, excepting Russia, Prussia, and the Balkans, — the pre-war generations and their mentality were either killed off or stupefied by the sudden emergence of problems whose scope and nature defy the pre-war type of imagination altogether. On the other hand, the post-war generation, now aged between twenty-one and thirty-nine, inherited a social and moral flux, an anarchy of principles, a welter of discounted precepts and

unrecognized canons, without any equipment of mental or moral discipline with which to reduce that chaos to order and neatness. One world and its values were already dead, its leaders killed or paralyzed. The other, a formless revolt, was powerless to be born. In this welter arose the cry, — the cry of the irresponsibles and the cowards, the cry of the desperate and the frustrated, of all who flee individual responsibility for their own acts and those of their governors, — ‘Give us a king to reign over us! Give us a leader!’ It is the pæan of the mass, triumphant over its own members.

That cry is as old as the children of Israel. You can read the elucidation of its motives in Plato. You hear it in the racked convulsions heralding the demise of the Roman Republic. It arises again in the abrupt uncertainties and chaos of European feudalism. It always betokens an abnegation by individuals, for various reasons, of their rights and responsibilities in face of an unforeseen social disintegration. After extensive wars within the bosom of great civilizations, the normal struggle for power between the old men and the younger men, between the pre-war and post-war mentalities and interests, becomes intensified; for, quite apart from the elimination of ‘the loveliest and the best,’ the great innovations accelerated by the war

threaten and discomfit the pre-war class; those set in authority; those who seek to return to 'good old days'; those who demand, above all, respect for discipline, traditions, and authority.

The natural revolt from this mentality is always led by the young survivors of the war itself. These men, made intensely cynical, and shielded from madness only by a casehardening of bitter animosity against those who 'ran things and still run things,' cast themselves automatically for the rôles of 'debunkers-in-chief.' Their hard-boiledness and skepticism debunk the very principles and ideals which prompted them to their own sacrifices; but they also cast a cloak about the shoulders of the still younger men who escaped the searing effects of the actual fighting.

As time goes on and the war atmosphere recedes, Anno Domini softens even the cynics; but their skepticism remains, and withholds them from active participation in constructive social and political endeavors. Consequently the gulf between old and young in politics becomes wider than the span of a single generation. It expands to a generation and a half. And since the actual fighting generation had the direct experience which their younger brothers escaped, the gulf is really far wider than the number of years would suggest. In 1937, it is between European men of sixty to seventy and of twenty-one to thirty-nine; the men of forty to sixty are now dead, or missing from politics; and the oldest in power are *two* generations ahead of the youngest out of power.

Here is material enough for social and political tension, for strains and stresses whose ultimate outcome may change the whole face of European society. Indeed, what has occurred in Europe since the Black Shirts marched on Rome in 1922, and the Nazis marched through the Brandenburg Gate in February 1933, is the first foreshadowing of a struggle between generations which is still undecided; but Anno Domini is

now working fast and furiously upon the remnants of the pre-war generation in politics. In Europe's democracies we have had to swallow many a bitter pill in the last decade; administered by the leaders and spokesmen of a generation outworn and outmoded, our democratic politics have gone from bad to worse; but the decade which we now face will inevitably remove from the political stage every one of these leaders and spokesmen, these voices from a world before the war. The vast and convulsive change wrought by the 1938-1948 decade can only be prophesied in vague terms. But it must come. What will be its broad effects on the chief remnant of European democracy — England?

II

Like those wars which dictatorships undertake, the war between the generations in Britain is undeclared. It is, however, not quite so obviously a war. The principal reason for the non-recognition of belligerency is the inarticulateness of the men under forty — those who escaped the war, in the main. They have been unable to enter politics, all but the silver-spooned few, because both in the Conservative Party and in the Labor Party 'the old gangs' control those purse strings and positions by which alone a political competency can be established. The pre-war personalities have been rapidly disappearing from the Labor and trade-union stage; but in the Labor Party, politics, programmes, and personal advancement are alike decided by trade-union votes, trade-union funds, and the narrow trade-union mentality.

This mentality aims first at security under a private capitalistic system. From that system come the trade-union's funds, via wages, and the trade-union hierarchy's jobs. The secretarial mind, growing old in routine, grows farther and farther away from Socialism, nearer and nearer to copart-

nership with those magnates of private industry with whom, indeed, the trade-union hierarchy negotiates and operates. 'Direct action' by extremists means killing the golden goose of the trade-unions; and no one knows better than a wisely aging trade-union secretary in Britain how disastrous it would be for the unions — or their poor relation, the Labor Party — to be put 'on the spot' by the electorate and asked to redeem their paper electoral promises: the nationalization of this, that, and the other industry or service.

Hence, Mr. Bevin, the boss of British trade-unionism, kicks out the extremists. Hence, propelled from the rear by the trade-unions, the political Labor Party and its trade-union-subsidized M. P.'s disaffiliate all left-wing organizations. Meanwhile, the trade-union-secretarial hand tightens on Labor as a political movement. And the hand, and the head, have been growing older. There is no room for the young men, as yet, in the trade-union hierarchy. Accordingly, the few able and idealistic young men who *did* contrive to get into Labor politics now find a master hand behind the party, controlling their policy, programmes, and pronouncements. If you really talk to them, you will find no young men in Britain more cynical and disillusioned than the erstwhile white-headed boys of the Labor Party. Distrusted by the trade-union hierarchy as 'intellectuals,' — it is apparently as dangerous to be intellectually able in the Labor movement as it is to be a Communist, for to the trade-union mind the terms are treated as synonymous, — hamstrung in national Labor politics by the party's real subservience to the unions, envied by pettier minds than their own throughout the range of the Labor movement, these young men either drift away to the aloof cynicism of their elder, war-surviving brothers, or make for that haven of irresponsible, intellectual disillusionment — the Communist Party of Great Britain. For any

greater significance in British domestic politics in the next ten years, they might as well join the Oxford Group Movement. That could do with a little leaven from the Left.

The Liberal Party, reduced to a small but consistently able and incisive group of two dozen M. P.'s, offers the young Englishman under forty certainly the most congenial political philosophy, and the only practicable programme in British politics which is not an irresponsible shuffle of day-to-day expedients. But that party, despite an electoral strength of still more than three millions, cannot hope within foreseeable time to climb back into its decisive position with the casting vote, as in 1924, let alone into its immediate post-war position as the second party in the State. This is a powerful deterrent to young men in a hurry; and young Englishmen to-day realize that either Anno Domini or a catastrophe is going very soon to call upon them in a great hurry.

This may explain, together with the growing disillusionment about *all* parties and their aged caucuses, the surprising appeal of Independent candidates at recent elections. To the ill-concealed scandalization of both Labor and the Tories, Oxford University has now both its burgesses (M. P.'s) sitting in the Commons as Independents. One, a humorist, Mr. A. P. Herbert, achieved this year the despaired miracle of reforming the divorce laws. (It is pertinent to note that he could achieve that only because the government supported him by allowing free voting to its constituents in the House.) The other, an economist, Sir Arthur Salter, is already a notable acquisition in an assembly exclusively preoccupied with international and economic affairs. There are also other Independents whose impartiality and acumen in public life shine out in an extremely mediocre legislature. But, like the Liberals with whom they have most in common, they have no funds, no national appeal

as an immediate alternative government, no inspiring message or leadership for the men under forty.

Both small groups shine in debates, for they can make the fine points of analytical criticism on the detailed expedients which have too long passed for a coherent government policy. But they cannot 'sell the big idea' at the hustings. The only 'big ideas' which can readily be sold there are claptrap: promises like piecrust, and emotional appeals for mandates to attain undisclosed objectives — still euphemistically termed 'doctor's mandates.' Time may swell the Liberal and Independent following, but the most that can happen in this 'middle mist' of British politics is that an attractive nucleus of responsible-minded, reasoning men and women will coalesce as a focus for the generation still debarred from political power.

So we come to the imposing Conservative Party, once the titular and traditional guardian of imperial security, now more than a little bewildered, chastened, and alarmed. Not all of its alarm is due to a realization of the dangers which its foreign policy during the last six years has so rapidly brought down upon the Empire. Some is due to internal dissension: alarm for the future of its supremacy at home; alarm for the future of its members' property, in the name of safeguarding which it has lost them much abroad and lost the only real 'pooled security' on which British Conservatives could have relied. This great party, too, is, and has long been, a battlefield for the two generations. Here, however, tradition plays a greater part. The young Tory, following in father's political footsteps on mother's father's cash, has the better political opportunities. But during the last six years he, too, has become restive, irked by the same sense of frustration, and confused by the same contradictions, as plague his Labor and Liberal coevals. He, however, has at least some assurance that the effects of Anno Domini will redound to his own benefit;

and, true to traditions, he knuckles under to the yoke of the Tory gerontocracy.

Not all of the young Tories knuckle under, however; and those least inclined to do so have long rallied round Mr. Winston Churchill and — until his untimely death this past year — Sir Austen Chamberlain. Mr. Anthony Eden, to his great disadvantage, found himself bounced into the Cabinet at the end of 1935. This was the result of the country's exasperation with Mr. Baldwin's inconsistent advocacy of the Hoare-Laval Plan, so soon after the Tory electoral victory on the pledge to uphold collective security and League sanctions. Poor Mr. Eden had identified himself genuinely and sincerely — an unkind critic might even say ingenuously — with collective security and the League. He had thus automatically become the British electorate's white-headed boy; and the six or seven million who voted in the 1935 Peace Ballot for sanctions against aggressors voted mainly for Mr. Baldwin in November of that year because Mr. Eden was Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. They knew that in his famous and inspiring speech of September 1935 at Geneva (before the General Election was called) the Foreign Secretary, Sir Samuel Hoare, had proclaimed British foreign policy as 'steady and collective resistance to all acts of unprovoked aggression.' Mr. Eden's elevation in place of Sir Samuel Hoare was logical once the electorate had risen (led by the journal which often fashions high British policy, *The Times*) against the Hoare-Laval Plan.

But no one — probably not even the small group of Tory personalities who fashion *The Times's* editorial views at week-ends in the English countryside, and certainly not poor Mr. Eden — could have expected in the first critical weeks of 1936 that Mr. Baldwin would not only put up Mr. Eden within a few months to call off sanctions without any consultation with the fifty-odd nations which Britain had jockeyed in-

to them, but would also fetch back Sir Samuel Hoare into the Cabinet as (ironically enough) First Lord of the Admiralty! Mr. Eden was persuaded by good Tory doctrine not to seem like a young man in a hurry; to preserve what was described to him as the constitutional convention of 'collective responsibility of the Cabinet'; in short, to give up to party what was meant for mankind. He did not resign; he justified in the Commons the abrogation of sanctions; and he has remained ever since in the invidious rôle of Government's advocate in foreign affairs. His hopes have waned with his popularity; and to-day, whether he resigns or not, he can neither inspire nor lead those millions who, two or three years ago, were his for the asking. He may never have wanted to do so; but many more than the young Conservatives looked eagerly and expectantly to him, and they are now once more confused and disappointed.

The crowning confusion in Conservative circles was caused this year by Mr. Baldwin's resignation as 'an old man' (his own words) at the age of seventy, in favor of Mr. Neville Chamberlain, aged sixty-eight. None could dispute Mr. Chamberlain's merit for his high office; but it has become doubtful if his health can stand a strain daily growing greater in that highest and most responsible of British offices; and he does not enjoy Mr. Baldwin's uncanny ability to inspire his colleagues with a sense of collective confidence and loyalty. Accordingly, the *coulisse* of Conservative politics has become a whispering corridor; and the Cabinet, held together under Mr. Baldwin's avuncular hands, is showing signs of fissiparity. Some such signs may be due to a struggle between rival caucuses and personalities, hoping for the reversion of the prophet's mantle. Moreover, if this struggle — reminiscent of the famous struggle within both Coalition and Conservative Parties in 1921 and 1922, ending in Mr. Bonar Law's and Mr. Baldwin's elevation to

the leadership of Conservatism — becomes an open struggle, the resultant jockeying for positions and power may paralyze British policy for a critical transitional period.

It is said, with growing frequency, that Sir John Simon, Sir Samuel Hoare, Lord Hailsham, and Lord Swinton are one group, bent on compromise at all costs with Germany and Italy; that Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Eden, Mr. Hore-Belisha, and Mr. Oliver Stanley are in a different galley; that Mr. Walter Elliot, Mr. Morrison, and others are 'wanderers in the middle mist.' Nothing but conjecture underlies these persistent stories; but there is a spark of truth discernible behind all the smoke; and even the smoke is an unhealthy symptom. Whatever may be the truth and the outcome, the symptom is more than one of mere Cabinet dissension. Alike, the British Cabinet, British politics, and British society are progressively becoming torn by the struggle between age groups and the widely disparate mentalities that characterize them.

III

To conclude: here are facts.

ENGLAND AND WALES (In thousands)

AGE GROUPS	1911	1936*	Per cent movement
<i>Males:</i>			
5-9	1,850	1,500	-19
10-19	3,400	3,300	-3
20-39	5,600	6,470	+15.5
40-59	3,380	4,820	+42.6
60+	1,290	2,250	+74.4
<i>Females:</i>			
5-9	1,850	1,480	-20
10-19	3,430	3,230	-5.8
20-39	6,150	6,870	+11.7
40-59	3,660	5,590	+53
60+	1,610	2,850	+77
<i>Total:</i>			
5-9	3,700	2,980	-19
10-19	6,830	6,530	-4.4
20-39	11,750	13,340	+13.6
40-59	7,040	10,410	+48
60+	2,900	5,100	+76

*Intercensal estimate

The war of the generations can be best foreseen in these figures. First, the entire population of England and Wales has grown more aged in composition in one generation. Owing to the mere halt in the *expansion* of the population after 1904, less and less of the total population fall into the two categories which cover the fifteen years before a boy's or girl's majority. In 1911, a group 10,530,000 strong (out of a total population of only 32 millions, as contrasted with 38 millions in 1936) were aged between 5 and 19; they were due to take active parts in politics within fifteen or twenty years as a reserve force. Many of these men were killed in the war. The survivors went out of politics. In 1936 we had a reserve force of the same ages, only 10 per cent less, in a population 15 per cent larger, than a generation before.

Secondly, however, this decline in the relative strength of the young and dynamic, vigorous, resourceful constituents of the nation is progressing at an alarming rate. Already in 1936, children of 5 to 9 are one fifth fewer than in 1911; those now 10 to 19 are only 4 per cent fewer; and this though the total population is bound still to increase — until 1951 or thereabouts. The decline is a still larger percentage in the 0-5 age group than in the 5-9 and 10-19 groups.

But these groups are still the infants, children, and minors. We come to the core of the current, but masked, war between the generations when we compare the rate of growth of the 20-39 generation with that of the generation and a half over 40. Despite the inroad of the Great War upon the men who would now be between 40 and 59, the most active and constructive (not purely administratively able) group — that between 20 and 39 — has only grown by 15.5 per cent, and, if we include the women, by 12 per cent.

On the other hand, *all* those over 40 have streaked ahead by 55 per cent: men

of 40-59 by 42.6 per cent (as opposed to the women, unscathed by warfare, who increased by 53 per cent); men of 60 and over by almost 75 per cent; and *all* those over 60 by no less than 76 per cent. As both men and women over 40 seldom enjoy resilience of political opinions and resourcefulness, enjoying instead the contemplative maturity which comes with a comfortable establishment in life, one explanation of Britain's gradually extending Conservatism, throughout all parties, is evident.

Consider these changes between 1911 and 1936: only twenty-five years ago, men between 20 and 39 outnumbered all men over 40 in the ratio 5,600,000 to 4,670,000; but in 1936 the men over 40 outnumbered those between 20-39 in the ratio 7,070,000 to 6,470,000! If you take the entire population of the country the picture is as follows: twenty-five years ago men and women aged 20-39 numbered 11,750,000 in contrast to 9,940,000 for *all* over 40; but to-day all those aged 20-39 number 13,340,000 as against 15,510,000 for *all* over 40! Thus, since Mr. Baldwin gave all women complete electoral equality with men at 21, England and Wales has rapidly become not only a country with about 15¼ million women voters to 13½ million men, but also a country in which both men and women aged 20-39 — especially the men — are in an absolute minority as compared with those of 40 and over. And this has happened for the first time in 150 years, owing to two factors, neither of which is the Great War: first, the fall in the birth rate; secondly, the increased expectancy of life at the other end of the scale.

IV

The tension, unease, and sense of frustration in British politics, evident only during the last decade, have been growing as fast as that dead weight of the population which is over 50 and 60. British politics have been since the war,

and are still being, run by the same men, the same mentalities, as ruled in 1914; only in 1914 they were twenty-three years younger. The result can be gauged by Sir John Simon's political metamorphosis in those twenty-three years — in a young man's Liberal Cabinet before the Great War, in an old men's Tory Cabinet twenty-five years later, with more power and less opposition. These are the dangerous symptoms in British politics; and the danger is not really lessened by the utter bankruptcy and hopelessness of the Fascist and Communist causes in Britain. It becomes greater simply because it affects, it divides, the two established parties in the State — Tories and Labor.

Prophecy is easy, and perilous. One thing is, however, patent. From now onwards, and certainly within the next decade, Death's sickle is going to strike right and left: in the Cabinet, in the aged caucuses of both Government and Opposition, and in the population as a whole. This, however, is not going to 'promote' the 40-59 group as much as the younger, incalculable, post-war generation, the 20-39 group. Then Greek will meet Greek. No one can gauge the duration or outcome of this struggle; for no one can say what the blocked, frustrated 20-39'ers want, or are thinking. But it is certain that the most intense

part of the struggle will come when the less numerous (and ever-dwindling) 20-39'ers actively challenge or revolt against the last pre-war group in British politics: the 40-59'ers, who are just getting into power and who apparently can do nothing else but follow their leaders who are over 60.

It may be that this war between the generations in Britain, now on, will be settled amicably in habitual English fashion. It may be that the extensive apparatus, administrative and economic, of the British Conservative Corporate State, erected during the last six years, will prove capable of defeating any assaults by any group. It may be that, if peace (of a sort) endures, Britain will once again strike out a new way to solve a new problem: a problem, in any case, which will face every European country in this century, and which Germany and Italy have been the first violently to solve.

What is alone certain is that the struggle between the generations and their utterly sundered mentalities has already begun, and must become — at least during the immediate future — more intense. It is a struggle unknown in Western Europe for nearly two centuries; and Britain has already refused the totalitarian way out. Her problem is still to find, and employ, an alternative.

THE SHADOW SPEAKS

BY ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

DEATH there has always been,
Death is the shadow,
Follows the figures bright
In the green meadow.

Death guides the old man's steps,
Peers at the lovers,
Behind the mother's face
O'er the babe hovers.

Death is a huntsman too,
In the deep wood
By the wild fox's earth
Tall Death has stood,

And as a fisherman
Death has no match,
In the gray dawn he brings
Homeward his catch.

Now he unhoods his hawk
Where the lark lingers,
Now breaks the narrow wasp
Between his fingers,

Now stoops to pluck a rose
Careless of thorn —
His step is on each road
By dusk and morn,

His voice is in each ear:
'Even the sun
Shall come to me at last
Ere all be done —

'Even the firmament
Shall quench its fires
When Life whom now I serve
Grants my desires,
And with one indrawn breath
Dies, and brings death to Death.'

BERNARD SHAW AT EIGHTY

BY EDMUND WILSON

I

IT has usually been said of Bernard Shaw that he was primarily not an artist but a promulgator of certain ideas. The future will probably reverse this opinion. The truth is, I believe, that he is a considerable artist, but that his ideas — his social philosophy proper — have always been uncertain and confused.

Let us look back over his long career.

George Bernard Shaw was born in Dublin, July 26, 1856, the son of shabby-genteel parents who had connections with the Irish nobility. The elder Shaw became an alcoholic, and the boy had to go to work as a clerk at the age of fifteen. Mrs. Shaw finally left her husband and went to London, where she made a living by teaching music. Her son came to live with her when he was twenty and wrote novels which he was unable to sell and picked up through journalism such money as he could. He remained with his mother till he was forty-two.

In the fall of 1882 he happened to attend a lecture on land nationalization delivered by Henry George in London. The result was a revelation: 'It flashed on me,' he writes, 'that "the conflict between religion and science" . . . the overthrow of the Bible, the higher education of women, Mill on Liberty and all the rest of the storm that raged around Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, Spencer and the rest, on which I had brought myself up intellectually, was a mere middle-class business. . . . The importance of the economic basis dawned on me.' He read George's *Progress and Poverty* — then

someone told him to read *Das Kapital*. 'Karl Marx,' he once said, 'made a man of me.'

The result of the depression of the eighties was a revival of socialist agitation. Bernard Shaw became a socialist and spoke in halls, on street corners, in Hyde Park. The 'insurrectionism' of the period reached a climax in the 'Bloody Sunday' of November 1887, when the socialists, at the head of a working-class demonstration, invaded Trafalgar Square and were routed by the police. After this, business revived and took up the slack of unemployment, and the agitation quieted down.

In the meantime, Shaw had attached himself to the socialist statistician, Sidney Webb, and with others they had founded the Fabian Society, which had 'agreed to give up the delightful ease of revolutionary heroics and take to the hard work of practical reform on ordinary parliamentary lines.' Webb was a civil servant with a post in the colonial office and later a member of the London County Council; Shaw became a vestryman, then a borough councilor. The Fabians continued to treat Marx with respect, but the polite and reasonable criticism to which they subjected him was designed to discredit some of his main assumptions. Marx had asserted that the value of commodities was derived from the labor which had gone to produce them; and the Fabians, by elaborating a counter-theory which made value depend on demand, shifted the em-

phasis from the working class to the 'consumer.' They also repudiated the class war, showed that it would never occur. Socialist nationalization was to be accomplished by a corps of experts who should 'permeate' government and business, quietly invading Whitehall and setting up state departments which, unassisted by the action of the masses, should put socialist ideas into effect.

This development of Marxism in England was natural to the place and time. A period of prosperity during the seventies had deflated the Chartist agitation (I am indebted to Mr. Mark Starr for a Marxist analysis of Fabian Marxism); and it was not until the eighties, when British commercial domination was being challenged by the United States and Germany, that the dangers of the capitalist system began to become generally plain. But now attention was principally directed upon the evils of competition. The development of large-scale industry was eliminating competition and making municipal ownership seem desirable, not only to the lower layers of the middle class, but even to private enterprise itself, which benefited from good housing and cheap tram lines. The professional middle class were in a position to see the value of nationalization, and the working class had not yet discovered that for them there was not very much difference between being exploited by a private employer and being exploited by a government which was controlled by the propertied classes. The Fabians looked no further than their reforms.

In Bernard Shaw's case, this compromise Marxism played in with the elements of his character and influenced its subsequent development. Coming to London, as he has recently told us, with a conviction of his own superiority and a snobbish family tradition, but with no money and no social experience, Shaw was himself one of the dispossessed, and the socialist criticism of the class system based on property strongly recommended itself to him. Yet at the same time that

he felt a moral necessity to work for a future society consistent with his sense of justice, he felt, also, a social necessity to vindicate his rightful position in the society in which he lived. He has told us that his father's bad habits had caused his family to be dropped socially in Dublin, and that when he first came to London he was so shy that he would not accept dinner invitations and would 'sometimes walk up and down the Embankment for twenty minutes or more before venturing to knock at the door' of a house to which he had been asked. He goes on to say, 'The house and its artistic atmosphere were most congenial to me; and I liked all the Lawsons; but I had not mastered the art of society at that time and could not bear making an inartistic exhibition of myself; so I soon ceased to plague them.' There has always been thus in Shaw a certain amount of social snobbery mixed up with his intellectual snobbery.

The confusion produced in his thought by these two conflicting tendencies is curiously illustrated in a passage from his autobiographical preface to the collected edition of his works: 'Finding one's place may be made very puzzling,' he writes, 'by the fact that there is no place in ordinary society for extraordinary individuals. For the worldly wiseman, with common ambitions, the matter is simple enough: money, title, precedence, a seat in parliament, a portfolio in the cabinet, will mean success both to him and to his circle. But what about people like Saint Francis and Saint Clare? Of what use to them are the means to live the life of the country house and the West End mansion? They have literally no business in them, and must necessarily cut an unhappy and ridiculous figure there. They have to make a society of Franciscans and Poor Clares for themselves before they can work or live socially. It is true that those who are called saints are not saintly all the time and in everything. In eating and drinking, lodging and sleeping, chatting and

playing: in short, in everything but working out their destiny as saints, what is good enough for a ploughman is good enough for a poet, a philosopher, a saint or a higher mathematician. But Hodge's work is not good enough for Newton, nor Falstaff's conversation holy enough for Shelley. Christ adapted himself so amiably to the fashionable life of his time in his leisure that he was reproached for being a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber, and for frequenting frivolous and worthless sets. But he did not work where he feasted, nor flatter the Pharisees, nor ask the Romans to buy him with a sinecure. He knew when he was being entertained, well treated, lionized: not an unpleasant adventure for once in a way; and he did not quarrel with the people who were so nice to him. Besides, to sample society is part of a prophet's business: he must sample the governing class above all, because his inborn knowledge of human nature will not explain the anomalies produced in it by Capitalism and Sacerdotalism. But he can never feel at home in it.'

But which is true: that the Saint Francis and the Saint Clare can't 'live socially' till they have 'made a society of Franciscans and Poor Clares,' or that 'in eating and drinking, lodging and sleeping, chatting and playing . . . what is good enough for a ploughman is good enough for a saint'? And as for Shaw's description of Christ, it evokes an incongruous picture: what one sees is the preacher of the Sermon on the Mount very much pleased with himself on the beach at the Riviera or playing Santa Claus at Lady Astor's Christmas party.

And other influences, from his early education, came to deflect the straight line of Shaw's socialism.

The escapades of the romantic hero, from Childe Harold through Don César de Bazan, with his '*Tant pis! C'est moi,*' to Siegfried, had been a protest against the meanness and dullness of the commercial bourgeois world; but this revolt was itself merely a further development

of the tradition of individual self-assertion which, deriving from the Protestant conscience, had produced the anarchic individualism itself of the competitive commercial system. The romantic, like the old-fashioned capitalist, proclaimed the power of the personal will in defiance of society and God.

William Archer tells us that the first time he ever saw Shaw the latter was sitting in the British Museum studying alternately the French translation of *Das Kapital* and the score of *Tristan und Isolde*. When Shaw first came before the public, he fell instinctively into dramatizing himself as a semi-romantic character — and this in spite of the fact that he was managing to figure at the same time as the arch-enemy and blasphemer of romanticism. The impulse to satirize romanticism implies, as in the case of Flaubert, a strong predisposition toward it; and the exploded romantic, Captain Brassbound, is offset by the Devil's Disciple.

It is true that Bernard Shaw was attempting to laugh and shame people out of preoccupation with their petty personal emotions — especially with romantic love — and to interest them in the larger concerns of society. Here is the fine and well-known passage from *Man and Superman*, in which he defends what he calls the 'artist-philosophers' against the 'mere artists': 'This is the true joy in life, the being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one; the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap heap; the being a force of Nature instead of a feverish selfish little clod of ailments and grievances complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy.' Yet this is romanticism *par excellence*: the ego has now, to be sure, identified itself with a force of Nature, but this simply makes the ego seem god-like. There is nothing to guarantee that it will respect either the feelings or the interests of others. The ideal artist-philosopher of Bernard Shaw has always

a strong social conscience, and his heroes are likely to be philosopher-statesmen or social prophets or saviors of society; but there is nothing to guarantee that they shall be, in the socialist sense, genuine popular leaders, deriving their power from, as well as guiding, the dispossessed: they may be simply despot-heroes — as Shaw's Julius Cæsar actually is — acting in the right of their own superiority and giving people what they know to be good for them.

And finally, of course, Bernard Shaw was not only a political prophet struggling for socialist ideas, but an artist trying to realize himself through art. There was a poet in Shaw, still partly suppressed, or at any rate terribly overtaxed, by the round of political meetings, the functions of vestryman and borough councilor, and the years of theatregoing and weekly article writing about the theatre, which he had come to judge almost exclusively in terms of the sort of thing that he wanted to do himself. His own plays he had been writing in notebooks while traveling on the tops of buses between one engagement and another. Now in 1898, when he was forty-two, he had what seems to have been a general collapse as the result of a bad fall and a serious injury to his foot. When he recovered, he married an Irish lady, well-to-do but belonging, like Shaw, to the general 'advanced' movement, who gave him for apparently the first time in his life a comfortable place to live and took the most excellent care of him. Thereafter, he was able to give up the journalism on which he had depended for a living and to devote all his best energies to his plays. He remained a public man, but he spoke no more at dockers' strikes.

By 1905 he was writing *Major Barbara*, in which the type of Christian sainthood, an aristocratic Salvation Army worker, is confronted with a self-made munitions manufacturer, the type of successful capitalism, and ending the play with an alliance between them. In his preface, he

made out a ringing case for the man who recognizes poverty as the worst of all the evils and consequently the worst of all the sins, and who saves himself from it at any cost. *Major Barbara* contains one of the best expositions of the capitalist point of view ever written. Bernard Shaw, like his hero, Andrew Undershaft, had come by that time to know what it was to make one's way in capitalist society and to occupy a position of power. He had himself become the type of the critic, who, by scolding the bourgeoisie, makes good with it and becomes one of its idols. He was gradually, for all the scandal of his beginnings, turning into one of the solidest and most sensible members of the British propertied classes; and he was to end as an esteemed public figure and a brilliant social success in a country where an aristocratic governing class was still able to invest public and social life with a certain amount of distinction and glamour.

II

The real Shaw has thus never been the single-minded crusader that people at one time used to think him. Except for a limited period during the eighties and early nineties — when he wrote his only straight socialist plays, *Widowers' Houses* and *Mrs. Warren's Profession* — he has never really been a practising socialist. And as he has grown older and as the world has been shaken out of the pattern to which he had adapted his early attitudes, the inadequacy of those attitudes has been exposed.

Going through the new collected edition of Shaw, in which he includes a good deal of his journalism, one is struck by the fact that, though his writing on musical and theatrical and literary subjects remains remarkably fresh, the pieces on public affairs and on social questions in general prove a great deal less satisfactory than one has remembered their seeming when they were written. There are passages of beautiful exposition and

passages of wonderful eloquence — some of which, such as the peroration to *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism*, will probably always stand among the classics of socialist literature. But the political writing of Shaw does not drive you into taking up a position as the greatest socialist writing does: indeed before he has finished — and he is likely to go on talking too long — he has often seemed to compromise the points which you had imagined he was trying to make and has produced, with much earnestness and emphasis, an impression ultimately blurred by rhetoric. And he is not able to mobilize against capitalism the kind of intense and unscrupulous resentment which Voltaire trained on the Church. With Voltaire, it is the crusader that counts; with Shaw, it is the dramatic poet.

The volume which covers the war time exposes Bernard Shaw's contradictions in a particularly striking manner. Though he was perfectly familiar with the Marxist theory of capitalist expansion and aggression, and had expounded it on many occasions, he had always been liable to fits of admiration for the exploits of the British Empire. Irishman though he was, he had never been an Irish patriot; and, critical though he was of the English, he had in *John Bull's Other Island* — which was written for but declined by the Abbey Theatre — backed them against the Irish on account of what he regarded as their superior enterprise and practicality. And though he denounced the Denshawai massacre in Egypt, he supported the British against the Boers at the time of the South African War, because the Boers represented for him a backward civilization and the British a progressive one.

When the civilizing forces of the various nations had finally collided in 1914, it was Lenin, the revolutionary exile, not Shaw, the successful British citizen, who wrote *Imperialism: The Last Stage of Capitalism*.

What Bernard Shaw did write was

Common Sense about the War, which, although it raised a terrible outcry in the fall of 1914 on the part of certain elements of the British public who thought that Shaw ought to be put in the Tower, seems to-day rather a double-facing document. Shaw, to be sure, makes a certain amount of effort still to keep before the minds of his readers the socialist interpretation of the war. 'Will you,' he writes, 'now at last believe, O stupid British, German and French patriots, what the Socialists have been telling you for so many years: that your Union Jacks and tricolors and Imperial Eagles ("where the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered") are only toys to keep you amused, and that there are only two real flags in the world henceforth: the red flag of Democratic Socialism and the black flag of Capitalism, the flag of God and the flag of Mammon? What earthly or heavenly good is done when Tom Fool shoots Hans Narr? The plain fact is that if we leave our capital to be dealt with according to the selfishness of the private man he will send it where wages are low and workers enslaved and docile: that is, as many thousand miles as possible from the Trade Unions and Trade Union rates and parliamentary Labor parties of civilization; and Germany, at his sordid behest, will plunge the world into war for the sake of disgracing herself with a few rubber plantations, poetically described by her orators and journalists as "a place in the sun." When you do what the Socialists tell you by keeping your capital jealously under national control and reserving your shrapnel for the wasters who not only shirk their share of the industrial service of their country, but intend that their children and children's children shall be idle wasters like themselves, you will find that not a farthing of our capital will go abroad as long as there is a British slum to be cleared and rebuilt or a hungry, ragged and ignorant British child to be fed, clothed and educated.'

This sounds spirited enough by itself,

yet the burden of *Common Sense about the War* is that the war must be supported and vigorously prosecuted. Shaw afterwards visited and wrote about the front at the invitation of Sir Douglas Haig and even did some work for the propaganda department of the government. In his discussion of compulsory military service in *Common Sense about the War*, he defends his position as follows: 'In my own case, the question of conscientious objection did not arise: I was past military age. I did not counsel others to object, and should not have objected myself if I had been liable to serve: for intensely as I loathed the War, and free as I was from any illusion as to its character, and from the patriotic urge (patriotism in my native country taking the form of an implacable hostility to England), I knew that when war is once let loose, and it becomes a question of kill or be killed, there is no stopping to argue about it: one must just stand by one's neighbors and take a hand with the rest. If England had adopted me, as some of my critics alleged in their attempts to convict me of gross ingratitude, I could have pleaded that she must take the consequences without claiming any return; but as I had practically adopted England by thrusting myself and my opinions on her in the face of every possible rebuff, it was for me to take the consequences, which certainly included an obligation to help my reluctant ward in her extremity as far as my means allowed.'

Frank Harris, in his book about Shaw, reproached him for supporting the war; and Shaw retorted in a postscript that Harris 'could not stop to ask himself the first question . . . of the intellectually honest judicious critic, "What else could I have done had it been my own case?"' Yet surely there were other courses open to a man of Shaw's opinions. He could have expressed his disapproval and shut up, as John Morley and others did. But it is impossible for Shaw to shut up, and he went on talking incessantly through

the whole four years of slaughter. Much of what he had to say was intelligent, and it required some courage to say it. Compared with most of the British writers, he seemed at the time remarkably cool and sagacious. The atmosphere was feverish with panic and stupefying with the fumes of propaganda, and Shaw did do something to clear the air for a realistic discussion of the origins and aims of the war. But when we re-read what he wrote to-day, he looks a little foolish. The old socialist has gone down into the mêlée and sacrificed something of his moral dignity: we hear him remonstrating, scolding, exhorting, making fun of the politicians and at the same time lending a hand to the government, pleading for the conscientious objectors and at the same time 'joy-riding at the front' — and doing everything with equal cocksureness.

Before the Peace Conference, he had great hopes of Wilson. Before the Washington Disarmament Conference, he was cynical. Later, he spoke a kind word for the League of Nations. And in the meantime the Russian Revolution had set him off on a different tack. He would alternately lecture Lenin and Trotsky on the foolishness of what they were trying to do and applaud them for succeeding in doing it: he was alternately a middle-class socialist using Fabianism against the Marxists and a Marxist using Lenin and Trotsky against the British governing class. In his political utterances since the war, it is not too much to say that Bernard Shaw has made a blatant jackass of himself. In the autumn of 1927, he was staying in Italy on the Lago Maggiore and throwing bouquets at Mussolini. It was his old admiration for the romantic hero, his old glorification — which was as likely to be set off by an imperialist as a Marxist theme — of the great statesman who makes people stand around. Mussolini had, according to Shaw, 'achieved a dictatorship in a great modern state without a single advantage, social, official, or academic, to assist him,

after marching to Rome with a force of Black Shirts which a single disciplined regiment backed by a competent government could have routed at any moment. . . . After the war the government of Italy' had been 'so feeble that silly Syndicalists were seizing factories, and fanatical devotees of that curious attempt at a new Catholic church called the Third International were preaching a *coup d'état* and a Crusade in all directions, and imagining that this sort of thing was Socialism and Communism. Mussolini, without any of Napoleon's prestige, has done for Italy what Napoleon did for France, except that for the Duc d'Enghien you must read Matteotti.'

When Gaetano Salvemini reminded Shaw that, so far from being 'without a single advantage,' Mussolini had had behind him 'the money of the banks, the big industrialists and the landowners,' and that his Black Shirts had been 'equipped with rifles, bombs, machine-guns, and motor-lorries by the military authorities, and assured of impunity by the police and the magistracy, while their adversaries were disarmed and severely punished if they attempted resistance,' Shaw's rebuttal was almost unbelievable: Why, he demanded, had Mussolini been able to command the support of the army officers and capitalists 'instead of Signors Salvemini, Giolitti, Turati, Matteotti, and their friends, in spite of the fact that he was farther to the Left in his political opinions than any of them? The answer, as it seems to me, is that he combined with extreme opinions the knowledge that the first duty of any Government, no matter what its opinions are, is to carry on, and make its citizens carry on, liberty or no liberty, democracy or no democracy, socialism or no socialism, capitalism or no capitalism. Until Salvemini and his friends convince Italy that they understand this necessity as well as Mussolini does they will never shake his hold on the situation. To rail at him as Shelley railed at Castlereagh and Eldon, Marx at Napoleon III and Thiers,

Kautsky at Lenin, is to play the amusing but inglorious part of Thersites.'

Now a dramatist in his capacity of dramatist may make out a very interesting case for a Castlereagh or a Napoleon III; but why should Shaw in his capacity as a political figure take the part of such politicians against their philosophical opponents? He is himself of the company of Shelley and Marx — the company of the poets and prophets; and railing at the Castlereaghs and the Napoleons — of which Shaw himself has done plenty on occasion — is by no means the least valuable of their functions. The analogy between these other cases and Kautsky complaining against Lenin is certainly a silly and dishonest one.

That spring he had finished a long treatise — *The Intelligent Woman's Guide* — in which he had made a more comprehensive effort than he had ever done in his socialist days in the eighties to analyze capitalist society and to argue the case for socialism. Perhaps the book should have been written in the eighties. Ramsay MacDonald and Sidney Webb had come to power with the Labor Government in 1924, and MacDonald had not yet definitely sold out; and the whole story is repeated in general in the familiar Fabian terms — to which Shaw, without Fabian sanction, had added equality of income as a prime tenet of his socialist system. Through many pages of swift exposition, perhaps Shaw's most precise and limpid writing, which, together with the magnificent close, give the book an enduring value, he makes his way to conclusions, confusing in proportion as the reasoning becomes more and more fine-spun, which do not seem to land us in any very realistic relation to the England of after the war. 'A series of properly prepared nationalizations may not only be understood and voted for by people who would be quite shocked if they were called Socialists, but would fit in perfectly with the habits of the masses who take their bread as it comes and never think about anything of a

public nature.' And in the meantime the road to socialism remains for a good part of the way — through 'nationalizations, expropriative taxation, and all the constructive political machinery' — identical with the road to state capitalism. So that Lenin, says Shaw, had been quite in the wrong when he had denounced the methods of the Fabians as state capitalism.

But Lenin had scented the psychological pitfalls in the approach of the Fabians toward socialism — pitfalls which no amount of lucid explanation were able to get them over and which Shaw continued to stumble into himself. From the moment that you propose to benefit people from the point of view of imposing upon them what is best for them rather than of showing them the way to what they ought to have and awaiting the moment when they will know that they must have it, what is to prevent your slipping — the post-Lenin period in Russia has proved it as much as the Ramsay MacDonald Labor Government — into imposing upon the people something which will benefit you yourself?

In 1931 Shaw visited Soviet Russia in company with the Tory Lady Astor and with the liberal Marquess of Lothian, had an audience with Stalin, at which, as he said, they treated Stalin like 'a friendly emperor,' and, on his return, began loudly endorsing Russia and especially scolding the United States for not following the Soviet example. Later, in his 'Preface to Bosses' in his volume of plays of 1936, he was back praising Mussolini again and even throwing a few kind words to Hitler, whom he described as 'not a stupid German' (perhaps because he is merely a crazy Austrian) and whose persecution of the Jews he characterized considerably as 'a craze, a complex, a bee in his bonnet, a hole in his armor, a hitch in his statesmanship, one of those lesions which sometimes prove fatal.' Of the systematic persecution by the Nazis of Communists, Socialists, and Pacifists, of

everybody — including critics and artists — who belongs to Bernard Shaw's own camp, he has nothing whatever to say save to mention it and minimize it in passing as 'plundering raids and *coups d'état* against inconvenient Liberals or Marxists.' At the time of the Ethiopian War, he came out strongly for Mussolini on the same grounds on which he had formerly defended the behavior of the British in South Africa, and insisted that the League of Nations, on behalf of which in 1928 he had written a Fabian pamphlet, should never have tried to interfere.

Thus in this period of disastrous dictatorships, when it was particularly important for a socialist to keep clear in the eyes of the public the difference between the backing and aims of Lenin and the backing and aims of Mussolini, — all the more important as the socialist dictatorship in Russia was to be drawn into the magnetic field of Fascism, — Bernard Shaw has done a good deal to confuse them and, parliamentary socialist though he is, to exalt the ideal of dictatorship.

All this he has handled, of course, with his marvelous cleverness and style. Analyzing everybody perpetually, he is a great master of the smoke screen against criticism. It is done partly by sheer personal hypnotism and Irish gift of gab. Before you arrive at any book of Bernard Shaw's — from *What I Really Wrote about the War* to his correspondence with Ellen Terry — you have almost invariably been told what to think of it in a preface by which Shaw has protected himself against your possible perception of his weakness. If you submit to his spell, you will allow him to manipulate the lights in such a way that, by the time the curtain goes up, you find Shaw looking noble in the centre of the stage with everything else left in semi-obscurity, and yourself with your discriminatory powers in a temporary state of suspension, under the illusion that you must either accept or reject him.

But there has been also an odd kind of trickery involved in the whole of Bernard Shaw's career. It depends on a technique which he has mastered of functioning on three distinct planes and of shifting from one to another. His air of certainty, his moralist's tone, his well-drilled sentences, his regular emphasis, all go to create an impression of straightforwardness. But actually the mind of Bernard Shaw is always fluctuating between various emotions which give rise to various points of view.

The mechanics seem to be somewhat as follows: at the bottom of Shaw is a common-sense sphere of everyday practical considerations; above this is a plane of socialism, of the anticipated reorganization of society in the interests of ideal values; and above this a poet-philosopher's ether from which he commands a longer view of life *sub specie æternitatis* and where the poet allows himself many doubts which neither the socialist nor the bourgeois citizen can admit. Shaw has never really taken up his residence for any great length of time on any one of these three planes of thinking. The socialist, for example, denounces war; but when England actually goes to war the respectable householder backs her. The moralist denounces marriage; but the conventional married man always advises young people to get married. The socialist takes sword in hand to battle for a sounder society based on a redistribution of income; and the long-view philosopher-poet comes to sap the socialist's faith with misgivings as to the capacity for righteousness and soundness of the material of common humanity as contrasted with philosopher-poets. The poet gets a good way above the earth in the ecstasy of imaginative vision; but the socialist reminds him that it is the duty of art to teach a useful social lesson, and the householder damps the fires of both by admonishing them that the young people in the audience ought n't to be told anything that will get them into trouble. The result is that reading Shaw

is like looking through a pair of field glasses where the focus is always equally sharp and clear but where the range may be changed without warning.

So adroit are Shaw's transitions that we are usually unaware of what has happened; and when we have come to be conscious of them we wonder how much Shaw is aware. It is curious to go back over his work and see him juggling with his various impersonations: the socialist, the Fascist, the saint, the shrewd business man, the world genius, the human being, the clever journalist who knows how to be politic, the popular speaker who knows how to be tactful. It is quite as if they were the characters in a comedy, which he can always pick up just where he has dropped them.

III

But comedies are best presented in the theatre; and in the theatre Shaw's conflicts of impulse, his intellectual flexibility, and his genius for legerdemain — all the qualities which have had the effect of weakening his work as a publicist — have contributed to his success as an artist.

Bernard Shaw's great achievement as a dramatist has been to exploit the full possibilities of a type of English comedy which had first been given its characteristic form during the seventies of the nineteenth century in the comedies of W. S. Gilbert. The comedy of the Restoration, which had culminated in Congreve, had been the product of an aristocratic society, which depended for its ironic effects on the contrast between artificial social conventions and natural animal instincts, between fine manners and fine intelligence on the one hand, and the crudest carnal appetites on the other. The comedy of the nineteenth century — setting aside Oscar Wilde — depended on the contrast between the respectable conventions of a pious middle-class society and the mean practical realities behind them, between the pretension to

high moral principles and the cold complacency which underlay it. As with the dramatists of the Restoration it was always the pursuit of pleasure which was turning out to be at the bottom of the formalities, so in the comedies of Gilbert which preceded his Savoy operas, and of which the most famous and successful was *Engaged* (1877), it is always the hardboiled preoccupation with money which is being laid bare behind the virtuous ideals.

But neither Gilbert nor Dickens nor Samuel Butler — those two other great satirists of the money-minded English, to whom Shaw has also been indebted — could teach him to analyze society in terms of money motivation and to understand and criticize the profit system. This he learned to do from Karl Marx, whose work during his English residence, the period when *Das Kapital* was written, was itself of course a product of and an ironical protest against English nineteenth-century civilization. Bernard Shaw thus brought something quite new into English imaginative literature. His study of economics had served him, as he said, for his plays as the study of anatomy had served Michael Angelo. And with economic insight and training he joined literary qualities of a kind which had never yet appeared in combination with them — qualities, in fact, which, since the century before, had been absent from English literature entirely.

The Irish of Bernard Shaw's period enjoyed, in the field of literature, certain special advantages over the English, owing to the fact that, Irish society remaining largely in the pre-industrial stage, they were closer to eighteenth-century standards. If we compare Shaw, Yeats, and Joyce to, say, Bennett, Galsworthy, and Wells, we are at once struck by the extent to which these latter have suffered from their submergence in the commercial world. In their worst phases of sentimentality and philistinism, there is almost nothing to choose between them and the frankly trashy popular

novelist; whereas the Irish have preserved for English literature classical qualities of hardness and elegance.

Bernard Shaw has had the further advantage of a musical education. 'Do not suppose for a moment,' he writes, 'that I learnt my art from English men of letters. True, they showed me how to handle English words; but if I had known no more than that, my works would never have crossed the Channel. My masters were the masters of a universal language; they were, to go from summit to summit, Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Wagner.' And if we allow for some nineteenth-century prolixity, we can see in Shaw's dramatic work a logic and grace, a formal precision, like those of the eighteenth-century composers.

Take *The Apple Cart*, for example. The fact that Shaw is here working exclusively with economic and political materials has caused its art to be insufficiently appreciated. If it had been a sentimental comedy by Molnar, the critics would have applauded its deftness; yet Shaw is a finer artist than all the Molnars in Budapest. The first act of *The Apple Cart* is a good example of the scoring for a small orchestra at which Shaw is particularly skillful. After what he has himself called the overture before the curtain of the conversation between the two secretaries, in which the music of King Magnus is foreshadowed, the urbane and intelligent King and the 'bull-roarer Boanerges' play a duet against one another. Then the King plays a single instrument against the whole nine of the cabinet. The themes emerge: the King's disinterestedness and the labor government's sordid self-interest. The development is lively: the music is tossed from one instrument to another with, to use the old cliché, a combination of inevitableness and surprise. Finally, the King's theme gets a full and splendid statement in the long speech in which he declares his principles: 'I stand for the great abstractions: for

conscience and virtue; for the eternal against the expedient; for the evolutionary appetite against the day's gluttony,' and so forth.

This silver voice of the King lifts the development to a climax; and now a dramatic reversal carries the climax further and rounds out and balances the harmony. Unexpectedly, one of the brasses of the ministry takes up the theme of the King and repeats it more passionately and loudly: 'Just so! . . . Listen to me, sir,' bursts out the Powermistress, 'and judge whether I have not reason to feel everything you have just said to the very marrow of my bones. Here am I, the Powermistress Royal. I have to organize and administer all the motor power in the country for the good of the country. I have to harness the winds and the tides, the oils and the coal seams.' And she launches into an extraordinary tirade in which the idea of political disinterestedness is taken out of the realm of elegant abstraction in which it has hitherto remained with the King and reiterated in terms of engineering: 'every little sewing machine in the Hebrides, every dentist's drill in Shetland, every carpet sweeper in Margate,' and so forth. This ends on crashing chords, but immediately the music of the cabinet snarlingly reasserts itself. The act ends on the light note of the secretaries.

This music is a music of ideas — or rather, perhaps, it is a music of moralities. Bernard Shaw is a writer of the same kind as Plato. There are not many such writers in literature — the *Drames Philosophiques* of Renan would supply another example — and they have a confusing effect on the critics. Shaw, like Plato, repudiates as a dangerous form of drunkenness the indulgence in literature for its own sake; but, like Plato, he then proceeds, not simply to expound a useful morality, but himself to indulge in an art in which moralities are used as the pigments. It is partly on this account, certainly, that Bernard Shaw has been

underrated as an artist. Whether people admire or dislike him, whether they find his plays didactically boring or morally stimulating, they fail to take account of the fact that it is the enchantment of a highly accomplished art which has brought them to and kept them in the playhouse. It is an art which has even had the power to keep alive such pieces as *Getting Married*, of which the 1908 heresies on marriage already seemed out of date twenty years later, but of which the symphonic development still remains brilliant and fresh. So far from being relentlessly didactic, Shaw's mind has reflected in all its complexity the intellectual life of his time; and his chief achievement is to have reflected it faithfully. He has *not* imposed a cogent system, but he has provided a vivid picture. It is, to be sure, not a passive picture, like that of Santayana or Proust: it is a picture in which action plays a prominent part. But it does not play a consistent part: the dynamic principle in Shaw is made to animate a variety of forces.

Let us see what these forces are and to what purpose they interact.

IV

What are the real themes of Bernard Shaw's plays?

He has not been a socialist dramatist in the sense that, say, Upton Sinclair has been a socialist novelist. His economics have served him, it is true, as anatomy served Michael Angelo; but to say that is to give as little idea of what kind of characters he creates and what his plays are about as to say of the figures of the sculptor that they were produced by an artist who understood the skeleton and the muscles. It is quite wrong to assume, as has sometimes been done, that the possession of the social-economic intelligence must imply that the writer who has it writes tracts for social reform.

Shaw is himself partly responsible for

this assumption. In his early days, when he *was* a social reformer, he wrote books about Wagner and Ibsen which introduced them to the English-speaking public as primarily social reformers, too. There is of course a social revolutionist, a man of 1848, in Wagner, and a critic of bourgeois institutions in Ibsen. But Bernard Shaw, in his brilliant little books, by emphasizing these aspects of their work at the expense of everything else, seriously misrepresents them. He appreciates Siegfried and Brunhilde in their heroic and rebellious phases; but Wagner's tragedies of love he pooh-poohs; and it is sometimes just when Ibsen is at his strongest — as in *Brand* and *Rosmersholm* — that Bernard Shaw is least satisfactory, because the real tragic spirit of Ibsen does not fit into Shaw's notion about him. In Ibsen's case, Shaw is particularly misleading, because Ibsen disclaimed again and again any social-reforming intentions. His great theme, characteristic though it is of nineteenth-century society, is not a doctrine of social salvation: it is the conflict between one's duty to society as a unit in the social organism and the individual's duty to himself.

Now is there any such basic theme in Bernard Shaw? Has he been deceiving us not only about Ibsen but also about himself? Certainly the prefaces he prefixes to his plays do not really explain them any more than *The Quintessence of Ibsenism* really explains Ibsen.

The principal pattern which recurs in Bernard Shaw — aside from the duel between male and female, which seems to me of much less importance — is the polar opposition between the type of the saint and the type of the successful practical man. This conflict, when it is present in his other writing, has a blurring, a demoralizing, effect, as in the passage on Saint Francis and Saint Clare which I quoted at the beginning of this essay; but it is the principle of life of his plays. We find it in its clearest presentation in the opposition between Father Keegan

and Tom Broadbent in *John Bull's Other Island* and between Major Barbara and Undershaft — where the moral scales are pretty evenly weighted and where the actual predominance of the practical man, far from carrying ominous implications, produces a certain effect of reassurance. This was apparently the period — when Shaw had outgrown his early battles and struggles and before the war had come to disturb him — of his most comfortable and self-confident exercise of powers which had fully matured. But these opposites have also a tendency to dissociate themselves from one another and to feature themselves sometimes, not correlatively, but alternatively in successive plays. In *The Devil's Disciple* and *The Shewing-up of Blanco Posnet*, the heroes are dashing fellows who have melodramatic flashes of saintliness; their opponents are made comic or base. *Cæsar and Cleopatra* is a play that glorifies the practical man; *Androcles and the Lion* is a play that glorifies the saint. So is *Saint Joan*, with the difference that here the worldly antagonists of the saint are presented as intelligent and effective.

Certainly it is this theme of the saint and the world which has inspired those scenes of Shaw's plays which are most moving and most real on the stage — which are able to shock us for the moment, as even the 'Life Force' passages hardly do, out of the amiable and objective attention which has been induced by the bright play of the intelligence. It is the moment when Major Barbara, brought at last to the realization of the power of the capitalist's money and of her own weakness when she has n't it to back her, is left alone on the stage with the unregenerate bums whose souls she has been trying to save; the moment when Androcles is sent into the arena with the lion; the moment in the emptied courtroom when Joan has been taken out to be burned and the Bishop and the Earl of Warwick are trying each to pin the responsibility on the other. It is the

scene in *Heartbreak House* between Captain Shotover and Hector, when they give voice to their common antagonism toward the world which seems to have them at its mercy: 'We must win powers of life and death over them. . . . There is enmity between our seed and their seed. They know it and act on it, strangling our souls. They believe in themselves. When we believe in ourselves, we shall kill them. . . . We kill the better half of ourselves every day to propitiate them.' It is the scene in *Back to Methuselah* where the Elderly Gentleman declares to the Oracle: 'They [the political delegation with whom he has come there] have gone back to lie about your answer. I cannot go with them. I cannot live among people to whom nothing is real!' — and where she shows him her face and strikes him dead.

But now let us note — for the light they throw on Bernard Shaw in his various phases — the upshots of these several situations. In *Major Barbara*, the Christian saint, the man of learning, and the industrial superman form an alliance from which much is to be hoped. In *Androcles and the Lion*, written in 1913, in Shaw's amusing but least earnest middle period just before the war, Androcles and the lion form an alliance, too, of which something is also to be hoped, but go out arm in arm after a harlequinade on the level of a Christmas pantomime. In *Heartbreak House*, which was begun in 1913 and not finished till 1916, the declaration of war by the unworldlings takes place in the midst of confusion and does not lead to any action on their part.

In *Back to Methuselah*, of the post-war period, the Elderly Gentleman is blasted by the Oracle in a strange scene of which we must stop a moment to examine the implications. The fate of the Elderly Gentleman is evidently intended by Shaw to have some sort of application to himself; out of date with the backward society from which he has come into the world of the long-livers, he at least

differs from his fellows in this: that he finds he cannot stand any longer to live among people to whom nothing is real. So the Oracle shrivels him up with her glance.

But what is this supposed to mean? What is this higher wisdom which the Elderly Gentleman cannot contemplate and live? So far as the reader is concerned, the revelation of the Oracle is a blank. The old system of Bernard Shaw, which was plausible enough to pass before the war, has just taken a terrible blow, and its efforts to pull itself together and still function result in fantasies gruesome and grotesque. The Life Force of the man and woman in *Man and Superman* no longer leads either to human procreation or to social-revolutionary activity. The Life Force has been finally detached from socialism altogether. In the *Intelligent Woman's Guide*, Shaw will reject the Marxist dialectic as a false religion of social salvation; but the Life Force is also a religious idea, which we have always supposed in the past to be directed toward social betterment, and now, in *Back to Methuselah*, we find that it has misfired with socialism. Socialism has come and gone; the planet has been laid waste by wars; the ordinary people have all perished, and there is nobody left on earth but a race of selected supermen.

And now the race of superior human beings, which was invoked in *Man and Superman* as the prime indispensable condition for any kind of progress whatever, but which was regarded by Shaw at that time as producible through eugenic breeding, has taken here a most unearthly turn. It has always been through the superman idea that Shaw has found it possible to escape from the implications of his socialism; and he now no longer even imagines that the superior being can be created by human idealism through human science. The superior beings of *Back to Methuselah* are people who live forever; but they have achieved this superiority through an unconscious

act of the will. When they have achieved it, what the Life Force turns out to have had in store for them is the mastery of abstruse branches of knowledge and the extra-uterine development of embryos. Beyond this, there is still to be attained the liberation of the spirit from the flesh, existence as a 'whirlpool in pure force.' 'And for what may be beyond, the eyesight of Lilith is too short. It is enough that there is a beyond.'

In the *Tragedy of an Elderly Gentleman*, the Elderly Gentleman is frightened, but his tragedy is not a real tragedy. But *Saint Joan* (1924) is an even more frightened play, and, softened though it is by the historical perspective into which Shaw manages to throw it through his epilogue, it was the first genuine tragedy that Shaw had written. The horror of *Back to Methuselah* is a lunar horror; the horror of *Saint Joan* is human. The saint is destroyed by the practical man; and even when she comes back to earth, though all those who used her or undid her are now obliged to acknowledge her holiness, none wants her to remain among them: each would do the same thing again. Only the soldier who handed her the cross when she was burning is willing to accept her now, but he is only a poor helpless clown condemned to the dungeon of the flesh.

V

Back to Methuselah is a flight into the future; *Saint Joan* is a flight into the past. But with *Heartbreak House* Bernard Shaw had already begun a series of plays in which he was to deal with the post-war world and his own relation to it in terms of contemporary England — a section of his work which, it seems to me, has had too little appreciation or comprehension.

Heartbreak House has the look at first sight of one of his elaborate sociological conversations of the type of *Getting Married* and *Misalliance*; but it is really something new for Shaw. There is no

diagram of social relations, no tying-up of threads at the end. *Heartbreak House*, Shaw says in his preface, is 'cultured leisured Europe before the war'; but the play, he told Archibald Henderson, 'began with an atmosphere and does not contain a word that was foreseen before it was written,' and it is the only one of his plays which he has persistently refused to explain. 'How should I know?' he replied, when he was asked by his actors what it meant. 'I am only the author.' *Heartbreak House*, built like a ship, with its old drunken and half-crazy master, — the retired adventurer, Captain Shotover, — is cultured and leisured England; but the characters are no longer pinned down and examined as social specimens: in an atmosphere heavily charged, through a strange cumulation of contacts and collisions, they give out thunder and lightning like storm clouds. Brooding frustrations and disillusion, childlike hurts and furious resentments, which have dropped the old Shavian masks, rush suddenly into an utterance which for the moment has burst out of the old rationalistic wit. For once, where Shaw has so often reduced historical myths to the sharp focus of contemporary satire, he now raises contemporary figures to the heroic proportions of myth. An air raid brings down the final curtain: *Heartbreak House* has been finally split wide. The capitalist Mangan gets killed, and there is a suggestion that they may all be the better for it.

But in 1924 the Labor Party came to power, with Ramsay MacDonald as Prime Minister. MacDonald had been a member of the Executive Committee of the Fabian Society, and he brought with him two other Fabians, Sidney Webb and Sydney Olivier, who took the portfolios of Minister of Labor and Secretary of State for India. When MacDonald was reelected in 1929, he was accompanied by no less than twenty Fabians, of whom eight were cabinet members. The Fabians had now achieved

the aim which was to have been the condition for the success of their ideas: they had 'interpenetrated' the government. But in the meantime the competition of the British Empire with the German had culminated in a four years' war; and in England of after the war, with the top manhood of her society slaughtered and the lower classes laid off from their war-time jobs, and with English commercial domination further damaged by the United States, the influence of the Fabians could do little to bridge over the abyss which had been blasted between the extremes of the British class society. The best measures of the Labor Government were able to accomplish no more than just to keep the unemployed alive; and when the capitalists began to feel the pinch, they openly took over control. Ramsay MacDonald, in 1931, became Prime Minister in a Nationalist Government and cleared his socialists out of office.

At the moment of the second accession of the Labor Party to power, Shaw had written *The Apple Cart*, in which MacDonald is caricatured as Proteus, the Prime Minister of a labor government. This government is represented as really controlled by Breakages, Limited, a great monopoly which opposes industrial progress for the reason that it has an interest in perpetuating the inferior and less durable machinery which requires more frequent repairs. But there is in *The Apple Cart* no criticism of the Fabianism which, after all, has been partly responsible for Proteus: the blame is laid at the door, not of that socialism by interpenetration which has ended by itself being interpenetrated, but of something which Shaw calls 'democracy'; and what is opposed to the corrupted socialism of Proteus is not socialism of a more thoroughgoing kind, but the super-constitutional monarch, King Magnus. Again, Shaw has given the slip to his problems through recourse to the cult of the superior person.

Yet in 1931, after the final collapse of

the Labor Government, Bernard Shaw visited Russia and, for the first time since the war, incurred unpopularity in England by applauding the Soviet system. And in the same year he wrote *Too True to Be Good*, a curious 'political extravaganza,' in which for the first time he turns back upon and criticizes his own career, infusing his disillusionment with his own bourgeois radicalism of the eighties, under the stress of the disasters of the new century, with the same kind of idealist poetry, now grown frankly elegiac and despairing, which had constituted the real beauty of *The Apple Cart* and which stems from *Heartbreak House*.

A rich young English girl of the upper middle class is languishing with an imaginary illness in a gloomy Victorian chamber, fussed over by a Victorian mother. Into this sickroom erupt two rebels: a young preacher and a former chambermaid, who is an illegitimate child of the aristocracy. The chambermaid has been masquerading as the heiress's trained nurse, and she and the preacher have a plot to steal the heiress's pearl necklace. The girl comes to from her megrims and puts up an unexpected struggle. The preacher becomes interested in his victim and says that he has always wondered why she does not steal the necklace herself. Why does n't she take it and go and do what she pleases, instead of staying home with her mother, moping and fancying herself sick? Why does n't she let him and his accomplice sell the necklace for her, taking 25 per cent of the price apiece and giving her the other 50? The girl enthusiastically agrees, and while she is getting dressed to go with them the preacher jumps up on the bed and delivers one of those live-your-own-life sermons which Shaw made his first success with in the nineties. Then he is off — in the excitement of his own rhetoric completely forgetting the necklace, which the heiress herself has to remind him they need.

All three sail away together to an

imaginary Balkan country reminiscent of *Arms and the Man*, where they are able to do whatever they please, but where their revolt turns out to lead to nothing and eventually to bore them to death. Shaw has evidently put into *Too True to Be Good* a sort of recapitulation of his earlier themes, the shams of bourgeois society: the capitalistic doctor of *The Doctor's Dilemma* is as much a fraud as ever; the pompous British military officer, though retaining an air of authority, has practically ceased even to pretend to be anything other than a fraud and is quite willing to leave the command to a private (drawn from Lawrence of Arabia) if he can only be left in peace with his water colors; the old-fashioned materialist-atheist who is also the most rigorous of moralists, of the type of Roebuck Ramsden in *Man and Superman*, has lived through into a world where his morality has no power to prevent his son turning thief, and so forth. Finally everyone except the preacher sets out for the 'Union of Sensible Republics.'

The preacher is left alone on the shore, abandoned between two worlds. He had come too late for the old and too early for the new. He had had the courage once to steal a necklace, but he had n't carried through his idea. He had given it back to the owner and they had made common cause together: the liberated bourgeois girl had got 50 per cent of the price, the radicals only 25 apiece. In the last scene, the darkness comes, the clouds gather; the morale of the preacher breaks down. He can only go on explaining and exhorting, whether or not he has anything to say. A keen wind is blowing in and it may be the breath of life, but it is too fierce for him to bear.

This, Shaw tells us, is a political fable; and now he returns to politics proper. In *On the Rocks* (1933), he appears to drive himself into a corner as he has never before done, and then comes out with a political position which still manages to remain somewhat equivocal.

The first act shows a liberal Prime Minister hard beset during a period of depression. Pall Mall and Trafalgar Square are full of excited crowds. The Prime Minister, on the verge of a breakdown, can think of nothing to do except to call out the police against them, but he is dissuaded by the Police Commissioner himself and finally induced to go away for a rest. He has just been visited by a labor delegation who have impressed him with the importance of Marxism, and he takes volumes of Marx and Lenin away with him.

When the curtain goes up on the second act, the Prime Minister has read Marx and Lenin; but the effect upon him is unexpected. He has gained an insight into economic motivation, an understanding of the technique of making use of it; but he has not been converted to socialism: he has worked out, on the contrary, an exceedingly clever scheme for preserving the capitalist state through a programme, essentially Fascist, of partial nationalization and taxation of unearned incomes. He will conciliate the various social groups which would normally be antagonistic by promising a concession to each. The plan seems bidding fair to succeed when it runs aground on Sir Dexter Rightside, the Liberal Prime Minister's Tory colleague in a coalition National Government. Sir Dexter represents the blind conservatism which sticks to the status quo through sheer obstinacy and inability to imagine anything else: he threatens to put colored shirts on 'fifty thousand patriotic young Londoners' and to call them into the streets against the proposed programme of the government. The Prime Minister has to give up his attempt, but he is now forced to face his situation: 'Do you think I did n't know,' he confesses to his wife, 'in the days of my great speeches and my roaring popularity, that I was only whitewashing the slums? I could n't help knowing as well as any of those damned Socialists that though the West End of London was

chockful of money and nice people all calling one another by their Christian names, the lives of the millions of people whose labor was keeping the whole show going were not worth living; but I was able to put it out of my mind because I thought it could n't be helped and I was doing the best that could be done. I know better now! I know that it can be helped, and how it can be helped. And rather than go back to the old white-washing job, I'd seize you tight around the waist and make a hole in the river with you. . . . Why don't I lead the revolt against it all? Because I'm not the man for the job, darling. . . . And I shall hate the man who will carry it through for his cruelty and the desolation he will bring on us and our like.'

The shouting of the crowd and the crash of glass are suddenly heard outside. The people have broken into Downing Street. The police begin to club them and ride them down. The people sing, 'England, arise!'

Sir Arthur Chavender's more or less liberal Fascism has been defeated by the reactionary Fascism of his Tory colleague in the National Government, with whom he is indissolubly united. (There is no question any longer of the superior man: King Magnus has disappeared from the scene.) Yet it is not clear that the point of view opposed to both is anything other than Fascist itself. Old Hipney, the disillusioned labor veteran, who speaks for the dissatisfied classes, seems to be looking for a Man on Horseback, too: 'Adult suffrage: that was what was to save us all. My God! It delivered us into the hands of our spoilers and oppressors, bound hand and foot by our own folly and ignorance. It took the heart out of old Hipney; and now I'm for any Napoleon or Mussolini or Lenin or Chavender that has the stuff in him to take both the people and the spoilers and oppressors by the scruffs of their silly necks and just sling them into the way they should go with as many kicks as may be needful to make a thorough job of it.' But

Chavender declines the job; and the people begin throwing bricks.

The conclusion we are apparently to draw is that parliamentary Fascism must fail; and that we may then get either Mussolini or Lenin. Is that also a final confession of the failure of Fabianism, which depended on parliament, too?

We seem to have come to the end of Shaw. With the eruption of this desperate uprising, we should be plunged into a situation which could no longer be appropriately handled by the characteristic methods of his comedy. He is still splendid when he is showing the bewilderment of the liberal governing-class Prime Minister; it is surprising how he is still able to summon his old flickering and piercing wit, his old skill at juggling points of view, to illuminate a new social situation — how quick and skillful he is at describing a new social type: the Communist viscount, with his brutal language, which shocks his proletarian allies. But, with the shouts and the broken glass, we are made to take account of the fact that Shaw's comedy, for all its greater freedom in dealing with social conditions, is almost as much dependent on a cultivated and stable society as the comedy of Molière. Shaw, as much as Molière, must speak the same language as his audience; he must observe the same conventions of manners. And further than *On the Rocks* — in depicting the realities of the present — it seems that he cannot go.

His subsequent pieces bear out this impression. *The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles* (1934) is the only one of his plays which has ever struck me as downright silly. In it, the Day of Judgment comes to the British Empire, and the privilege of surviving on earth is made to depend upon social utility. But, by setting up a purely theocratic tribunal, Shaw deprives this scene of social point: the principle of selection is so general that it might be applied by the Fascists as readily as by the socialists, at the same time that the policy of wholesale

extinction seems inspired by an admiration for the repressive tactics of both. The play ends with a salute to the unknown future, which, like the vision of infinity of *Back to Methuselah*, seems perfectly directionless and blank. *The Millionairess* (1936) makes a farce out of the idea that a born boss, even deprived of every advantage, will inevitably gravitate again to a position where he can bully and control people, and sounds as if it had been suggested by the later phases of Stalin.

Here it cannot be denied that Bernard Shaw begins to show signs of old age. As the pace of his mind slackens and the texture of his work becomes less close, the contradictory impulses and ideas, which have hitherto made the action of his dramas, gape widely and fall apart. In his 'Preface on Bosses' to *The Millionairess*, he talks about 'beginning a Reformation well to the left of Russia,' but composes the panegyric to Mussolini, with the respectful compliments to Hitler, to which I have already referred.

Yet the openings — the prologue to *The Simpleton*, with its skit on the decay of the British Empire, and the knock-

about domestic agonies of the first act or two of *The Millionairess* — still explode their comic situations with something of the old energy and wit; and the one-acter, *The Six of Calais*, though it does not crackle quite with the old spark, is not so very far inferior to such an earlier trifle as *How He Lied to Her Husband*. It is interesting to note — and it confirms my theory that it is the artist in Shaw that is most authentic — that apparently the last thing he is to lose is his gift for pure comic invention.

And the integrity of the artist as a recorder of the processes in which he finds himself involved has also survived in Shaw. He has not played a straight rôle as a socialist; a lot of his writing on public affairs has been blather. But his plays down to the very end have been a truthful and continually developing chronicle of a soul in relation to society. Artistically as well as physically — he has just turned eighty-one as I write — he is outliving all the rest of his generation.

Nor have his political confusions invalidated his social criticism: of his influence it is unnecessary to speak. After all, the very methods we use to check him have partly been learned in his school.

LADIES WEAR GLOVES

BY SYLVIA G. DREYFUS

SHE was a tall, handsome young woman, cool and a little reserved. Her fur-trimmed costume, her chic hat, were perfect in style, but conservative. And her white gloves, though she had worn them all afternoon at the concert, were still spotless. Her manner, too, was perfect, and she talked easily, without effusiveness: she knew how to meet a celebrity.

'But I can't see why you thought the audience was cold,' she protested. 'They were really very enthusiastic, especially at the end of the concerto.'

Jascha Heifetz cocked his head on one side and raised his eyebrows in an expression of amused skepticism. 'So? *That* was enthusiasm? If, when they applaud, the ladies would take off their gloves,' he suggested dryly, pointing an accusing finger at the white doeskin gauntlets, 'the musician could tell better whether they liked his performance.'

I often recall Heifetz's remark when, surrounded by decorous neighbors at an afternoon concert in Carnegie or Symphony Hall, I gaze upon the typical, well-bred audience. These nice people listen with courteous attention; their training forbids a show of emotion and their faces betray none; their only sign of approval, a muted, gloved applause, conveys no indication of real feeling; and their only method of showing disapproval (since they are too well-mannered not to clap at all) is to go through the motions a bit more listlessly. Rebelling sometimes at this frozen restraint, I sigh for one good healthy hiss. That at least would clear

the atmosphere of its heavy non-conductivity and open up the possibilities for a real interchange of reactions.

At the Berkshire Festival in August, I sat behind two middle-aged women, evidently people of means and refinement. I watched them, curious to see how they responded to the music. After the Beethoven programme they clapped briefly, gathered their wraps, and departed. Their faces showed neither pleasure nor disapproval. I tried to explain it to myself: 'It may be that they have heard the Beethoven Fifth Symphony too often. And perhaps the Sixth is too cool for their taste.'

The next night, after a brilliant performance of 'Daphnis and Chloe' and Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony, they again clapped in perfunctory fashion and went out. Possibly they did n't care for Ravel and Tchaikovsky: many people don't. But at the third concert neither Mozart nor Stravinsky nor César Franck brought a gleam to their calm features. I waited anxiously for the end of the Wagner programme to see what effect, if any, that would have; but they were very much concerned with the storm that evening, and, though they applauded politely after a glowing 'Tristan and Isolde,' the passionate music did not stir them.

With the fifth programme I began to give up hope. It had seemed as if the simple directness of the Haydn Symphony in G major must please them; or the nobility of the Sibelius Seventh; and surely they could not remain unmoved

by the mad, pulsing rhythms of 'Scheherazade'! They were marble figures in evening dress.

The final concert was an all-Brahms programme, and I pinned my hopes for their æsthetic salvation to the First Symphony. 'It is n't possible,' I assured myself, 'that any woman who cares enough about music to sit through six symphony concerts can resist this composition.' The afternoon was perfect: blue skies, hot sunshine, the shadows of great pine trees, a marvelous setting for an outdoor concert. Beauty enveloped us in a cloak of color and melody. Koussevitzky conducted one of those performances which demand the adjective 'inspired.' Carried away by enthusiasm, the audience staged a good old-fashioned 'demonstration.' But the two women, their faces mask-like, adjusted their sable scarves and departed. . . .

The next time you go to a concert, watch the audience. Are they intent? Are they eager? Are they responsive? The young people may be. The foreign-born will be. Young or old, if they are not yet completely jelled in the rigid mould imposed by Anglo-Saxon ideas of correctness, they may still possess sufficient muscular elasticity — and enough simplicity of spirit — to show what they are thinking. The two women at the Berkshire concerts do represent a large group. It is possible that they were quite pleased with the Festival, that they enjoyed it, though no manifestations of enjoyment were discernible. Now I have no doubt that in friendly conversation over a cup of tea the expressions of these ladies show some variation, and it is to be supposed that they are not therefore accused of undue display of feeling. But put them in expensive seats at a concert and what happens? They don't look reasonably cheerful, however charming the music; they never smile at music which is jolly or frankly humorous. (The dancing measures of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony are happy; and who can refrain from laughter at the pranks of

Till Eulenspiegel?) Why do they stiffen in resistance to music? And by what physiological trick are they able to restrain the revealing flush which creeps into the cheek of a person normally responsive to beauty or emotion?

To a certain extent I understand this extravagant reticence, though I have long since lost patience with it. I belong to a generation brought up on Platonic ideals of self-restraint. It has taken many years to shake my conviction that one lost caste when one felt or showed too plainly either delight or displeasure. To be sure, one found some slight relief in Aristotle and the convenient theory of katharsis which allowed one to weep at a tragedy or submit, momentarily, to sad music — allowed it only for the reason that the vicarious experience purged the soul and set one free for greater efforts of self-discipline. But to shout 'Bravo!', to demand an encore, to split the too-tight kid glove in an expression of excitement — well, it just was n't done. One left that to the galleries. No lady (and only a very rare gentleman) would be guilty of it.

What has changed my point of view in the intervening years I am not certain. Perhaps mine was simply an emotional, post-war revolt. Perhaps Sigmund Freud, responsible for so many metamorphoses, woke the Snow Maiden. Perhaps I was finally converted when I began to understand more thoroughly the artistic temperament and its intense need of appreciation and sympathy. It was then that I recognized the important rôle of the listener. Since the performing artist requires an audience — and in a sense he has no existence without one — my rôle, though subordinate, is essential to the fulfillment of his. I have no right to withhold or conceal my honest response.

Now applause, since it is a voluntary act, seldom reflex, may or may not be honest. And applause may indicate a variety of reactions, not necessarily an attitude of approval. There is the ami-

able, hearty handclapping that greets an unknown performer at his debut before he has shown himself worthy of praise; the tumultuous applause of welcome for a world-famous pianist, applause which is due to his renown and which will, presently, be repeated either because he has justified his reputation or because the audience thinks he has; the kindly, sympathetic applause for a performer who has made a slip and corrected it and is encouraged by the friendliness of his audience to vindicate himself; the unconvincing applause, at an orchestral concert, after a new composition whose merits are not at once apparent. (And who has forgotten the awkward moment when it is discovered that the luckless composer is present, has risen from his seat, and, torn between delight and embarrassment, is making his way to the platform to receive those uncertain plaudits? And when the audience, moved either by good manners or by a natural tendency to bestow public laurel wreaths, suddenly changes the tone of its handclapping to determined heartiness?)

There is, too, the reaction to a tremendously exciting piece of music when the audience can hardly wait for the final beat and almost breaks into the last measure in its eagerness. Such applause is hysterical in effect; it is high-pitched and shrill, like an excited voice. Indeed, I cherish a theory — endorsed, I must admit, by no musician — that it has a key of its own, a major key of many sharps. There is still another kind of applause, and this must be for the performer the most precious of all and the rarest. It is preceded by a moment of breathless silence when the audience, truly moved, seems unwilling to break the spell of the music and almost unable

to take up the ordinary motions of living: a brief and magnificent moment, lost all too quickly in the conventional demonstrations of approval, but uplifting to every person who shares it.

You may, occasionally, find an artist who is honestly convinced that the attitude of the audience has little effect on his performance. I know of one. A great musician, he deliberately shuts himself off from his hearers, will not permit the thought of them to intrude on his playing, and scoffs at the idea that there is any contact between performer and listener. But I think he is the exception — and even he has been heard to comment on the coldness or sympathy of an audience! I could name six others, all of the first rank, who are quick to acknowledge that bond, who admit that they are extremely sensitive to it and can ‘feel’ the audience the moment they step across the stage.

One of them said to me once, ‘I can, of course, give a perfectly good performance even when I realize that the audience is not “with” me. If necessary I can build a wall around myself and play for my own satisfaction inside that wall. But the spark is not there; I can’t give a great performance without their response. And if, when I finish, they do not show by their applause that they like it, if they do not ask for encores, what am I to think? How can I tell that I have succeeded? Their applause, their enthusiasm, is my only means of knowing!’

I do not suggest that Americans should ape the easy exuberance of the Latin audience. That would be an affectation, alien to our habit and our nature. But I wish that we could break down the icy barrier of self-consciousness and learn to take our music with zest.

HOUSING—A COMPARISON

BY ARTHUR POUND

THE Midway Man — call him John Doe — who attended the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893 had never seen an automobile until that exposition lured a Benz across the ocean for display. His streets were lighted by gas, his house by kerosene lamps. He screened insects out mostly with mosquito netting instead of wire. His diet lacked steady doses of citrus fruits and leafy green vegetables. He earned \$500 a year in good years, and on it supported a wife and four children.

We know these facts about Midway Man because the State of New York officially reported his condition. That state had housing on its conscience, and one of its exhibits at the Chicago Fair was a Workingman's Model Home which could be erected anywhere in New York State, except in New York City or Brooklyn, for \$1000, to rent at \$10 a month. To prove that this was no economic mirage, the Director of the Exhibit, Katherine Bement Davis, gathered data on wages and living costs, which were reported in all possible detail.¹ Also, those thorough New Yorkers installed a model family in their model home at Chicago, and furnished them with materials for model meals of the Midway Period, on which the entire family were fed at a cost of 55 cents per day.

Here, then, is a complete picture of the common laborer's economic life in that period. His rough average of \$10 a week was 'the income of an industrious

laborer in times when steady work could be had.' He had a wife and four children; for budgeting purposes these were rated as a girl of ten, boy of eight, girl of five, and a baby boy in the cradle. His wife did no work outside the home, but did all the work inside it, including considerable sewing and clothes making for the children, all the baking, and a good deal of food preserving.

What kind of housing could this workingman of 1893 provide for his wife and four children on his \$10 a week? The State's answer was a two-story frame house, twenty by twenty-eight feet, containing five rooms and bath. It was lighted by gas, heated by stoves, and possessed a complete, though unfloored, cellar. Not a bad-looking house even by modern standards, it proved exceedingly popular, several editions of a book containing the plans being sold out on the spot. Probably every American community, from city to hamlet, holds one or more of these old-time modern homes. The architect, Professor W. S. Perry of Pratt Institute, won the favor of housewives by paying special attention to the saving of steps, which everyone in that line has been doing ever since.

This house, finished and painted throughout but unblessed by bush or flower, cost \$1000 except in dense urban areas. Contractors made a reasonable profit in erecting it at that figure; investors, adding the lot value, were assured, at the prescribed rental, of reasonable return on all costs. In those

¹ The Report of the General Managers of the Exhibit, published by the State in 1894 under the title *New York at the World's Columbian Exposition*.

days no one coddled the laborer either as home owner or as renter. The rent had to cover everything, including the going interest rate to a bank unprotected by government insurance. All substantial interests received their cuts from the buyer's \$1000 or the tenant's \$10 a month, and on that basis home building flourished. Now, even with aid from government, it languishes. Why?

The root reason is simple — a house is n't a good buy to-day. It costs too much money and involves too much risk for the average American to undertake, either for his own occupancy or as an investment, to be rented.

Our workingman of 1893, and his standard family of four children, lived on the following budget in their \$10-a-month model house: —

Income.....	\$500
Outgo	
Rent.....	\$120
Fuel.....	30
Clothing.....	100
Food.....	200
Miscellaneous.....	50
	—
Total	\$500

Fortunately the report of 1893 is detailed enough so that construction costs and living costs can both be checked against modern prices in the same areas. Every stick of lumber, pane of glass, and piece of hardware in the dwelling is listed. Furniture and equipment, clothing and food, are fully described and quoted at Brooklyn prices. These were checked in the same area recently, with the following results.

The \$1000 house of 1893 would cost \$2500 to \$4000 in 1937, the amount depending on labor conditions at point of erection.

Furniture and equipment listed for a total cost of \$300 in 1893 can be bought to-day for one third to one fourth less, with quality better in some cases and worse in others. Kitchenware, for instance, is much cheaper, but probably less durable in the cheap grades. However, people are now accustomed to more

possessions. The 1893 appropriation for books and reading is painfully low; there is no mention of music and musical instruments; now nearly every house has a radio or phonograph or both.

Clothing sells in Brooklyn to-day for about what it did in 1893 when the entire clothing needs of a family are considered. Women's and children's clothing is actually cheaper, men's somewhat more expensive.

Food, however, costs almost double. Of twenty-seven food items purchased at retail in Brooklyn in April 1893, and again in the same area in December 1937, present prices were higher on fifteen items, lower on eight, and unchanged on four. The impressive advances were mostly in meats, fish, dairy products, and eggs; the recessions in dry cereals, vegetables, and fruits. Sugar, hominy, and corn meal were practically the same, within fractions of a cent per pound. All meats except mutton doubled in price or more, while the largest drop was in oatmeal, from four to two cents per pound. Not all prices, of course, were comparable with those of to-day.

No dietitian of 1938 would approve the diet recommended and eaten in the model workingman's home at the Chicago Fair. Those meals were hopelessly deficient in the modern standbys — citrus fruits and leafy green vegetables. There is no trace of an orange, banana, tomato, or head of lettuce, once considered luxuries but now rated as necessities. In 1893, you see, no housewife had ever heard of vitamins, nor would she hear of them for another twenty years. The triumph of the vitamin theory is neatly registered in the rise of cow's liver from eight cents a pound in 1893 to fifty cents in 1937, the largest jump in the whole food list. In general, the improved diet of to-day can be bought for about twice the money the workingman of that model family spent for its fare.

The contrast in living costs can now be reduced to simple figures: —

	1893	1937	Per cent difference
Rent.....	\$120 a year	\$300	+150
Food.....	200 " "	400	+100
Clothing.....	100 " "	100	no change
Furniture....	300 per house	225	-25

Observe that two groups of factory industries — (1) textiles and clothing, (2) woodworking, metal fabrication, and furniture — have kept prices at or below the old level, in spite of rising wages and the decreasing value of money. In other words, makers of clothing and furniture have paid a social dividend by cutting costs through improved processes and passing some of their savings on to the public. The food industry — composed of farmers, packers, and canners — has not done so well, but at least the advance in food costs has not outrun the advance in wages.

But housing has paid no social dividend whatever. The house of 1893 costs as much in toil-time and labor-wage as it ever did, and in some localities it costs more. On the most favorable basis of modern construction the model home of 1893, which cost \$1000 then, would now cost \$2500. Using that figure as a basis, we have this parallel: —

	Cost	Rent	Wage
1893..	\$1000	\$10 a month	\$10 a week
1937..	2500	25 " "	25 " "

These figures are for rural and village districts where non-union labor could be used. In urban areas the cost of construction would run to \$4000, entailing a \$40-a-month rental and a \$40-a-week wage.

In neither environment have wages kept pace with housing costs. Where the 1893 house can be built to-day for \$2500, the wages of common labor have not reached \$1200 a year; and where the house would cost \$40 a month to rent or service, similar wages have not reached \$2000 a year. Taxes enter the picture oppressively. The \$1000 house of 1893 was probably taxed at about \$15 a thousand on a two-thirds valuation of \$600, or \$9 a year. Now the same house

at \$2500 in a comparable area would face a tax prospect of \$25 a thousand on \$1700 valuation, or about \$40 a year. In a high-priced area the tax load might be as high as \$90 a year. Of course these taxes represent considerable values and advantages to both tenants and landlords — better schools, roads, police and fire protection, recreational advantages in park and playgrounds, and community control through zoning. But these costs and charges are not easily wrung out of the workingman's small budget, either as taxes if he owns or as rent if he is a tenant.

In 1929, a banner year economically, the average income of more than 70 per cent of American families was \$1300. For the largest class of families, \$1000 to \$1500, average income was just short of \$1250. Bear in mind that these are family incomes, with more than one breadwinner in one family out of six. In New York City, where higher than average wages prevail, nearly one quarter of all families draw less than \$1000 income. For better or worse, the head of the family who needs better shelter to-day is a \$100-a-month man, who can pay \$22 rent. Often there is n't that much available. The nearly 4,000,000 families who earned from \$500 to \$1000 in 1929 averaged only \$766 a year, and their effective expenditure for housing could hardly be more than \$15 a month.

Thus we approach the income point of 1893. A \$500-a-year man of 1893 could live in a new four-room house of substantial value without asking any help from anyone, not even from the government. If the business of creating shelter had kept pace with the business of creating furniture, the \$766-a-year man of to-day could afford to live in exactly as good a house. Under the lower interest rates and amortization charges of the present, the house might even be bought on an easy-payment plan by a \$1000 man with a presumably steady job. But at going prices and rents, and with present construction methods, it is

unwise for laborers to buy and almost impossible for anyone to build decent rental housing for working folk in the lower and more populous income brackets.

At this point appear the optimists with their various 'ways out.' Their proposals take three main channels.

(1) The energizers say: 'Clear the decks so that cheap money will flow into housebuilding. With government insurance of mortgages to provide stability, and a smaller down payment, it becomes possible for men of small means to finance homes less expensively. Under deferred payments the heavy charge is interest; cut that and the burden is greatly reduced.' The catch is that the tax burden is not thereby decreased, and, indeed, may increase greatly. This plan is now to be tried with the full help of government.

(2) The subsidizers say: 'Use government money to finance housing construction for poor people. There are minima of shelter below which families should not be allowed to sink. Instead of buying groceries and paying rent for a family man on relief, set him and others like him to producing materials and building houses for themselves. If one third of relief funds were spent on new and better shelter instead of rent for rookeries, the Federal Government could promote a housing and raw-material boom of such proportions that laboring men could buy their own clothes and groceries.'

(3) But the organizers say: 'Let us bring in mass production. The root trouble with housing is that its assembly processes are out of date. A house is still a tailor-made unit put together where conditions cannot be controlled and by ill-directed labor. Ways have been found to make and sell clothes, shoes, and furniture more cheaply, even though the men working at those tasks receive higher wages. But shelter is still at the mercy of primitive operations. Obviously the only way to build a new house for a workingman of low income is to reduce

the time and labor involved in construction and assembly. A host of wasteful practices to which contractors, supply houses, unions, banks, lawyers, and even legislatures have contributed will have to go out the window. More complete fabrication in factories and swifter assembly on the ground — these will eventually give the little fellow, for 20 per cent of his income, better shelter than he has ever been able to buy since the beginning of time. Just wait until we get started.'

I have seen a model of a neat little steel house (with garage attached) which could be fabricated, erected, and landscaped for \$1500 if ten thousand buyers would beckon in any given season. A little gem of a house it is as regards ease of housekeeping, shrewd disposal of space, intelligent use of materials and mechanisms. But how is any manufacturer going to find ten thousand or a hundred thousand persons who will buy precisely that kind of modern shelter, cheap and efficient though it may be? Unfilled demand, arrived at statistically, is not effective demand.

Housing never has been an industry in the modern sense of the word. It is never likely to become one until, in common with other well-conducted enterprises, it pays both reasonable profits and social dividends in ever-increasing consumer values. When shelter again becomes a good buy, when it once more represents to a workingman as much value in effective toil as do the dollars required to purchase it, there will be a building boom lively enough to please everyone. To achieve this will require reduction of construction costs and taxes as well as finance charges. Then the grandson of the man who bought or built the model home of 1893 will again be back in the market. After that has been accomplished by the energizers and organizers working together, the cost of housing may be so low that there will be little left for the subsidizers to discuss.

WAR DEBTS—NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPING

BY H. B. ELLISTON

WHEN Mr. Coolidge dismissed the war-debt problem with the remark, 'They hired the money, did n't they?' he simplified a problem for millions of Americans, but he did not contribute one iota to understanding.

The war-debt issue is a trap for the unwary. Even the Washington correspondents found this out when Mr. Leo C. Rosten presented them with a question on the subject. According to his new study, *The Washington Correspondents*, only 40.9 per cent of those questioned spotted the fallacy in the Borah-like statement: 'If European nations can afford to arm, they can pay us the war debts.' That fallacy underlines Mr. Coolidge's statement, too. They both ignore the special circumstances involved in making payments in dollars across international frontiers.

Simple was the debt-creating process. All that America did was to open a credit account for Allies buying in the United States. Simple, too, is the domestic financing of rearmament. All that needs to be done is to tax or borrow from your own citizens. Paying a bill contracted abroad, however, is more complicated. First the debtor government has to raise the money from its citizens; but then, with the tax receipts, it has to buy dollars. And it all depends upon prior American foreign purchases and lending whether those dollars are available.

This special problem of payment is one of many misunderstood elements of the war debts. Even the simplest facts are distorted in public debate. Every

pay day, for instance, the headlines report that Finland is the only 'war debtor' to make payment. But Finland is not a war debtor. That country did not even come into existence till after the war, and its debt was contracted in surplus foodstuffs and materials which were left in Europe after the war making. In Helsingfors last summer no Finn with whom I discussed the subject omitted to tell me the circumstances of the obligation. I replied that it was a Sisyphean task to try to disabuse the American mind. The notion that Finland is the only debtor to pay its war debts is as deep-rooted as the idea that repaying war debts to a foreign country is no whit different from paying home manufacturers for armaments.

It would make the complications worse to rehash the old war-debt arguments: whether the war debt is ethically different from commercial debts; whether some of the war debt was ethically liquidated by services rendered when military America was preparing to enter the lists; whether the war debt is bound up with reparations; and so on. A British signature in 1923 nullified at least the dialectical value of most of these arguments. That was when Mr. (now Lord) Baldwin headed a war-debt mission to Washington. The object was to put the accumulated war-time promises to pay in some permanent debt form equipped with an amortization table. The agreement, concluded after considerable haggling, provided for payments spread over a period of sixty-two years, and carried

an average interest rate of 3.3 per cent. The signature on the dotted line became a new starting point in war-debt debate.

In London to-day the Baldwin agreement is stigmatized as a major blunder in British history. I saw Mr. Baldwin after he had signed 'the biggest financial transaction in history,' and even then he and his entourage did not look exactly cheerful. 'Not an unfair business deal,' said Mr. Baldwin. There was a lugubriousness in the conclusion. It changed to bitterness when the Chancellor of the Exchequer, as he was then, landed in England. 'If you look at the Senate,' he told the ship news reporters, 'you will find the majority come from the agricultural and pastoral communities, and they do not realize the meaning of any international debt.' That impolite remark plainly showed the resentment with which Mr. Baldwin committed his pen to paper in Washington. Or perhaps he was reacting to the myth sedulously circulated among Americans that the agreement represented considerable cancellation of the original debt.

However that may be, Mr. Baldwin's resentment was nothing as compared with that in the British Cabinet. Andrew Bonar Law was then Prime Minister. That hard-headed Scot would have rejected the agreement outright, but, bowing to the tradition of Cabinet responsibility, he allowed a favorable resolution of the Cabinet to stand under his own sponsorship. Not that any member of the Cabinet thought that the bargain was a fair one. But with Mr. Baldwin, then under the influence of Montagu Norman, enigmatic governor of the Bank of England, they felt that a settlement of the war debt was a *sine qua non* of the reestablishment of British financial prestige and currency order in Europe. The arguments under that head in the Britain of 1923 were regarded by André Siegfried as 'almost mystical.'

It is one of the ironies of post-war history that the agreement which was thought to be necessary to build up the

currency edifice in Europe helped to pull it down again. British policy on both German reparations and Interallied debts had been based upon the American treatment of the war-debt question. It was called the policy of the Balfour Note of 1922. Britain was owed more than she owed, apart from reparations; but in the Balfour Note she declared her willingness to join in a general write-off, debts and reparations included. In no circumstances, it was added, would more be asked of British debtors and Germany than was necessary to pay the United States. Thus the Balfour Note implied: no receipts, no payments. When the United States, therefore, insisted upon a settlement, Britain insisted upon settlements from her debtors, and moreover aided France in milking Germany of reparations. No doubt the burdensome shifting of debt and reparations payments over international borders promoted the exchange crisis in Europe that brought the Humpty Dumpty of currency stabilization tumbling off the wall.

The Balfour Note may be forgotten in the United States. But it still animates much of the war-debt discussion in London. In 1923 the British were not successful in inserting a 'safeguard clause' in their debt settlement by way of protecting the principle of the Balfour Note. But no doubt they made a mental reservation that all the debts and reparations stood or fell together, as the French made a written reservation in the Chamber of Deputies ratification of the French war debt. The British reservation may not be cricket, but the British know it. It is the Baldwin agreement that sticks in the British craw, not the war debt as such. You can tell this from the language that is leveled at Lord Baldwin whenever the subject crops up in Parliamentary debate. I heard Lloyd George call the agreement 'a most monstrous bargain.' Lord Snowden's most vitriolic epithets used to be reserved for the luckless Baldwin. The mildest of them was 'greenhorn.'

And yet it must be observed that, in spite of this effort to wriggle out of the Baldwin agreement, the wriggling has not damaged British credit even in America. Two years ago I made a canvass of American investment banking opinion on the price that Britain would have to pay for a commercial loan in lump-sum settlement of the war debt. Without hesitation the bankers agreed that such an offering could be marketed in the United States at between 3 and 3½ per cent. In other words, the British Government could raise money in the American market on the same terms as the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, despite the default, or, as the French call it, deferment. Surely this shows that the war debt is *sui generis*.

So, perfidiously or not, many Britons think of the war debt in terms of the Balfour Note. At the Treasury in London I was shown the accounting, as of last June. It is still being carried in red ink in British government ledgers, as follows. Reparations paid to Great Britain amount to 610 million dollars, war-debt receipts to 350 million; total, 960 million. Against this sum the British have paid the United States on war-debt account no less than 2025 million dollars, or twice as much as they have received. Incidentally, this is about half of the amount originally borrowed, which was 4074 million dollars.

For five years there have been no receipts on reparation and debt account. For five years, consequently, there have been no war-debt payments to the United States beyond a 'token' payment or two.

Probably the fact that payments have ceased altogether may explain this throw-back to Balfour Note argumentation. 'Tokens' continued to be paid even after Germany and Britain's war debtors had ceased to pay. At least those tokens recognized the obligation. But Congress treated them with such contempt that the British stopped even token payments. For such payments would not

have saved the British Government from being branded as a defaulter under the Johnson Act. That 'legislative spasm,' to quote *The United States in World Affairs*, can be regarded only 'as an expression of international ill-will.' One does not have to remain long in England to discover the sense of injury which is felt over the Johnson Act.

It is wrong to suggest, however, that the war debt has been forgotten in Great Britain. The talk about the Balfour Note is, so far as my impression goes, a sort of rationalization of a regretted impasse. One war-debt-revision mission has already been to Washington. This was the one headed by the chief economic adviser to the British Government, Sir Frederick Leith-Ross. Sir Frederick arrived in the fall of 1933. He proposed, according to gossip, a 10 per cent settlement of the present value of the debt. That is, the British wished the United States to accept the same arrangement with which they had wound up the reparation account the year before. True, this was Balfour Note diplomacy. But I think the British would better the offer to-day as part of a general economic entente with the United States. At any rate, I gathered in London that they are anxious to settle what Mr. Rosten calls 'the foremost *bête noire* of our foreign relations.' At least they can no longer proffer the commercial arguments concerning the difficulty of obtaining dollars which from time to time have been put forward in place of the real political arguments. Secretary Hull is offering to reduce any transfer difficulty contained in the Hawley-Smoot tariff. He has even offered to consider deliveries in kind — that is, payments in the same form in which the debts were 'hired,' thus avoiding the dollar complication. But with the Administration raining dollars on the world for gold and silver purchases there can be no difficulty in obtaining dollars for transfer.

The war debt, in the happy event of further conference, can be adjusted by

a common recognition that two rights are in conflict. And that adjustment would be promoted, I suggest, by a little candor in British representations. It is the lack of this candor that has irritated Americans as much as the lack of remittances. British ineptitude in war-debt dealings with the United States started with the Balfour Note. In Wickham Steed's words, this was 'a deplorable exercise in short-range acuteness,' in that it was destined to make the United States look like an exigent scapegoat. Since the Baldwin settlement, war-debt overtures from London have been equally unfortunate. The good that might flow to the creditor from revision; the necessity that the creditor should make the first move; the commercial difficulty of paying — these approaches have hardened the American heart. The first move, obviously, belongs to the debtor. He should forget the Balfour Note, acknowledge the Baldwin Settlement, and explain that that settlement was accepted only in the hope that it would start the machinery of peacetime progress again. That the settlement, patently, has had the opposite effect should be the grounds for a request for revision.

Then, I suggest, there may be a chance of demobilizing the psychological attitude which fastens around the war-debt problem in the United States. The errors in fact are not half as important as the errors in attitude. Americans, in case an offer comes from Britain, should again ask themselves some basic questions.

The first concerns 'capacity to pay,' one of the American formulas of settlement. Was it ever feasible to assess the ability of debtor nations to pay into the dim future of sixty years? And was it not absurdly discriminatory to charge Britain 3.3 per cent while charging Italy 0.4 per cent? The negotiations of funding the war debts were more like the proceedings of a bankruptcy court than an effort to wind up the financial rela-

tions of what Woodrow Wilson called a partnership.

Was it just — and justice was the first American formula bequeathed to the World War Debt Funding Commission — to try to collect any interest at all on a debt contracted in a common cause?

There are precedents for the sacrifice of interest in the history of war loans. For instance, French help in the Revolutionary War. This was expressed in outright gifts amounting to nearly \$2,000,000 and in post-alliance loans to the extent of some \$6,000,000. In making funding arrangements with Benjamin Franklin, the government of Louis XVI remitted war-time interest charges. Between 1786, when the first repayment fell due, and 1790, no repayment could be made by either the Confederation or the infant Republic, and repeated calls for a settlement by the newborn French republic in 1793 fell on American ears attuned only to domestic harassments. It was left to Alexander Hamilton eventually to apply his financial genius to a tardy liquidation of the indebtedness, which was converted into domestic bonds and retired in 1815.

To Senator Hiram Johnson and other diehards the motto of 'all or nothing' may involve a certain pride. But Americans in general, with the prospect of further tax bills ahead of them, may feel that war-debt pride is an expensive luxury. Part of a loaf is better than no bread to a nation which has been unable to balance its budget since 1931. Moreover, Secretary Hull is a shrewd negotiator. He can be depended upon to combine a reasonable approach with an ability to get the maximum amount of bread; possibly, as a side concession, he might obtain the amelioration on behalf of the American consumer of the rubber and tin monopolies which thrive under British management. On both sides, however, the main desideratum is an independent determination to come to agreement.

THE STORY OF SAUDIN

BY HIMSELF

[SAUDIN BIN LABUTAU is an aborigine of North Borneo, and a member of the Murut tribe of native hill people. He comes from Kampong Ambual, a Murut village in the interior which harbors about thirty of his people. Isolated by days of walking from coastal contact with civilization, Kampong Ambual is self-supplying and self-sufficing. Saudin has lived most of his life in this small hamlet, where his experience of sophistication was probably a mild carousal induced by too much native-made rice beer during the harvest season.

A few years ago Saudin came to Sandakan, the capital of North Borneo, and was here employed by Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson as animal boy to take care of the wild animals captured and purchased by them during their recent year of film making in North Borneo. Saudin then accompanied the photographic expedition on its return trip to the United States as a caretaker to the animals on the voyage, and remained in New York for three months under the Johnsons' charge.

I was recently engaged in the struggle with home mail when our 'boy,' Arusap, interrupted me to say that Saudin had returned from my country with news of its strange doings. We called him in, and my husband and I spent all morning listening to his comments about what he had seen. Saudin told his story in Malay, which is not the Murut tongue, but is the language most generally used in Borneo. In translating, I have stayed within a limited vocabulary in order not to lose the simplicity and verity of Saudin's story.

— AGNES KEITH, *Translator*]

WHEN I came to Sandakan from Kampong Ambual, I thought that Sandakan was a big place. But when I went from Sandakan to Singapore, I thought that was a very big place, probably the biggest place there was. Of the great size of Singapore I was not surprised, because many Malays come to Borneo from there and tell much about it. Then we went from Singapore to Capetown, and that was even more mighty. So I asked men, was America as great as that? And men answered me that it was even greater. And now that I return to Borneo from America I think that Sandakan is only as big as the end of my little finger.

We left Singapore on a very big boat. White men did the work of natives on this boat, and spoke a language which was not English. We sailed to Colombo, a place I did not know of before, but a

very fine place indeed, and I bought bananas and coconuts and ate them there. Then the boat sailed on again and we came to India. I did not see very much of India because the animals were sick and I was busy taking care of them. Sally, one of the orangutans, was very sick in her stomach and everything she ate came out like water, and she died. So I could not go into India, but I think it is only a small place, probably like Kudat, and that all the natives had come down to meet the boat.

After India we sailed on farther and farther, and the waves became very tall, and the captain said to tell men that a storm was coming. I saw black mountains ahead, and I said, 'We are running into mountains!' But men said, 'No, that is fog.' And it was fog. In the fog we met a very cold climate, and taller

and taller waves, and a stronger and stronger storm. The boat threw itself from side to side for many days. I was very sick, and the animals were very sick, and nine small monkeys died, and the orangutan from Kudat died, but I did not. But I was very glad when we arrived at Capetown, which is Africa.

In the distance I could see that Capetown was white and shining, and the only thing that I knew that was like that was the stone-water that white men use and call ice. So I said, 'There is ice on everything there!' But men said, 'No, that is the houses and the streets shining in the sun.' And so it was.

Mr. Johnson took me to land at Capetown, and there the man said I could not land because I was Chinese. I said I was not Chinese, I was Malay. Then I could land. But always it was like this and men would think that I was Chinese. I never told men that I was a man of the Muruts because it seems that nobody knows about Muruts, but all people know about Chinese. So I said I was Malay because some people know about Malays.

In Capetown it was a very cold climate, and both the animals and I shivered. I had a shirt and trousers and this is a great deal for a Murut to wear, but it was not enough. Mr. Johnson asked me if I had any more clothes, and when I said no he took me to a store and bought me many clothes. He bought me shirts and trousers, and short coats, and a very long black coat which hung down to my feet and had big shoulders and was very handsome, and a hat and nine neckties. He told me that I must close my shirt and tie up my necktie around my neck when I was in Capetown, as this is the custom there. All my new clothes cost nineteen pounds, nine shillings, and sixpence.

We left Capetown and the ship sailed on until we came to Dakar, which is also Africa, but is very hot. So I said to men, 'Why is it so cold in one place and so hot in another place?' And men said, 'Well,

because it just is that way.' So I said, 'Yes, probably that is just the way it is.'

This time we were on the ship many days, and then we came to America. When we were going to land the Customs man said to me, 'You are Chinese; you cannot land.' So Mr. Johnson said, 'No, he is Malay, and I will send him back to Borneo in three months.' The Customs man said, 'Can you speak English and read and write?' I said, 'Yes, a little.' He said, 'Read this,' and handed me my passport. I could not read it, but I remembered what was on it, because Mr. Johnson had told me, and so I said what was on it to the man. Then the man said, 'O.K. Come into America!'

II

So we entered into America and went to a very great village with a thousand thousand lights. It was night when we arrived, but when I looked up at the sky above this village it was very bright and red and sparkling and there was light everywhere. And I said, 'Is this morning?' And they said, 'No, this is New York!'

I was so astonished by New York that I just wanted to look and look and look at it. I forgot all about feeding the animals and my work. Every night men had their names put in the sky with bright lights so that they would not be forgotten, because there are so many people in New York that it would be easy to forget some of them. All the time there was a great noise made by motorcars and buses and trains. There were trains above me on bridges, there were trains below me, and there were more trains that were below the trains that were below. Always the trains were very full of people. I think if the trains all stopped and the people got off them there would be no space in New York for all the people. So the people take turns living in the trains. I used to walk and walk because I was afraid to get on those trains to ride, as I did not know

how to get off or where I should be when I did, or if I might have to live on one.

The streets were very clean. They washed and polished them every morning. I thought there could be no sickness there with everything so clean.

The buildings were very tall. Sometimes I had to go up and down in what men call an elevator. This is a little room that you get into, and very suddenly it goes up. And when it stops your stomach does not stop. But when it goes down you feel that everything has gone out of you. It is much worse than an airplane. I was always afraid in it, but said nothing, because I thought men would say, 'He is just a jungle man!'

In winter there is a very cold climate in New York. Often I shivered and was cold although I wore many clothes and my handsome black coat. All men wore heavy clothes and coats like mine which hung down to their knees. But truly I was astonished at the women! They did not wear many clothes except around their necks, where they wore the skins of animals. They wore very little under this, because the wind would show me. Their stockings were just like nothing. Truly I was astonished that they did not feel cold.

In New York we put Mr. Johnson's animals in Central Park Zoo, and I went there every day to take care of them. At first Mr. Johnson went with me so that I would not be lost, and later I could go alone. But I was always afraid of the motorcars. I walked a great deal, up and down the same street and never far away, as I was afraid of being lost. At night I did not go away at all, because when lights were in the sky all things became different and I was confused.

One day he told me to go to a cinema. When I went in it was daylight, but when I came out it was dark. It was only five o'clock and in my country that is still daytime. But in New York in winter that is nighttime and the lights are on. When I looked up I could see nothing but very tall buildings and a red

glow at the top of the buildings, and no sky. All men were hurrying from here to there, all trains made noises, all lights blinked, and I became confused. I walked and walked, but could not find the place where I lived. Mr. Johnson had written a letter for me telling who I was and where I lived in case I should be lost some day. And, as I was lost then, I looked in my coat, and was much astonished to find that the letter was lost also.

I went to a policeman and asked him how to go to Central Park Zoo, because if I could find that I could find my house, which was near it. The policeman said it was twelve blocks away, so I said, 'Thank you very much,' and walked on some more. Then I asked another policeman and he said nine blocks farther, and I walked some more. But the next policeman I asked said, 'Here is Central Park Zoo!' And there I was at the Zoo, but I did not recognize it with the lights on. So then I found my house, which I think was very good fortune, because I had indeed been lost.

One day newspaper men came to talk to me, and they said, 'Do you like New York? What do you like the best?' And I said, 'Yes, I like New York, and I like best the red electric light signs that run like streams of fire, and the lights that chase each other around like small animals.'

One day I was out walking and I came to a large place with many horses in it. I said to a man with a uniform, 'Can I enter?' And he said, 'You must buy a ticket.' I said, 'I will buy a ticket. Now can I enter?' And he said, 'Sure!' So I entered and I saw large and wonderful horses, and handsome men with beautiful colored uniforms. They played music and the horses danced to the music. I think the horses in New York are smarter than are the policemen in my country. So I struck my hands together the way other people did, with astonishment and joy. When the playing was finished all the people wanted to leave at once in a great hurry, and everybody

pushed everybody and I fell down. A man picked me up, and I said, 'Thank you very much,' and went home.

I went also to see boxing and wrestling. Boxing is all right, but wrestling is too rough. In my country we do not act like that unless we wish to kill men.

One day a man fell down in the streets and lay there wounded. Everybody just looked at him and walked on. So I looked at him and walked on too, because I was afraid if I stayed near him people would think that I had wounded him. Afterwards I told Mr. Johnson and he said, 'People get killed here every day!'

I was out walking one day and met a man who was drunk, the same as a man is in Borneo when he drinks too much rice beer. The man said, 'You are a Filipino like me!' I said, 'No, I am a Malay.' He said, 'No, you are a Filipino!' I said, 'You are drunk. You had better go home. Don't you know that people get killed here every day?' But he did n't go home, and he wanted to fight me because I was n't a Filipino. So I ran and stood by an important man in a uniform who stood at the door of a hotel. I stood very close to this important man, and as he would n't let the drunken Filipino come to the hotel he could n't fight me.

Mr. Johnson took me to eat at a place where you put money in a hole and take out a plate of food. The different holes have names on them to tell you what foods are concealed within. We had vegetable and potato and meat all cooked together in a flour wrapping which they call a pie. I think this place was very cunning indeed, because the hole to receive a ten-cent piece was so small that you could not put in a five-cent piece, and the hole for a five-cent piece did not answer if you put in a one-cent piece.

One time a man gave me some wine to drink. I drank a little, and then I remembered about the many motorcars and trains outside, the great noise and confusion, and the people who got killed there every day. And I was afraid I

might be hit, lost, or killed if I drank any more, so I did n't drink any more.

Mr. Johnson took me to a club where they were going to talk to people about Borneo. When we arrived he told me that I must stand up and talk to them in Malay. I said that it was useless for me to do so because they did not understand Malay. But he said that I must speak in Malay and then he would tell them in English what I said. I was afraid and ashamed because there were many people there and I am not practised in speaking to many people. But, although I shivered as with cold, I talked, and I told them about my village with only thirty people in it, which was so small that I was astonished that they wished to hear about it. And when I finished they struck their hands together to show that they were pleased, and I sat down and Mr. Johnson talked. He showed them a roll of his film about the bird's-nest caves at Gomantong, and the proboscis monkeys, and the walking fish. Afterwards people came up to me and said, 'We liked what you said tonight. What did you say? Was that Chinese you were speaking? Are you Chinese?' So I said, 'No, I am Malay. Thank you very much.'

III

Mr. Jim, who used to drive the flying-ship in Borneo, was in New York too, but he did not live there. One day we flew from New York to his home in a very large flying-ship, much larger than Mr. Johnson's, with many people in it. I was not afraid because I was used to flying before, but it was very different from flying over Borneo. In my country I looked down on jungle trees and rivers of which I am not afraid, but here I looked down on buildings and trains which would be difficult to fall upon with comfort. In New York there were snow and ice on the wings of the flying-ship. It was very rough weather, the same as on our boat before coming to Capetown,

and I was sick, but I did not vomit. We went many miles before coming to Mr. Jim's village, but I do not remember the name of this village. We went into his house and his people gave us food and drink. But I was ashamed to eat with them because I did not know how to eat the food cleverly as they did, because all my life in my country I was accustomed to eat with my fingers. It is difficult to carry the food with those small weapons to the mouth. I did not wish to be rude by not eating the food after their custom, so I pretended I was not very hungry, and I went to bed soon. The next day we returned to New York.

One day Mrs. Johnson came to the hotel to take me to talk to some women. I was following after her, but for one minute I looked away and when I looked back I could n't see her. Then I saw her again and followed her until she turned upon me with anger. Then I saw it was n't Mrs. Johnson, but a strange woman. So I feared I was lost again, but Mrs. Johnson ran after us and she said to me, 'Why do you not follow me?' I said, 'I thought I was following you, because this other woman looks just like you.' And Mrs. Johnson looked at her and said, 'Humph! I don't think so!'

For two weeks I was sick. They took me to the hospital, but I did n't stay there because I was afraid to, as people were dying there. So I got up from the bed and walked back to my house and was sick there. My bowels were like water, because I had dysentery. The doctor came to see me many times and after two weeks I was well.

One day Mr. Johnson said to me that in two days he must put me on a ship to return to Borneo. I was very sad to hear this because he was very good to me, and America was so astonishing. I cried like a child and I could n't eat anything. First I thought that I would stay in America and work, but the next day I thought, 'Well, never mind; if he says I must go, I will go.'

This was the day before the New Year,

and he bought me a watch for a present. I went to Times Square that night to see the New York people make a holiday. There were so many people that I was frightened and wanted to return to my house. I could not return because we were like fish caught in a fish trap. Men blew things in my ears that made the noise of goats. I said to them, 'Don't do that!' And they said, 'Don't you like that? Don't you do this in your country?' And I said, 'No!' I wanted to go home to bed, but I could n't go home all that night. I could n't go home until one o'clock in the morning, because it was New Year in New York and you can't go home on New Year in New York.

That was the first day of the first month, and I was sad because I had to sail for Borneo that day. Mr. Johnson took my hand and said '*Selemat belayer*' in Malay, and I said 'Good-bye' in English, which I think was polite. Mrs. Johnson took me to the Dutch ship *Kota Djandi*, and I felt so sad to leave them that I forgot to take my two blankets, two pillows, and my rubber shoes, but I remembered my nine neckties and my big hat and my black coat.

So I sailed for home, and when the ship arrived at Singapore I took a letter to a man there from Mr. Johnson. The man took the letter, and after he read it he said, 'Don't you know that this man is already dead? He fell in a flying-ship many days ago, and he is already dead.'

And I just looked at him and I could not talk at all because I felt so sad and terrified. I could not believe that it was so. But I asked many men, and all men answered me that this was true. Then I cried like a child for two days and could not eat or sleep. And now I know my heart will always be sad for this man.

Now I will go back to my village and see my people. I will buy more buffaloes and plant more rice. When the harvest season comes I will harvest my rice, and I will drink rice beer and take a wife. But although I will live as all men do here, never will I forget America.

ASYLUM

BY JOHN THEOBALD

BEAUTY stooped and chose us early
In the morning when the dew
Washed abandoned meadows. Nearly
All of us went mad. A few,
Insane with pain, with her have lain; with
Joy they served her violence,
And left us to our penitence.

Thence our pitiful confusion.
We have lost a queen's collusion,
In England, Greenland, or the lost land:
Land forgot, whose fields of shining
Flowers we slowly learned to dread.
Now we live like men who, sinning,
Let their sin corrupt the head.

Bread for us, the alienated,
Is to eat our own destruction,
While custodians find, elated,
Novel cures for our distraction;
With aimless, harmless games to charm us,
Lest her deep enchantment cozen
Us away whom she has chosen.

Frozen in our dark asylum,
Her bright countenance grows solemn.
We wander, ponder where to find her —
Phantom love beyond the hill,
Shape of peril, then of fear,
Then unwelcome stranger, till
All is well and death draws near.

AN EPISTLE TO THE GENTILES

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND GEORGE CRAIG STEWART

'He is our peace who hath broken down the wall between us.' — EPISTLE TO THE EPHESIANS

I

THE 'Epistle to the Jews' which appeared in the December *Atlantic* was doubtless read by Gentiles as well as Jews. It may be this rejoinder will be read by Jews as well as Gentiles. We are grateful to Mr. Cournos for his daring and earnest and eloquent presentation of an old problem in a new light. He has said things that needed to be said without mincing words, and he has lifted the whole question of Jewish-Christian relationships up to a higher level. 'Is this idea reactionary?' he asks. 'Is it revolutionary?' 'Am I after all a heretic?' This paper is offered as a friendly and wholly sympathetic comment.

It happens that but a few weeks ago I found myself in conversation with a distinguished Jewish writer and lecturer, the author of many books, including a discerning one upon the Jews. We were discussing the resurgent tide of paganism now sweeping the western world — the breakdown of moral standards, the widespread cynicism and secularism which threaten the very soul of the race, the abandonment of worship, the apparent return of the old heathen gods. And we were agreed that Jews and Christians alike as worshipers of God, as interpreters of those eternal values which matter most in life, were facing once more an evil thing, a mass attack from all quarters upon the very sanctuaries of the soul of man. He spoke of anti-Semitism. I spoke of Antichrist. And there we were,

Jew and Christian, conscious that we were after all comrades, foot soldiers together in a common cause, 'wrestling not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.' The things that separated us were trivial, or so they appeared, compared with the high and holy things that united us. And so I dared to ask my newly made friend: Why cannot Jews and Christians unite and settle once and for all this so-called Jewish problem, which after all is equally a Christian problem? Are the two religions hopelessly irreconcilable? Are you Jews not kinsmen of Jesus? Are we Christians not Israelites too, if not after the flesh yet by promise, grafted in, as one of our Apostles (the greatest of them, perhaps, and a Jew) has said — grafted in among the Jews and 'with them made a partaker of the root and fatness of the olive tree'?

And do we not also worship the one true and only God? Is not the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and Moses and Amos and Isaiah the God of Jesus and Peter and Paul? Your God is our God. Our Christ is your Christ. Your prophets are our prophets. Our Apostles are your kinsmen after the flesh. If only we can break through this tangled mesh of ancient prejudice (on both sides), and gain a clearing where we can look steadily and clearly and

objectively at the situation, face Jesus Christ together, evaluate His personality and mission, absorb and reflect together His spirit, we shall find that two thousand years of blundering — mostly, I am prepared to admit, on the part of so-called Christians — has not defeated the divine will that the wall of partition between the Jews and the Gentiles should be broken down and the new and universal Israel established. And now comes Mr. Cournos boldly saying, 'Jew and Christian can both deny Christ or meet in him. A real acceptance of him by one or the other must inevitably involve both.' To which I say, Amen.

Christians as well as Jews often overlook the fact that Christianity is essentially not a rival but a revival of Judaism. 'Think not,' said Jesus, 'that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill.' In the strictest sense Our Lord did not found a Church, for it was already there. The Church was the holy people of God, Israel. Into this Church Our Lord himself was initiated by circumcision on the eighth day. The coming of Christ meant not the extinction of Israel's Messianic hope but its consummation. The Koinonia or fellowship of disciples gathered about Jesus was a fellowship of ardent Jews who could join with aged Simeon looking into the face of Christ and then exclaiming, 'Mine eyes have seen thy salvation . . . a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.' It was in the coming of the Kingdom or universal reign of God which Jesus proclaimed that the hopes of Israel were to be fulfilled and crowned. We cannot be too often reminded that Jesus was a Jew, that He was reared in a Jewish home, and taught the Jewish Scriptures by a Jewish mother; that He was obedient to the Jewish laws, regular in attendance at the local synagogue, scrupulous in His observance of the Jewish feasts, and passionately devoted to the glorious worship of the temple which He loved to call His Father's house.

The twelve apostles were Jews, all of them, and the number of them was clearly determined by the number of the tribes of Israel. They thought as Jews. Their religious experience was expressed in Jewish terms. They were scrupulous in their daily worship in the temple; even after the Resurrection and Ascension they continued to keep the Sabbath as well as the first day of the week. The Galilean fisherman Peter insisted that only Jews were eligible for membership in the Church. Only the circumcised could be admitted to the fellowship of the mystery.

There was indeed a crucial moment in the early history of Christianity when the scale trembled in the balance determining whether Christianity should be but a Jewish sect or a world-wide, interracial, universal religion, in which there should be 'neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free: but Christ is all, *and in all*.' The first Council of the Church held in Jerusalem in the middle of the first century settled the matter, the doors were swung open to the Gentile world, and that extraordinary Jewish convert Saint Paul was out like a flame over Asia Minor, haunting the market places, the heathen temples, but always first the synagogue, witnessing, arguing, explaining, persuading, preaching that out of Judaism had come the anointed Redeemer of the world. Had his profound and vibrant experience of a new religious life through the discovery of Jesus lessened his passionate devotion to Judaism? Quite the contrary. His love for Israel was only intensified. 'Hath God cast away his people?' he asks. 'God forbid. For I also am an Israelite, of the seed of Abraham, of the tribe of Benjamin. God hath not cast away his people which he foreknew . . . at this present time also there is a remnant according to the election of grace.'

Accusations were not wanting that he was a traitor to Israel; he was beaten

with forty stripes save one, and stoned as an apostate, but he proudly reaffirmed again and again his loyalty to Israel. 'Are they Hebrews? So am I. Are they Israelites? So am I. Are they the seed of Abraham? So am I.' His position is clear. The good news of Christ was 'the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew *first*, and also to the Greek'; 'Glory, honour, and peace, to every man that worketh good; to the Jew *first*, and also to the Gentile.' The Jew was always first in his thought, and he does not hesitate to ask and answer the question: 'What advantage hath the Jew and what profit is there of circumcision? Much every way. Chiefly because that unto them were committed the oracles of God.'

Look about you, Christians, and see how thoroughly Semitic are not only your origins but the whole texture of your religious ideologies. Matthew Arnold called them your 'Hebrew old clothes.' Our Scriptures are Jewish and nothing else — not only the Old Testament, but the New Testament as well, every word of it. The great prophets of Judah and Israel we have accepted as our own. Daniel Webster used to say that before going into debate in the Senate he drank the fortieth chapter of Isaiah as a stirrup cup. We understand. There are none like the great Hebrew prophets to rouse the spirit to a sense of the righteousness, the holiness, the majesty and might of God.

The Jewish Psalter is our chief devotional literature, and the spring of all our hymnody; the moral code of Moses is carved deep in the conscience of the Gentile world. The Ten Commandments are still a part of every Christian child's education. We are summoned to our daily morning worship by the *Venite* in the Ninety-fifth Psalm. At Evensong a Jewish maiden sings 'Magnificat' and aged Simeon, the saint of the temple, chants his 'Nunc Dimittis.' Our chief service, the Lord's Supper or Holy

Communion sometimes called the Mass, is a spiritualization of the Passover Feast, with the blessing of the bread and wine, the offering of a mystical Lamb of God, and a joyful participation in the sacrificial meal. One of our benedictions is the benediction of the high priest of the temple. Bethlehem Ephratah of Micah's prophecy is our holiest shrine, and no Zionist ever had a greater devotion to Jerusalem than has the Christian who sees in her the type of the heavenly city coming down out of heaven adorned as a bride for her husband.

All our theology, all our Christology, all our soteriology, all our doctrine of sin and salvation, of sacrifice, of atonement, of priesthood, of prayer, of worship, of world redemption, are colored through and through with Jewish concepts and bear upon them the inextinguishable evidence of their debt to those whose genius for religion justifies their title to be in a very real sense the chosen people of God.

II

The stumblingblock in the rapprochement of Jew and Christian is of course Jesus — Jesus the crucified. Paul was right. 'To the Jew he is a stumblingblock, to the Greek foolishness, but to those who believe, both Jew and Greek, the power of God and the wisdom of God.' But the enlightened Jew of to-day, like the enlightened Gentile, is reappraising the person and mission of Jesus. A process of revaluation has been going on for a long time. We have all discovered that He was not the 'pale Galilean' of Swinburne, nor the rather wild and willful apocalyptic visionary of Schweitzer, nor the gentle sentimentalist of the nineteenth-century liberals, nor the 'noxiously exaggerated hero' of Emerson, but rather, as Mr. Cournos says, 'the supreme realist, the keystone of our ultimate faith, the most perfect man among the fully acknowledged hierarchy of the Jewish prophets, a Christ whose perfection, whose god-

likeness, are not affected by symbols or extraneous meanings, a greater than Hillel and Isaiah who preceded him, even as they were greater than Moses who preceded them.'

These eloquent words from a modern Jew are very significant. They point once more to the baffling mystery of a life which reveals man at his highest — a life of such moral and spiritual perfection that God shines through His every word and act. As Mr. Wells has said, 'He was always right, and He never tangled His miracles.' If one can believe in the moral miracle of a human life sinlessly, perfectly lived, one is not inclined to cavil over a biological miracle like that of the Virgin Birth. 'If I believed in the sinlessness of Christ as you do,' said Huxley to Bishop Gore, 'I would expect a physical miracle to parallel that moral miracle.' Christianity does not believe Jesus to be divine because of His birth. It accepts Him as God Incarnate because of His life and death and resurrection, and in the light of this faith finds the story of the Virgin birth, as theologians say, 'congruous.'

'Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one God.' The Jew is a monotheist. That majestic affirmation is at the very heart of Israel's faith. The Christian is not faithless to this inheritance. The Christian also is a monotheist. He worships but one God, the God who inhabits Eternity, the God who manifests Himself in many ways but supremely in those values of personal human life recognizable as divinely true and beautiful and good. And when that revelation rises, as it does in Jesus, to unique heights, to the very ultimate peak of intellectual and moral and spiritual splendor, what shall man do but fall upon his knees in the presence of the burning bush of a human nature which carries, without breaking down into abnormality, a perfect human theophany of God? It is this recognition of God's supreme revelation in terms of our humanity and of Jewish humanity that opens that earlier Epistle to the

Hebrews which announces that 'God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the worlds; who being the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person . . . sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high.'

The heart of Christianity is just here — not mere hero worship of Jesus of Nazareth, but recognition of Him as God incarnate, God in Christ reconciling the world to Himself; and it is to be hoped that Judaism in its approach to Christianity will never be content to come to terms with any attenuated or marginal forms of Christianity which, however sincere, have abandoned that essential faith which the Church has held *semper, ubique, et ab omnibus*. Certain liberal temples of Judaism, indeed, have long been scarcely discernible from certain so-called Christian churches which present a diluted and ambiguous gospel with no roots in either Christian philosophy or Christian theology, a gospel which turns out to be only a kind of eager desire to share in uplift and reform. Rabbi Hirsch when once asked, 'Are you not really a Unitarian?' wittily replied, 'No, I am a Jewunitarian.' But Jewunitarianism is neither one thing nor the other. Hybrid types in religion, like hybrid types in biology, are likely to have neither pride of ancestry nor hope of posterity.

I suspect that not a little of the difficulty in reconciling Judaism and Christianity has arisen not so much in the field of theology as in the field of human behavior. Mr. Cournot recalls his childhood days when he was greeted in the village street with 'Christ-killer! Christ-killer!' That cry, begotten in ignorance and wicked prejudice, is being repeated to-day on a grand scale in Germany. And that cry down through the ages is a commentary on the hideous failure of Christians to reflect the spirit of Christ.

Here is the terrible tragedy of Chris-

tian-Jewish relations — not the crucifixion of Jesus by a group of nationalistic Jews, but the crucifixion of the Jews by nationalistic followers of Jesus. Love, forbearance, tolerance, humility, are indelible marks of true Christian character, and we Christians have been hateful, arrogant, brutal, inhuman in our treatment of the Jew. We acknowledge it. But are we repentant? If a wave of anti-Semitism is on the rise, where is it on the rise if not among so-called Christians? They are a reproach to Him, and a scandal to the Church. They, not the Jews, are the 'Christ-killers,' for they 'crucify the Son of God afresh and put Him to an open shame.' They have forfeited the right to be recognized as interpreters of Christ. They are not light-bringers, but heralds of the blackness of darkness. They are, to use His own terrible words, 'whited sepulchres, full of dead men's bones,' the dead bones of racial prejudices.

Even here in America signs are not wanting of this anti-Semitism which is equally anti-Christian — here in the country of Haym Salomon, here in the country which has upon its Supreme Court Brandeis and Cardozo, here in the New York of Otto Kahn, Jacob Schiff, Nathan Straus, and Felix Adler, here in the Chicago of Judge Mack and Henry Horner and Julius Rosenwald, here in the Boston of the Filenes. Over and over again one hears the old stale accents of this ancient race prejudice. 'The Jew,' we are told, 'is controlling our finance, our radio, our movies, our government. There is Morgenthau, there is Cohan, there is Frankfurter. The Jew is capturing all our scholarships and winning all our prizes in college; better hasten to set a stiff racial quota and keep him out. The Jew is a dangerous radical; remember Karl Marx! The Jew is a libertine; he is corrupting our literature our drama, our art: consider Epstein. The Jew is noisy and ostentatious and greedy and aggressive; don't let him into this club or that hotel or he will

bring in all his tribe and overrun the place.'

It is idle to argue with the Jew-baiter, and the Jew-hater. He will howl you down every time. It is futile to remind him that there are only four million Jews in America and only fifteen million in the world. He will answer that they should all take boat and make for Tel-Aviv in Palestine. The one thing he will not do is face what he considers a problem as a true Christian would face it. If Jews move into a neighborhood, Christians become alarmed, and hasten, not to fraternize with their neighbors, but to move out; presently the Christian Church building is offered to the synagogue, and the faithful disciples of Christ establish their altar somewhere else and set about raising money to send missionaries afar to convert the Buddhist and the Mohammedan, the Hindu and the Palestinian Jew, to Jesus Christ. What a travesty upon the religion of the Son of Mary! What a denial of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man proclaimed by Jesus Christ!

But are the Jews entirely free from blame in this matter? Have they not deliberately helped to mix the bitter cup which now they drain with lamentations? Do they not insist upon standing aloof, upon encysting themselves racially and religiously from their fellow citizens? A very pertinent question has recently been asked by the editor of one of our great religious weeklies: 'Can the Jew hope to dwell permanently in the midst of alien cultures and maintain his own insulated cultural stream except at the risk of a social tension which is constantly threatening to break into overt tragedy?' I have read many replies to that question, but none of them has seemed quite to answer it. The Jew is magnificently loyal to his religion; it provides him with a social solidarity and blesses his home, unites his family, moves him to great and humanitarian charitable enterprises; but he seems willing and content to cherish that religion for him-

self alone. He shows no eagerness to share it with outsiders. A Gentile is simply barred out. It does look as if the Jewish religion were for Jews only: no others need apply. And the inevitable result is 'that a suspicion lurks in the Gentile mind that Judaism is held by Jews as an instrument of racial unity and continuity rather than a universal religion.' In a word, 'it must be clear to both Jew and Gentile that a social or racial group which sets itself with impenetrable determination to resist the normal influences of culture transfusion and confirms its isolation by religious sanctions is doomed to disaster.'

Mr. Cournos, I believe, is right. 'We Jews must come to terms with Christianity. It is the only way out.'

III

Religious tolerance we must all agree upon. President Eliot chose for one of the inscriptions on the Court of Honor at the Columbian Exposition these words: 'Toleration in Religion, the Best Fruit of the Last Four Centuries.' But is tolerance enough? And, as Robert Frost would ask, 'Do good fences make good neighbors?' A visitor to Ireland a few years ago discovered a witty old peasant in Kerry who, discussing the age-long bitter controversy between Catholics and Protestants, remarked, 'If we could all agree to be atheists we could all live peaceably together as Christians!' I wonder! The world is full of smug people who think they are religiously tolerant when what they really are is religiously indifferent. Toleration, it must be remembered, is not easy except for people who do not believe anything very much. An age of toleration is likely to be an age of skepticism. And this seems to be a skeptical age.

O Age that half believ'st thou half believ'st,
Half doubt'st the substance of thine own half
doubt,
And, half perceiving that thou half perceiv'st,
Stand'st at thy temple door, heart in, head out!

The greater credit, then, to the Christian and the Jew who have learned real tolerance, which is not a spirit of compromise or of weak convictions, but a spirit of strong brotherliness and love. True tolerance relies not upon compromise but upon courtesy, not upon evasions or *doubles entendres* but upon sympathetic desire to get the other man's point of view, not upon bigotry but upon generosity; the attitude that expresses itself in 'I don't agree with you, but I would give my life to defend your right to differ with me.' But, just as Edith Cavell held that 'patriotism is not enough,' so we hold that religious tolerance is not enough. We must go the next step, we must trudge the second mile, we must earnestly seek to break down the wall of separation between brothers who are worshipers of the same God and lovers of the same Christ.

In the Temple at Jerusalem was a beautifully carved balustrade separating the outer court, and from it rose columns at regular intervals, bearing inscriptions — some in Greek, some in Latin characters — to warn aliens not to enter the holy place. One of these Greek inscriptions was discovered a few years ago and can now be read in the museum in Constantinople. It runs thus: 'No alien to pass within the balustrade round the temple inclosure. Whosoever shall be caught so doing must blame himself for the penalty of death which he will incur.' It was this wall of partition which was vividly in the mind of that early Christian who wrote to the little company of believers in Ephesus. 'Remember,' he said, 'that ye being in time past Gentiles in the flesh, who are called Uncircumcision by that which is called the Circumcision in the flesh made by hands, who were without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world, are now made nigh. For Christ is our peace who hath made both [namely, Jew and Gentile] *one, and hath broken*

down the middle wall of partition between us, having abolished the enmity, for through him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father. Therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God.' Once we have met together in Christ the wall is down.

But how can this be accomplished? How can the ideal of this typical early Christian writer be realized, how can the dream of Mr. Cournos and many another contemporary Jew come true? The task is not an easy one. Centuries of well-rooted custom and tradition and prejudice are not easily overcome. Fierce and burning loyalties will be clamant in opposition. For a Jew to be baptized is from the Jewish point of view but to announce apostasy and to invite disgrace. For a Christian, on the other hand, to stay his missionary effort to make Christ known to all men is to be faithless to His cause, which is to bring Christ to the world and the world to Christ.

The situation looks hopeless. But be sure it is not hopeless. With God all things are possible, and even the stupidity and willfulness and selfishness and sinfulness of man cannot in the long run thwart His holy will. Judaism and Christianity belong together. Without Christ, Judaism is unfulfilled. Without Judaism, Christianity is incomplete. Signs are surely not wanting of the fruitfulness of the great oecumenical movements drawing into conference on Faith and Order and Life and Work the divided groups in Christianity, looking to a visible unity of the Church, a united front against the forces now threatening the spiritual life of man. Why not hold a conference of Jews and Christians, not to discuss tolerance, but to discuss unity? It is a daring proposal. Perhaps such a conference or series of conferences might issue in a corporate movement whereby the rich variety of rites in the Christian Church might be still further enriched with a Hebrew rite, the retention of distinctive Jewish liturgical forms, the

retention even of circumcision where desired, all within the framework of a Christian order and for the expression and promotion of the Christian faith.

The recent Anglican Bishop in Jerusalem, were he alive, would endorse such a suggestion. 'The Jews,' he wrote, 'cannot be incorporated into any Gentile form of Christianity; there will always be the Jew and the Gentile in the communion of the Catholic Church, as well as the Latin, the Greek, the Anglican, and all other branches of the true vine. And when the Jew sees his Promise in Christ, he will mould into his national liturgy acts, rites, and ceremonies which are his and not ours, which if he may not force upon us, we may not prohibit to him.'

Meanwhile, may we not hope that many more Jews will take the trouble to read not only the Gospels but those earlier Christian writings, the Epistles, to see for themselves precisely what the Christian teaching is? And may we not equally exhort Christians to read and study more earnestly the law and the prophets, without which Christianity is not to be understood? There is an old legend that a vase was placed by God at the foot of His throne. In this the tears of Israel, wrung by persecution, are treasured. On some remotely distant day when the cup is full to overflowing God will at last send His redeemer. But suppose that redeemer has come and has not been recognized because His unworthy disciples got in the way? The cup is surely full to overflowing. The day of Israel's redemption is here. Together Christian and Jew may reverently join in the 'Olenu' prayer from the morning office of the Jew: 'May the time not be far distant, O God, when thy name shall be worshiped in all the earth. May all created in thine image recognize that they are brethren, so that *one in spirit and one in fellowship* they may be forever *united* before thee. Then shall thy Kingdom be established on earth.' And let all who are true Israelites respond 'Amen.'

AN EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS

Modern Style

BY THE REVEREND EDMUND A. WALSH, S.J.

LATELY a grieving son of the Dispersion has come among you writing thoughts which may deceive your understanding because of the yearning in his heart and the manifest sincerity of his speech. He bids his fellow exiles make peace with our Christian household, for that alone, he warns them, can safeguard a demoralized Judaism and secure its menaced covenant against the new Cæsars of the hour.

By admission of this earnest advocate of spiritual union with Christianity, Christ was a true prophet in whom Israel reached its highest expression of authentic spirituality; 'apex of their culture' and 'keystone of our ultimate faith.' Can, then, His divinity be denied without stigmatizing Him as a false and misleading prophet, a veritable charlatan? For did He not repeatedly proclaim Himself in unmistakable terms 'the Son of God'? He does not describe Himself as 'one of the Sons of God' or as 'the favorite Son of God,' as suggested in the 'Epistle to the Jews.' During the formal process of judicial interrogation the High Priest Caiaphas demanded categorically: 'I adjure thee by the living God that thou shouldst tell us if thou be the Christ, the Son of God.' The answer is equally categoric and affirmative: 'I am.' The High Priest, scandalized and outraged, rent his garments, saying: 'He has blasphemed; what further need have we of witnesses?' And Jewry's understanding of Christ's further claim to be the promised Messiah is equally un-

equivocal. Jewry itself formulated the indictment, comprehending clearly the implication. Correcting Pilate's Gentile ignorance, the synagogue required precision: 'Write not, the King of the Jews, but that he said I am the King of the Jews.'

Because of these claims, not because of His minor social, economic, or philosophical teachings, was He crucified. The attributes of divinity and Messiahship are inseparable from His person both by testimony of His own declarations and by the synagogue's plain accusation. The writer of the 'Epistle to the Jews' is in error, therefore, when he refuses to consider the divinity of Christ as relevant to the present discussion. On the contrary it is the main discussion, and without it there would be small need for any discussion at all — except of incidentals. If Jewry accepts the invitation to consider Christ hereafter as its greatest prophet, Judaism must accept the prophet's two major contentions, that He was the Son of God and the Messiah. Accept the basic virtues of integrity and clarity in the prophet and you must accept the logicity of consequences. Reject either and you reject both. These two fundamental claims to divinity and messianic mission have not been attached, accretion-like, to Christ's teachings by Paul or Augustine or Aquinas, but stand admitted as capital points in the court record. If they are conceded to be there but untrue, then

the pretender was either insane or a dangerous criminal, no fit claimant for higher place than Moses and Isaias and Hillel.

This historic dilemma, which Jewry has faced since the Apostolic age, will not be softened or mitigated by evasion or compromise. The 'Epistle to the Jews' counsels acceptance of the culture of Christianity but not of its dogmas. Now Christianity, to be sure, is not only a religion but a culture, which has profoundly affected the form, the content, and the specific temperament of western civilization. It is not only a faith but a habit of thought, a way of living in society, and a normative psychology for reacting to external phenomena. But that synthesis of distinguished qualities and significant externalities which men call culture is, on analysis, naught but the tangible and visible expression of a spirit vitalized and rendered creative and vocal by inner belief. Without the sustaining beliefs of Christianity there would be no sanction in Christian morality, no imperative in Christian ethics, no significant logic in Christian metaphysics, no satisfying harmony in Christian music, no lasting pigmentation in the Christian painting of life and human destiny, no symbolism in the solidity of Gothic architecture, no cohesion in Christian civilization. The cult of external form and the symmetry of multiplicity with unity may soothe the æsthetic sense but will not satisfy the intellect in its native capacity for ultimate truth.

Christianity has hung Beauty as a lamp in her sanctuary, but the Light within is Christ. The psychology of motivation is very important. To attempt separation of Christian culture from Christian belief is to do violence to the unity of the Christian synthesis. It is a counsel of desperation that will not satisfy complete curiosity and certainly will not reveal the specific genius of Christianity.

'We Jews must come to terms with

Christianity. It is the only way out for us,' are words cited in the 'Epistle to the Jews' as having been spoken by another intelligent coreligionist. Christianity, while welcoming this evidence of new interest and solidarity, will reply: 'What terms? You and I now live on terms of practical equality and understanding in our respective communities, in our social life, in business, in politics, and on the Supreme Bench. What remains to negotiate?'

The answer is patent, unless Jewry, like Pontius Pilate, asks what truth is only for purposes of conversation. The only factor remaining unsolved in the equation of reconciliation between Jew and Christian is the integral Jesus of Nazareth. The spirit manifested in the Epistle is welcomed, but the dialectical reservation, if maintained, will kill the spirit. The proposal means much, or it means nothing. To accept Christ means to accept the whole Christ, not to dissect Him arbitrarily into calculated percentages of acceptable and nonacceptable sections, labeling some dogmatic, others cultural.

If I were a Jew convinced intellectually of the nonfulfillment to date of Old Testament prophecies respecting the Messiah, and believing, as then I must, that the Anointed is yet to come, I would stand fast and reject Christ's claims *in toto*. The logic of my position would compel me to regard Him as a monstrous impostor. If He could proclaim Himself the Son of God before the Sanhedrin, if He could impersonate the promised Messiah before the Roman governor, if He could deliberately disturb the Holy City even to riots that ended in bloodshed and take steps to perpetuate the fraud forever by the agency of a universal Church; if, in a word, He could be a rogue in the major premise, I will not compromise with Him on the minor issues of high culture, moral beauty, or social enlightenment. He must in that hypothesis forever remain a scandal to the Jews and a stumbling-

block to the Gentiles. If the divinity of its Founder be excluded, Christianity inherently would be no more salvific than Confucianism or Buddhism.

And do you, my brethren, be quick and constant to decline any invitation to devitalize the living Christ by conceding that the branch of Christian culture is viable apart from the vine of Christian revelation. The moment you do so, you hasten the degradation of your sanctuary into a place for rhythmic dances, cinematographic entertainments, oratorios, and lectures on current events. You will have sacrificed religion as such and entered into a losing competition with social-welfare agencies.

We followers of the Prince of Peace are accused in the Epistle of having always cursed and persecuted Jewry, until Jews in self-defense have been forced to seek security by the power of money. Be courteous but firm in reply. Be historically-minded though not polemically heated. Jewish friends may not like your history, for now you must speak three hard sayings. The accusation, which they resent, of being considered the Old Moneybags of Society, the proverbial pinchpenny of the ages, antedates the appearance of Christianity. Moses recognized that disposition in his people when he left them for a space to commune with God on the Mount. For, taking earrings from all who wore them, Aaron fashioned a golden calf, and it was that idol which, on his descent from Sinai, Moses found them all adoring and confessing: 'These are thy gods, O Israel.'

It would be naïveté to suggest that idolatry of gold is an exclusive vice of Jews. Far from it. The point I raise is the chronology only. There was no Christian provocation in the desert, only voluntary choice. And there was no *numerus clausus* on the porch of the Temple when Christ drove the money-changers out with a lash and the stinging rebuke: 'My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a

den of thieves.' He spoke as a Jew to Jews. Marx, Engels, Trotsky, and the Bolshevism of Lenin and Stalin, were not Jewish reactions of self-defense against Christian discrimination, but the climax of progressive social revolt against a capitalism that had departed from Christian principles under the fascination of the Industrial Revolution and which had been heavily financed by Jewish capital. The Jew was not the cause of the Russian Revolution, but the *entrepreneur*, who recognized his main chance and seized it shrewdly and successfully.

Persecution for conscience' sake is recorded very early in the Christian era, but it was instigated by Jews against Christians, not by Christians against Jews. Saul of Tarsus was no Christian, but an orthodox Jew when he started for Damascus breathing slaughter and bent on extirpating a nest of new disciples there in the Christian Ghetto. And Stephen, the proto-martyr of Christianity, was not stoned by Torquemada. For four centuries until Constantine, Christianity lived in catacombs, a social pariah and a political minority too weak and insignificant to persecute anybody. Meanwhile the Jewish money-lender was steadily increasing his control of mobile capital and accumulating the resentment which occasioned much of the anti-Semitism of later ages. Magna Charta (1215) has several paragraphs against him, *nominatim*. Again, I am not indulging in the easy device of meeting charge with hateful counter-charge, but simply correcting the chronology of the 'Epistle to the Jews.'

If even the children of moujiks in the streets of Kiev shouted 'Christ-killer' at the author of the Epistle, may it not be because a whole people once shouted in Pilate's courtyard, 'His blood be upon us and upon our children'? What the Russian children did not know was that it can be a saving blood as well as a malediction. Some drops of it must have fallen on a poor dying Hebrew, a con-

demned thief nailed to a second cross beside the dying Christ. For that agonized Jew heard what no man yet had heard: 'Amen I say to thee, this day thou shalt be with me in paradise.' Although theology knows of some souls whose salvation has been revealed, either explicitly or by inference, I know of no other human being who heard such direct assurance in such unequivocal language from the lips of the Son of God Himself. And he who merited it was a Jew. That is a precious counter-heritage which no Jew should forget, nor Christian either.

Both Christendom and Jewry can fairly say '*Peccavimus*.' The Christian Church has little to be proud of in those depressing pages of its history which

recount the multiplied abuses that gained such an obstinate foothold in Renaissance Christianity. I counsel you all to read the chastening recital of the Catholic historian Ludwig von Pastor, touching the low ebb of discipline and morals before the deluge of revolt that destroyed the unity of Christendom in the sixteenth century. Read and be humble in debate. By confession and humility is the Christian soul purged of guilt. Only by truth is the mind of man, be he Jew or Gentile, freed from error. Neither confession nor truth is easy victory. See to it that you strive to conquer in both. The plenitude of the new law is love. The old was fear. You are of the new.

Valete.

BITING ON GRANITE

A Jewish Rejoinder

BY RABBI LOUIS I. NEWMAN

'For let all the peoples walk each one in the name of its god, but we will walk in the name of the Lord our God for ever and ever.' — MICAH IV.5

JOSEPHUS in his *Antiquities* and *Wars* narrates that Pontius Pilate, on becoming Procurator of Judæa, commanded his troops to carry into Jerusalem the standards or symbols containing the image of the Roman Emperor. It had been an accepted usage to defer to the Jewish observance of the Commandment, 'Thou shalt not make any graven image or likeness.' Thereupon the common people flocked in throngs to Cæsarea, the residence of Pilate, and for five days and nights besought him to withdraw his decree. On the sixth day the exasperated Procurator ordered the people to assemble at the hippodrome,

where he had stationed troops in ambush. The Jews continued their pleas, and Pilate, to intimidate them, bade his soldiers make ready their weapons, while he shouted: 'Whoever will not cease his begging and return to his home shall be put to the sword.' As one man, however, the multitudes fell on their knees, bared their necks, and proclaimed that they were prepared to die rather than suffer their sacred laws to be violated. At last the despot was impressed by this display of moral courage, and, for the moment at least, he yielded. Forty years later, the Jewish masses were dying by the tens of thousands in a

vain defense of their Temple and their nationhood.

Jewish character has not changed throughout the ensuing centuries. Modern Jews are the lineal heirs of the Pharisees whom Christendom has so harshly maligned, but who to-day are being justified in their beliefs and policies through the scholarly studies of R. Travers Herford, the late Professor George Foot Moore of Harvard, Israel Abrahams, and others. We deem the reasons good and sufficient that prompted the Rabbis at the commencement of the Common Era, when they stood 'at the parting of the roads,' to turn from the course urged upon them by Paul, Stephen, and Athanasius, and to follow instead in the footsteps of Abraham, Elijah, Jeremiah, Ezra, Mattathias of Modin, Johanan ben Zakkai, Akiba, Rabbi Judah ha-Nasi, and their successors. A few Jews may consent to pay the 'price of admission to Western society,' as Heine caustically described his baptism, but almost all of the sixteen millions of Israel, dispersed among the nations, still 'maintain their integrity.'

Hence the suggestion of John Cournos that Jews 'establish the most perfect Jew and the most perfect man among the fully acknowledged hierarchy of their Prophets, their "sons of God,"' meets with no approval among informed and self-respecting Jews. Mr. Cournos, while of Jewish birth, has no right to speak for Jewry, or even a substantial part of it. He will not meet the fate of a Uriel Acosta which he seems to invite, since the spirit of the Inquisition which infected Amsterdam Jewry in the seventeenth century and impelled it, through fear, to adopt repressive policies is absent from Israel to-day.

Mr. Cournos disqualifies himself as a Jewish spokesman if only because he misrepresents what he calls 'Mosesism.' He swallows — hook, line, and sinker — the hoary polemics against Judaism, with its alleged 'eye-for-an-eye principles of Moses,' forgetting that the God whose

message Moses preached was a 'Lord slow to anger and plenteous in loving-kindness, forgiving iniquity and transgression' (Numbers xiv.18). Had Mr. Cournos consulted any work on Jewish jurisprudence he would have learned that the *lex talionis* was, when introduced, a decided step forward and beyond the system of group retaliation, of which the Kentucky feuds of to-day are still a reminiscence. *Middah ke-neged Middah* ('Measure for measure') is a concept which, with many refinements, lies at the root of all legal and social organization. Furthermore, 'eye for eye' was interpreted in practice in terms of money compensation.

We Jews repudiate the invitation to purchase immunity from persecution by coming 'to terms with Christianity' through accepting Jesus as 'our greatest prophet, the keystone of our ultimate faith.' It is an obnoxious bargain; we will have none of it. We know, of course, that as long as Mohammed believed he might win the Jewish tribes of Arabia to Allah and himself he was their friend, but when they resisted he turned to sword and fire. Martin Luther, hoping he might convert the Jews, wrote *That Jesus Was Born a Jew*, but, later, in rage at his failure, he penned a screed entitled *The Jews and Their Lies*. It has ever been thus, and in all likelihood, say the Jews, made philosophical by long and bitter experience, it will be thus again.

We also know that Christianized Jews, on accepting Jesus, have not been welcomed into majority fellowship and security. The Chuetas of Majorca were converted to Catholicism five hundred years ago, but they are still an isolated group, a 'marked people' of pariahs. The non-Aryan Christians of Nazi Germany are neither 'fish, nor flesh, nor fowl'; their fidelity to Jesus has not freed them from ostracism and exile, and they decline the warm, sustaining consolations which bona fide Jews in distress receive from their brethren in their own and other lands.

Moreover, even if conversion were a passport, an open sesame to goodwill, we Jews would still refuse to put 'safety first.' Mr. Cournos says that if Jews accept Jesus they may win recalcitrant Gentiles to follow him in deed as well as in word. The best object lesson we Jews can teach is to instruct Christians to deal with us in justice and brotherliness, even though we do not adopt their interpretation of Jesus, the Christ. Gentiles must learn to regard as a peer even the minority which is 'stiff-necked' and tenacious of its faith. 'Away with toleration,' said a ruler; 'I know only friendship and love!' In this spirit Roger Williams founded Rhode Island, where dissenter, Papist, infidel, free-thinker, and Jew might have complete liberty of conscience. The only 'terms' on which we Jews can attain an understanding with Christians are that we be unmolested in the observance of our ancestral religion. Judaism is adequate for us; its ethics, philosophy, doctrines, ceremonies, and institutions answer our spiritual requirements, for 'Judaism is not only religion, and it is not only ethics; it is the sum total of all the needs of the nation placed on a religious basis. It is a national world-outlook with an ethico-religious foundation.' Judaism, in the phrase of Mordecai M. Kaplan, is a 'civilization,' supremely suited to the psychology, temperament, and indwelling soul of Jews, yet bearing a universal preachment, as the mother faith of Christianity and Islam.

'Jewry must make a fresh start,' says Mr. Cournos. We make a fresh beginning every year on Rosh ha-Shanah, our New Year, and Yom Kippur, our Day of Atonement, when each individual, through his own prayers rather than through a semi-divine Mediator, achieves his peace with God. 'What there is left of the Jewish idea [must be] "liquidated,"' says Mr. Cournos. Yet the 'Jewish idea' has stimulated the major reform movements in the Christian Church, whose leaders in all centuries have been accused of

'Judaizing.' The 'Jewish idea' has given birth not merely to our prophets, rabbis, and philosophers, but within recent times it has also brought forth Israel ben Eliezer, the 'Master of the Good Name,' founder of Hasidism, one of the greatest mystical movements of the human race.

It is impertinence for Mr. Cournos to say that 'to-day Israel is faced with spiritual, if not physical, extinction.' An unbelieving Jew is an anomaly, comparable to the youth who declared, 'God forgive me, but I am an atheist.' Never before has the religious zeal of Jewry been more fervent and more intelligent. Theodor Herzl, builder of modern Zionism, summoned his fellow Jews 'into Judaism through Zionism.' Zionists to-day, however necessary a Jewish militia in Palestine, are striving for a concordat of coöperation with right-minded Arabs on behalf of the restoration of Zion and its hinterland. Despite our repugnance to proselytism, the Jewish people has increased fivefold since 1791, when the French Assembly granted equality of civil rights to the Jewish Community. When Mr. Cournos says, 'What is left for us to do but try to make money?' he ignores the commendable activity of Jews in academic, professional, cultural, scientific, and æsthetic pursuits, where personal monetary profit is a remote consideration.

Mr. Cournos has sacrificed truth in order to coin an epigram comparing Karl Marx to 'Jehovah' and Lenin to Moses. Judaism is independent of any particular economic or political programme, though democracy furnishes its most congenial environment. It is no accident that on the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia are inscribed the words 'Proclaim ye liberty throughout the land, to all the inhabitants thereof,' taken from Leviticus xxv.10. Jews *qua* Jews abhor class and tribal warfare, the resort to strong-arm tactics in industrial disputes or to military violence in international affairs. 'Come and let us

reason together' is the legacy of the First Isaiah to posterity. President Roosevelt, in his 1936 Madison Square Garden address, aptly illustrated his aims for America with the words of Micah vi. 8: 'What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justice, to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God.' No! Judaism is facing no 'crisis' to-day; Judaism is not 'demoralized.' It is more influential and vital than ever before.

We recognize no 'great Jewish transgression' in our unwillingness to centralize our religion in the personality of the young Rabbi of Nazareth. Joseph Klausner in his memorable life of Jesus, translated from the modern Hebrew by Herbert Danby, formerly Episcopal Canon at Jerusalem, declares:—

With Geiger and Graetz, we can aver, without laying ourselves open to the charge of subjectivity, and without any desire to argue in defense of Judaism, that throughout the Gospels there is not one item of ethical teaching which cannot be paralleled either in the Old Testament, the Apocrypha, or in the Talmudic and Midrashic literature of the period near to the times of Jesus.

Gerald Friedlander and others have pointed out the *Jewish Sources of the Sermon on the Mount*. To cite only one instance of the indebtedness of Jesus to his Jewish background, we can point to the words of Hillel (flourished from 30 B.C.E. to 9 C.E.), 'Judge not thy neighbor till thou stand in his place' (*Ethics of the Fathers*, II. 5) as the foundation for 'Judge not lest ye be judged' (Matthew vii. 1). Far from accepting Jesus as the Son of God or the Messiah, we Jews cannot even regard him as a 'perfect man.' We worship no man or woman. No man knoweth to this day the sepulchre of Moses, and so scrupulous were the Rabbis that the name of Moses is not mentioned once in the Haggadah, the charming narrative read in every pious Jewish home at Passover to commemorate the liberation from Egypt. We Jews reject the destructive theories of a Drews or a Smith, stripping Jesus of all

historicity, yet we regard him not as the teacher, but as a teacher in Israel. The essence of Christianity, we believe, rests in its history and symbols, and the same yardstick applies to Judaism. 'Unitarianism denies the Trinity, whereas Judaism affirms the Unity of God.' The word 'Christ' derives, of course, via the Greek, from the Hebrew *Mashiach*, the 'Anointed One' of the House of David. To this royal line the Archbishop of Canterbury linked George VI in the coronation ritual when he anointed him monarch; to this royal line the Gospel writers attempted to link Jesus of Galilee in order to prove by genealogical records that he was of Davidic birth in Bethlehem.

Under the most favorable construction, Jesus is for true Jews 'a great teacher of morality and an artist in parable' (Klausner). He is a very fallible and human personality, so intense in his fanaticism that he refuses to be diverted from his mission by the pleadings of his mother and family, whom he openly spurns. Though alleged to be of pacific and mild nature, he makes abundant use of highly vituperative phrases. With a 'scourge of cords' Jesus 'resisted evil' in active and forceful fashion when he drove from the outer court of the Temple those who sold doves and changed moneys of the Diaspora countries into Judæan coinage for the convenience of pilgrims who came from afar to make their offerings. Is it to be wondered that large sections of the people, hungering for a militant leader who would redeem them from the Roman yoke, turned aside from the young Galilean when, in the dictum 'Render unto Cæsar what is Cæsar's,' he gave an unmistakable sign that they could hope for no captaincy at his hands? Despite this, however, the Roman overlords, wishing to have out of the way at Passover time a potential trouble-breeder, crucified in typical Roman fashion this purported 'King of the Jews.' To say that Jews are persecuted

to-day because one of their number suffered a martyr's death in Jerusalem 1900 years ago is to denounce all Frenchmen and Englishmen for the guilt of Joan of Arc's death, all Bohemians and Catholics for the burning of John Huss, and all Presbyterians for the execution of Michael Servetus.

'Salvation,' it has been said, 'is from the Jews.' We know the Jesus type well, for we have produced many more like him: Moses of Crete, Abraham Abulafia, David Alroy, Solomon Molcho, David Reubeni, Sabbatai Zevi, and numerous other self-professed 'Messiahs' whose aspirations have ended in tragedy. In Salonika a tiny sect still exists, known as the Doenmeh, who believe that Sabbatai Zevi of Smyrna, whose career came to its climax in 1666, was the Messiah, even though he was forced to accept Islam. Paul of Tarsus and his collaborators had far greater success in convincing the Mediterranean Gentiles, in quest of a new religion, that a young Jew was the Saviour. The blending of Judaism with non-Jewish features taken from other cults produced Christianity. The presence of a certain element in the preaching of Jesus, accentuated by the pro-Roman editors of the Gospels, made it possible to set the daughter religion against its parent. Not even the heroic sermons of Cardinal Faulhaber of Munich or the fortitude of some

Protestant pastors in the face of the neopaganism of an Erich von Ludendorff in Hitler's Germany can suffice to make Judaism and Christianity identically the same.

And why should they be? Why should we try to transform each other into the perfection we imagine we possess? Cannot we ascend the mountain of the Lord by our individual pilgrim paths? Cannot each go his own way, 'except in opinion, not disagreeing?' They bite on granite who seek to dragoon or allure us away from our traditions. The Messiah — or better still, the Messianic Age — in Jewish eyes is always to come. With our Rabbis we believe that God has given us something nobler than perfection — namely, the ambition and resolve to attain it. Let Christianity make excellent persons of its adherents, and Judaism of its devotees; we can be sure that these excellent persons, with utmost respect for each other's differences, will find the road to each other in mutuality and friendship.

It is for us of this generation to discover anew the wisdom of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing (the *Christian Century* to the contrary notwithstanding), that each son, according to *Nathan, the Wise*, possesses the true, authentic ring of his father if the desire to win it has prompted him to a life of integrity and righteousness.

THE POMEGRANATE TREES

BY WILLIAM SAROYAN

I

MY uncle was just about the worst farmer that ever lived. He was too imaginative and poetic for his own good. What he wanted was beauty. He wanted to plant it and see it grow. I myself planted over one hundred pomegranate trees for my uncle one year back there in the good old days of poetry and youth in the world. I drove a John Deere tractor too, and so did my uncle. It was all pure aesthetics, not agriculture. My uncle just liked the idea of planting trees and watching them grow.

Only they would n't grow. It was on account of the soil. The soil was desert soil. It was dry. My uncle waved at the six hundred and eighty acres of desert he had bought and he said in the most poetic Armenian anybody ever heard, 'Here in this awful desolation a garden shall flower, fountains of cold water shall bubble out of the earth, and all things of beauty shall come into being.'

'Yes, sir,' I said.

I was the first and only relative to see the land he had bought. He knew I was a poet at heart, and he believed I would understand the magnificent impulse that was driving him to glorious ruin. I did. I knew as well as he that what he had purchased was worthless desert land. It was away over to hell and gone, at the foot of the Sierra Nevada mountains. It was full of every kind of desert plant that ever sprang out of dry hot earth. It was overrun with prairie dogs, squirrels, horned toads, snakes, and a variety of smaller forms of life. The space over

this land knew only the presence of hawks, eagles, and buzzards. It was a region of loneliness, emptiness, truth, and dignity. It was nature at its proudest, driest, loneliest, and loveliest.

My uncle and I got out of the Ford roadster in the middle of his land and began to walk over the dry earth.

'This land,' he said, 'is my land.'

He walked slowly, kicking into the dry soil. A horned toad scrambled over the earth at my uncle's feet. My uncle clutched my shoulder and came to a pious halt.

'What is that animal?' he said.

'That little tiny lizard?' I said.

'That mouse with horns,' my uncle said. 'What is it?'

'I don't know for sure,' I said. 'We call them horny toads.'

The horned toad came to a halt about three feet away and turned its head.

My uncle looked down at the small animal.

'Is it poison?' he said.

'To eat?' I said. 'Or if it bites you?'

'Either way,' my uncle said.

'I don't think it's good to eat,' I said. 'I think it's harmless. I've caught many of them. They grow sad in captivity, but never bite. Shall I catch this one?'

'Please do,' my uncle said.

I sneaked up on the horned toad, then sprang on it while my uncle looked on.

'Careful,' he said. 'Are you sure it is n't poison?'

'I've caught many of them,' I said.

I took the horned toad to my uncle. He tried not to seem afraid.

'A lovely little thing, is n't it?' he said. His voice was unsteady.

'Would you like to hold it?' I said.

'No,' my uncle said. 'You hold it. I have never before been so close to such a thing as this. I see it has eyes. I suppose it can see us.'

'I suppose it can,' I said. 'It's looking up at you now.'

My uncle looked the horned toad straight in the eye. The horned toad looked my uncle straight in the eye. For fully half a minute they looked one another straight in the eye and then the horned toad turned its head aside and looked down at the ground. My uncle sighed with relief.

'A thousand of them,' he said, 'could kill a man, I suppose.'

'They never travel in great numbers,' I said. 'You hardly ever see more than one at a time.'

'A big one,' my uncle said, 'could probably bite a man to death.'

'They don't grow big,' I said. 'This is as big as they grow.'

'They seem to have an awful eye for such small creatures,' my uncle said. 'Are you sure they don't mind being picked up?'

'I suppose they forget all about it the minute you put them down,' I said.

'Do you really think so?' my uncle said.

'I don't think they have very good memories,' I said.

My uncle straightened up, breathing deeply.

'Put the little creature down,' he said. 'Let us not be cruel to the innocent creations of Almighty God. If it is not poison and grows no larger than a mouse and does not travel in great numbers and has no memory to speak of, let the timid little thing return to the earth. Let us be gentle toward these small things which live on the earth with us.'

'Yes, sir,' I said.

I placed the horned toad on the ground.

'Gently now,' my uncle said. 'Let no harm come to this strange dweller on my land.'

The horned toad scrambled away.

'These little things,' I said, 'have been living on soil of this kind for centuries.'

'Centuries?' my uncle said. 'Are you sure?'

'I'm not sure,' I said, 'but I imagine they have. They're still here, anyway.'

My uncle looked around at his land, at the cactus and brush growing out of it, at the sky overhead.

'What have they been eating all this time?' he shouted.

'I don't know,' I said.

'What would you say they've been eating?' he said.

'Insects, I guess.'

'Insects?' my uncle shouted. 'What sort of insects?'

'Little bugs, most likely,' I said. 'I don't know their names. I can find out to-morrow at school.'

'Please do,' my uncle said.

II

We continued to walk over the dry land. When we came to some holes in the earth my uncle stood over them and said, 'What lives down there?'

'Prairie dogs,' I said.

'What are *they*?' he said.

'Well,' I said, 'they're something like rats. They belong to the rodent family.'

'What are all these things doing on my land?' my uncle said.

'They don't know it's your land,' I said. 'They've been living here a long while.'

'I don't suppose that horny toad ever looked a man in the eye before,' my uncle said.

'I don't think so,' I said.

'Do you think I scared it or anything?' my uncle said.

'I don't know for sure,' I said.

'If I did,' my uncle said, 'I did n't mean to. I'm going to build a house here some day.'

'I did n't know that,' I said.

'Of course,' my uncle said. 'I'm going to build a magnificent house.'

'It's pretty far away,' I said.

'It's only an hour from town,' my uncle said.

'If you go fifty miles an hour,' I said.

'It's not fifty miles to town,' my uncle said. 'It's thirty-seven.'

'Well, you've got to take a little time out for rough roads,' I said.

'I'll build me the finest house in the world,' my uncle said. 'What else lives on this land?'

'Well,' I said, 'there are three or four kinds of snakes.'

'Poison or non-poison?' my uncle said.

'Mostly non-poison,' I said. 'The rattlesnake is poison, though.'

'Do you mean to tell me there are rattlesnakes on this land?' my uncle said.

'This is the kind of land rattlesnakes usually live on,' I said.

'How many?' my uncle said.

'Per acre?' I said. 'Or on the whole six hundred and eighty acres?'

'Per acre,' my uncle said.

'Well,' I said, 'I'd say there are about three per acre, conservatively.'

'Three per acre?' my uncle shouted. 'Conservatively?'

'Maybe only two,' I said.

'How many is that to the whole place?' my uncle said.

'Well, let's see,' I said. 'Two per acre. Six hundred and eighty acres. About fifteen hundred of them.'

'Fifteen hundred of them?' my uncle said.

'An acre is pretty big,' I said. 'Two rattlesnakes per acre is n't many. You don't often see them.'

'What else have we got around here that's poison?' my uncle said.

'I don't know of anything else,' I said. 'All the other things are harmless.'

The rattlesnakes are pretty harmless too, unless you step on them.'

'All right,' my uncle said. 'You walk ahead and watch where you're going. If you see a rattlesnake, don't step on it. I don't want you to die at the age of eleven.'

'Yes, sir,' I said. 'I'll watch carefully.'

III

We turned around and walked back to the Ford. I did n't see any rattlesnakes on the way back. We got into the car and my uncle lighted a cigarette.

'I'm going to make a garden of this awful desolation,' he said.

'Yes, sir,' I said.

'I know what my problems are,' my uncle said, 'and I know how to solve them.'

'How?' I said.

'Do you mean the horny toads or the rattlesnakes?' my uncle said.

'I mean the problems,' I said.

'Well,' my uncle said, 'the first thing I'm going to do is hire some Mexicans and put them to work.'

'Doing what?' I said.

'Clearing the land,' my uncle said. 'Then I'm going to have them dig for water.'

'Dig where?' I said.

'Straight down,' my uncle said. 'After we get water, I'm going to have them plough the land and then I'm going to plant.'

'What are you going to plant?' I said. 'Wheat?'

'Wheat?' my uncle shouted. 'What do I want with wheat? Bread is five cents a loaf. I'm going to plant pomegranate trees.'

'How much are pomegranates?' I said.

'Pomegranates,' my uncle said, 'are practically unknown in this country.'

'Is that all you're going to plant?' I said.

'I have in mind,' my uncle said, 'planting several other kinds of trees.'

'Peach trees?' I said.

'About ten acres,' my uncle said.

'How about apricots?' I said.

'By all means,' my uncle said. 'The apricot is a lovely fruit. Lovely in shape, with a glorious flavor and a most delightful pit. I shall plant about twenty acres of apricot trees.'

'I hope the Mexicans don't have any trouble finding water,' I said. 'Is there water under this land?'

'Of course,' my uncle said. 'The important thing is to get started. I shall instruct the men to watch out for rattlesnakes. Pomegranates,' he said. 'Peaches. Apricots. What else?'

'Figs?' I said.

'Thirty acres of figs,' my uncle said.

'How about mulberries?' I said. 'The mulberry tree is a very nice-looking tree.'

'Mulberries,' my uncle said. He moved his tongue around in his mouth. 'A nice tree,' he said. 'A tree I knew well in the old country. How many acres would you suggest?'

'About ten,' I said.

'All right,' he said. 'What else?'

'Olive trees are nice,' I said.

'Yes, they are,' my uncle said. 'One of the nicest. About ten acres of olive trees. What else?'

'Well,' I said, 'I don't suppose apple trees would grow on this kind of land.'

'I suppose not,' my uncle said. 'I don't like apples anyway.'

He started the car and we drove off the dry land on to the dry road. The car bounced about slowly until we reached the road and then we began to travel at a higher rate of speed.

'One thing,' my uncle said. 'When we get home I would rather you did n't mention this *farm* to the folks.'

'Yes, sir,' I said. ('Farm?' I thought. 'What farm?')

'I want to surprise them,' my uncle said. 'You know how your grandmother is. I'll go ahead with my plans and when everything is in order I'll take the whole family out to the farm and surprise them.'

'Yes, sir,' I said.

'Not a word to a living soul,' he said.

'Yes, sir,' I said.

IV

Well, the Mexicans went to work and cleared the land. They cleared about ten acres of it in about two months. There were seven of them. They worked with shovels and hoes. They did n't understand anything about anything. It all seemed very strange, but they never complained. They were being paid and that was the thing that counted. They were two brothers and their sons. One day the older brother, Diego, very politely asked my uncle what it was they were supposed to be doing.

'Señor,' he said, 'please forgive me. Why are we cutting down the cactus?'

'I'm going to farm this land,' my uncle said.

The other Mexicans asked Diego in Mexican what my uncle had said and Diego told them.

They did n't believe it was worth the trouble to tell my uncle he could n't do it. They just went on cutting down the cactus.

The cactus, however, stayed down only for a short while. The land which had been first cleared was already rich again with fresh cactus and brush. My uncle made this observation with considerable amazement.

'It takes deep ploughing to get rid of cactus,' I said. 'You've got to plough it out.'

My uncle talked the matter over with Ryan, who had a farm-implement business. Ryan told him not to fool with horses. The modern thing to do was to turn a good tractor loose on the land and do a year's work in a day.

So my uncle bought a John Deere tractor. It was beautiful. A mechanic from Ryan's taught Diego how to operate the tractor, and the next day when my uncle and I reached the land we could see the tractor away out in the

desolation and we could hear it booming in the awful emptiness of the desert. It sounded pretty awful. It *was* awful. My uncle thought it was wonderful.

'Progress,' he said. 'There's the modern age for you. Ten thousand years ago,' he said, 'it would have taken a hundred men a week to do what that tractor's done to-day.'

'Ten thousand years ago?' I said. 'You mean yesterday.'

'Anyway,' my uncle said, 'there's nothing like these modern conveniences.'

'The tractor is n't a convenience,' I said.

'What is it, then?' my uncle said. 'Does n't the driver sit?'

'He could n't very well stand,' I said.

'Any time they let you sit,' my uncle said, 'it's a convenience. Can you whistle?'

'Yes, sir,' I said. 'What sort of a song would you like to hear?'

'Song?' my uncle said. 'I don't want to hear any song. I want you to whistle at that Mexican on the tractor.'

'What for?' I said.

'Never mind what for,' my uncle said. 'Just whistle. I want him to know we are here and that we are pleased with his work. He's probably ploughed twenty acres.'

'Yes, sir,' I said.

I put the second and third fingers of each hand into my mouth and blew with all my might. It was good and loud. Nevertheless, it did n't seem as if Diego had heard me. He was pretty far away. We were walking toward him anyway, so I could n't figure out why my uncle wanted me to whistle at him.

'Once again, please,' he said.

I whistled once again, but again Diego did n't hear.

'Louder,' my uncle said.

This next time I gave it all I had, and my uncle put his hands over his ears. My face got very red, too. The Mexican on the tractor heard the whistle this time. He slowed the tractor down,

turned it around, and began ploughing straight across the field toward us.

'Do you want him to do that?' I said.

'It does n't matter,' my uncle said.

In less than a minute and a half the tractor and the Mexican arrived. The Mexican seemed very delighted. He wiped dirt and perspiration off his face and got down from the tractor.

'Señor,' he said, 'this is wonderful.'

'I'm glad you like it,' my uncle said.

'Would you like a ride?' the Mexican asked my uncle.

My uncle did n't know for sure. He looked at me.

'Go ahead,' he said. 'Hop on. Have a little ride.'

Diego got on the tractor and helped me on. He sat on the metal seat and I stood behind him, holding him. The tractor began to shake, then jumped, and then began to move. It moved swiftly and made a good deal of noise. The Mexican drove around in a big circle and brought the tractor back to my uncle. I jumped off.

'All right,' my uncle said to the Mexican. 'Go back to your work.'

The Mexican drove the tractor back to where he was ploughing.

V

My uncle did n't get water out of the land until many months later. He had wells dug all over the place, but no water came out of the wells. Of course he had motor pumps too, but even then no water came out. A water specialist named Roy came out from Texas with his two younger brothers and they began investigating the land. They told my uncle they'd get water for him. It took them three months and the water was muddy and there was n't much of it. There was a trickle of muddy water. The specialist told my uncle matters would improve with time and went back to Texas.

Now half the land was cleared and

ploughed and there was water, so the time had come to plant.

We planted pomegranate trees. They were of the finest quality and very expensive. We planted about seven hundred of them. I myself planted a hundred. My uncle planted quite a few. We had a twenty-acre orchard of pomegranate trees away over to hell and gone in the strangest desolation anybody ever saw. It was the loveliest-looking absurdity imaginable and my uncle was crazy about it. The only trouble was, his money was giving out. Instead of going ahead and trying to make a garden of the whole six hundred and eighty acres, he decided to devote all his time and energy and money to the pomegranate trees.

'Only for the time being,' he said. 'Until we begin to market the pomegranates and get our money back.'

'Yes, sir,' I said.

I did n't know for sure, but I figured we should n't be getting any pomegranates to speak of off those little trees for two or three years at least, but I did n't say anything. My uncle got rid of the Mexican workers and he and I took over the farm. We had the tractor and a lot of land, so every now and then we drove out to the farm and drove the tractor around, ploughing up cactus and turning over the soil between the pomegranate trees. This went on for three years.

'One of these days,' my uncle said, 'you'll see the loveliest garden in the world in this desert.'

The water situation did n't improve with time, either. Every once in a while there would be a sudden generous spurt of water containing only a few pebbles and my uncle would be greatly pleased, but the next day it would be muddy again and there would be only a little trickle. The pomegranate trees fought bravely for life, but they never did get enough water to come out with any fruit.

There were blossoms after the fourth

year. This was a great triumph for my uncle. He went out of his head with joy when he saw them.

Nothing much ever came of the blossoms, though. They were very beautiful, but that was about all.

That year my uncle harvested three small pomegranates.

I ate one, he ate one, and we kept the other one up in his office.

VI

The following year I was fifteen. A lot of wonderful things had happened to me. I mean, I had read a number of good writers and I'd grown as tall as my uncle. The farm was still our secret. It had cost my uncle a lot of money, but he was always under the impression that very soon he was going to start marketing his pomegranates and get his money back and go on with his plan to make a garden in the desert.

The trees did n't fare very well. They grew a little, but it was hardly noticeable. Quite a few of them withered and died.

'That's average,' my uncle said. 'Twenty trees to an acre is only average. We won't plant new trees just now. We'll do that later.'

He was still paying for the land, too.

The following year he harvested about two hundred pomegranates. He and I did the harvesting. They were pretty sad-looking pomegranates. We packed them in nice-looking boxes and my uncle shipped them to a wholesale produce house in Chicago. There were eleven boxes.

We did n't hear from the wholesale produce house for a month, so one night my uncle made a long-distance phone call. The produce man, D'Agostino, told my uncle nobody wanted pomegranates.

'How much are you asking per box?' my uncle shouted over the phone.

'One dollar,' D'Agostino shouted back.

'That's not enough,' my uncle shouted. 'I won't take a nickel less than five dollars a box.'

'They don't want them at one dollar a box,' D'Agostino shouted.

'Why not?' my uncle shouted.

'They don't know what they are,' D'Agostino shouted.

'What kind of a business man are you anyway?' my uncle shouted. 'They're pomegranates. I want five dollars a box.'

'I can't sell them,' the produce man shouted. 'I ate one myself and I don't see anything so wonderful about them.'

'You're crazy,' my uncle shouted. 'There is no other fruit in the world like the pomegranate. Five dollars a box is n't half enough.'

'What shall I do with them?' D'Agostino shouted. 'I can't sell them. I don't want them.'

'I see,' my uncle whispered. 'Ship them back. Ship them back express collect.'

The phone call cost my uncle about seventeen dollars.

So the eleven boxes came back.

My uncle and I ate most of the pomegranates.

The following year my uncle could n't make any more payments on the land.

He gave the papers back to the man who had sold him the land. I was in the office at the time.

'Mr. Griffith,' my uncle said, 'I've got to give you back your property, but I would like to ask a little favor. I've planted twenty acres of pomegranate trees out there on that land and I'd appreciate it very much if you'd take care of them trees.'

'Take care of them?' Mr. Griffith said. 'What in the world for?'

My uncle tried to explain, but could n't. It was too much to try to explain to a man who was n't sympathetic.

So my uncle lost the land.

About three years later he and I drove out to the land and walked out to the pomegranate orchard. The trees were all dead. The soil was heavy again with cactus and desert brush. Except for the small dead pomegranate trees the place was exactly the way it had been all the years of the world.

We walked around in the orchard for a while and then went back to the car.

We got into the car and drove back to town.

We did n't say anything because there was such an awful lot to say, and no language to say it in.

THE GERMAN MIND

BY EMIL LUDWIG

I

THE man who regards raw materials as more important than a people's philosophy, or believes that figures decide history and not feelings, is liable to be surprised by a sudden outburst of national character. Philosophers, and only philosophers, have accurately forecast developments: that has held good from Plato and Cicero to Nietzsche, and we have a modern example in Norman Angell, who in 1912 foretold all that happened later, or Bernard Shaw, who did it in 1931 for this country in New York. Statesmen who have no philosophers to advise them are lost. If, before the war, the international secret services had busied themselves with other people's character instead of their guns, the Germans would have known what the Anglo-Saxon character means, and would never have ventured on the war. To-day, if the Americans and the English would study the German character, they might yet ward off the war which threatens. That is my reason for writing on this subject, which I studied for twenty years.

The decisive difference between the spiritual history of Germany and that of other peoples lies in the opposition between the State and Mind. While the great epochs of English and French culture coincide with the epochs of power of the two nations, Germany was always powerless without and torn within when German culture was flourishing. But, whenever she was powerful and united as regards the outside world, spiritual

values declined. You can trace this process from Erasmus to Planck, over five centuries. Goethe, the greatest event in German history, was doomed to develop in a Germany torn within and defeated without, and the seven-starred constellation of German music, from Bach to Schubert, rose above the prostration of the nation as an aeroplane rises above a bank of mist.

The men and works that make Germany's fame in the world, the great artists and inventors, thinkers and poets, lived not only at the darkest periods, but even in the parts of Germany that were weaker than Prussia, which has produced no great musician and only one great poet. The courts of the minor princes and the small towns were the real centres of culture, while the powerful German kings or the rich Hansa towns neglected the spiritual leaders of their time. Frederick the Great attacked Goethe both in French and in German, although he could write neither language. Immanuel Kant sat persecuted in the remotest corner of the country, while Brandenburg, which was really the origin of German power, would be utterly unknown to us if Bach had not deigned to dedicate the so-called Brandenburg concertos to the King of Prussia.

No one ever realized this more profoundly or criticized it more bitterly than Goethe. When, as an old man, he named the three teachers to whom he owed everything, the names were

Shakespeare, Linné, and Spinoza — an Englishman, a Swede, and a Jew. His whole life long he suffered from the realization that the Germans, as he said, were 'so great as individuals, and so wretched as a whole.' And while Goethe's hero was his country's enemy, Napoleon, Nietzsche wrote against Bismarck, who had made his country powerful.

This fateful separation of state and mind in German history comes from the lack of a real spirit of freedom, and is at the same time the reason why that spirit never grew. Yet, as Homer said, with freedom we lose the balance of our souls. Germany was not the only country in which a military class got the power into its hands and held it at times unshared; but in other countries the civil population always rose and threw the soldiers out again. For three centuries the whole of Germany, but most of all Prussia, was ruled by the officer class, the *Junkers*, and on this class the kings relied for protection against revolutions. No civilian ever rebelled against this state of affairs. Germany is the only country in Europe which has never had a real revolution; for the Peasants' War was opposed by Luther, who inspired it, the revolution of 1848 was over without result in some weeks, and that of 1918 was actually no revolution at all.

What happened then was simply that twenty-two princes made good their escape, abandoning a country that had collapsed by its own fault to a troop of poor party leaders who were neither energetic nor well-trained enough to do as the French had done — to make the best of a lost war and win through it their inner freedom. What happened in Germany after the World War was that 'a rusty chain snapped,' and its bits, which were still hanging on the ordinary citizen, were used by the old ruling class to forge new weapons against his freedom.

It is for this reason that the German royal houses are the only ones in

Europe in which a king was never deposed by the people. When I visited the capitals of the German countries in December 1918, the leading citizens always assured me with pride that they were the last to advise their princes to abdicate. Yet it is good for kings to realize that they are deposable. Even though the same family is restored later, the shadow of a beheaded king is effective.

The German citizen did not mourn over the absence of equal rights; on the contrary, he was very glad to leave the government and the army to the *Junkers*, whose head swelled and brain shrank in consequence, while among the civil population the spirit of freedom dwindled, but talent and business grew. The sons of the *Junkers* had to be provided for, and one of the shrewdest said to me before the war: 'I shall leave my estates to the brightest of my sons; the second can go into the army, and the fool of the family into the Foreign Office.' The ambition of the middle-class German, on the contrary, was that his son should succeed him in his business, his profession, or his art. The great spirits of Germany as a body come from the middle class; but nearly all Germany's generals and ministers have been aristocrats. We cannot, however, claim that it is they who made the glory of Germany. Bismarck the *Junker* is the sole exception on the one side, the poet von Kleist on the other.

II

This separation of state and mind, which is the same at all epochs, in all classes, and in the various provinces, has created the image of a double Germany which is a source of great confusion outside. How is it, other countries ask repeatedly, that the land of Goethe and Beethoven is perpetually relapsing into barbarism? The reason is simply that the ordinary man, in the long run, admires and imitates the men

who represent power. As the greatest banker or the most celebrated professor entered society behind the riding boots and decorations of colonels and counts, even the astronomer tried to appear in uniform, as long as he had to tread this earth. The students tried to look as soldierly as possible and hacked each other's faces in duels, and he was most admired whose face most resembled a beefsteak. Those very uniforms and duels are once more the greatest fashion in Germany to-day. The lieutenant has again become the flapper's ideal.

The consequence of this German military organization was a regular anarchy of the spirit. The conception of the state, adapted to the mind of the *Junker*, unspiritual and overweening, was separated from the ideals of the mind. Obedience and organization were raised from their position as third-rate necessities to first-rate virtues, and approved by those who needed them in their own interests. The Germans are the only nation on earth who obey with passion, and not out of necessity. And so the will to freedom departed into the provinces of the mind and created German individualism.

Here we have one of the profoundest differences between the German and the French national character. For in Germany profound obedience prevails in political and social life, but an equally profound resistance to rules in the intellectual life; in France it is exactly the other way round. If a French writer uses a subjunctive which is not in the *Encyclopédie*, he is accused of having broken a law: but if a notice is put up telling people to walk to the right, the Parisian will certainly walk to the left.

In Germany, as Goethe said, every thinker begins again at the beginning, and that is why German literature and philosophy are so rich in great individuals, while a national literature has never existed. A national drama, such as Shakespeare could create because

state and spirit are united in England, never came into being in Germany; of Schiller's eight historical dramas, only one is on a German subject.

Hence no nation has had so many bitter critics among its greatest spirits, because they never felt responsible for the state, which had excluded them from government at the outset. Goethe, as Prime Minister of Saxe-Weimar, strove for ten years to unite the state and the spirit, only to come to grief. There is no greater danger for a German statesman than to have the reputation of being a scholar. If a German minister were to write about Homer, like Gladstone, he would simply be ridiculous. A large number of England's ministers of state have written novels or history, while in France there is hardly one who never wrote. Rathenau was exposed to the laughter of Germany because he had published five or six volumes, and Prince Bülow kept it a secret for ten years that he knew *Faust* very well. The German learns to rule, not with the pen, but with the sword.

This is what the French dislike so fundamentally. The eternal war between these neighbors only becomes clear in the light of their radically different characters. What the one has the other lacks. What weakens the one strengthens the other.

Here we have, side by side, an over-organized and an underorganized people, a mystical beside a logical, and an aggressive beside a defensive one. The Germans distrust French grace, the French distrust Germany's gravity. In France a man wants to be left alone, hating even to have his name at his own door; in Germany there is a man to organize everything, even amusement. In France the authorities are polite, but letters often go astray; in Germany the authorities snarl at you, but your letters get there. In France even the head of the state is plain Monsieur; in Germany every butcher and baker and candlestick maker must have a title. The French-

man loves his cat, because it keeps to itself and takes orders from nobody, just like its master. The German loves the police dog, which stands obedient, asking with its eyes which enemy it shall fall upon, just like its master. Obedience is despised in France, worshiped in Germany.

In Berlin, after the war, when the Republic had given orders to the police to get rid of their harsh ways in traffic regulation, I was shouted at in good Prussian manner by a policeman for being on the wrong side of the street. After he had done, he said quietly: 'Well, I could not be more polite than that!'

Some years later, in Paris, when crossing the road outside the 'nails,' an *agent de ville* rather gruffly called me to attention. Then, as if regretting his military tone, he came up close to me and said, 'I do it myself if I'm not in uniform.'

And now these two men are condemned by God to live side by side for a thousand years!

III

If we compare the German character with the English, we shall find certain similarities in their business efficiency and enterprise. But while the play instinct and irony form a fundamental element of the English character, both are completely alien to the German. The Englishman has a sense of the comic; the German is in love with tragedy, or even, as Clemenceau said, with death. He lacks the detachment which lies at the bottom of the passion for play; he not only wants to win — he despises the loser. It is said that in the war, when the first English prisoners tried to shake hands with the Germans, not one German would do so.

Germany was virtually under a dictatorship for three hundred years, with the exception of the fourteen years of the German Republic. The ruling power

never tolerated caricature; it always came from the opposition. There is no such thing as loyal humor in Germany; it is prohibited. Humor cannot exist without the feeling of freedom, which must be won by fighting for it. A history without revolutions is also a history without humor. What the German must have is his living pyramid of state; his ambition is to stand as high as possible in it. The most grotesque of all English institutions for the German is the fact that the state *pays* the leader of the opposition instead of eliminating him.

In England there is the smallest number of written laws, in Germany the largest. In England, as they say, everything is allowed which is not forbidden. In Germany everything is forbidden which is not allowed. That morning on which, as a young man, I saw for the first time in Hyde Park that there were no railings around the grass, I voted for England, because in the Tiergarten in Berlin there are more railings than trees. When I saw that railway luggage was not registered in England, but that everybody carried off his trunks simply on his own word, I imagined I had been wafted off to Plato's ideal republic. Later, it is true, I became aware of a few differences.

Have the Germans then, in their obedience, no political ambition? They have, and because it is so mystical and general it is a perpetual disturbing element in Europe; it is aggressive, and thus prevents them from giving others their due. In the English rejoicings over King George's last Jubilee, the German *Kreuzzeitung* wrote: 'Of the real love of a people, such as we Germans have for our *Führer*, the English have not the faintest idea.'

To the lack of freedom, to the passion for obedience, we must add a third radical trait of the German character — their musicality, without which it is quite impossible to understand them. This is their refuge from overorganization. Yet a people cannot be the most musical on

earth with impunity; and it is no accident that the English and the Germans — cousins, as they say — have developed their strength in exactly opposite directions: the most musical nation is the least political, while the politically strongest one has produced the fewest musicians. The music of the German rises from the mystic elements in his nature, and has helped to strengthen them.

After the war was lost, the entire people sought their refuge in Beethoven. More Beethoven was played in Germany than ever before. During the Republic, for instance, the biggest popular theatre in Berlin performed the Ninth Symphony every New Year's Eve, beginning at eleven-fifteen, so that with the stroke of midnight the great Hymn to Joy rang out to the world.

This mystic bent in the German character is most dangerous in politics. Present rulers have made use of it to give a mystical meaning even to power, so that the German's wonted worship of the uniform is now bathed in religious light. Since, in a large number of Germans, this mysticism either replaces religious feeling or deepens it, they will gradually come to believe that every notice with *verboten* on it is of divine origin.

Since the Reich came into being, the best German minds, above all Nietzsche, have dreaded military victories of their people. Rathenau, one of the best of Germans, who did great work for his country during the war, said to me in 1915: 'If we win, I shall go and live in Switzerland!' He dreaded the pride of a victorious military class, which has now again come to the top in the Germany of to-day. To train a people for liberty required stronger institutions than the Weimar Republic. Let me mention one of the reasons why the Republic failed. If a racing champion who has always been victorious is beaten, he must find a scapegoat: his doctor, his cook, the man who swept the track — one of them

must have been at fault, otherwise he would not have been beaten. If the Germans had ever coöperated in the state, if they had been politically active, they would have realized that they had lost the great match because an incompetent government had led them into war, and would have declared war upon it, just as the French, in 1870, overthrew the guilty imperial house, and have refused to allow their exiled princes to return up to this very day.

Since the German people had fought half the world, and had held out against it for four years, they would have been all the more able to throw the blame on the government. For three centuries a warlike people had learned that the state is upheld by might, and that might is more important than mind. For a century this theory had led them to victory and expansion. A nation which slavishly worships its rulers will hold *itself* guilty rather than them. When Hindenburg, therefore, invented the legend of the dagger which had struck the German army in the back, he was sure of being believed. To-day every German believes it: every boy and every girl is taught that the Germans neither began nor lost the war. This double lie has been used to convince the Germans that, on the eve of victory, they were cheated of it by a diabolical conspiracy of Jews and Socialists.

IV

To-day the world is faced with a Germany just as ready to fight and to die, just as obedient, disciplined, and armed, as she was in 1914; but then she was a flourishing and rich nation, hard-working and inventive, arrogant, it may be, but sociable, and so she could only be driven to war by being told she had been attacked. To-day, on the other hand, she feels strong but misjudged, born to rule, yet cheated of victory. To-day she stands in clattering armor before the world demanding vengeance.

The Germans are the more dangerous to-day because they are fighting not for the preservation but for the restoration of what they call their honor.

For the Germans do not want raw materials or colonies or Russian corn-fields. They want something much more ideal. They do not want war in order to sink their own oil wells or to plant their own cotton. They want victory. They want war in order to revenge the crime the world committed when it fell upon them in the midst of peace and then, although they offered conciliation and negotiation while standing deep in an enemy country, cheated them in a malicious peace and crowned their dishonor by prohibiting their arms.

They are not satisfied with the admiration of the world for their four years' resistance in the war, nor with the world's acclamation, after the defeat, of German science, shipping and aircraft, authors and musicians, chemists and biologists. That is not honor as a soldier people understands it. Honor means victory by arms, and it is not by chance that Herr Hitler, at every popular festival, calls on the assembled thousands to shout with him '*Sieg-heil!*'

Every man who feels he has been wronged exaggerates his demands. War seems menacing because nothing will satisfy the Germans if it has been achieved by negotiation and not by conquest. Give them Tanganyika to-morrow, and the day after they will be claiming all the other colonies as their right. Give them Danzig, and they will immediately claim the Polish Corridor. Give them Eupen and Malmedy, or some other strip of Holstein, and to-morrow they will be demanding bits of Belgium and Denmark: this is already an item in Hitler's programme. They feel that they are the innocent victims of the world's malice, but strong enough to avenge themselves. They have no use for concessions.

If the Germans want victory, that

victory is to be won only in Paris. Who imposed the shame of Versailles upon them? The French. Nobody reflects that if it had not been for the intervention of Wilson the French would have won the left bank of the Rhine, the holy river with which Germany's most ancient national memories are connected. Nobody reflects that the Germans, during the war, had determined to keep nearly all the country they had occupied. The monstrous conditions which the Germans imposed on the defeated Russians and Rumanians in their peace treaties of 1917-1918 do not justify the errors of Versailles.

What is branded into the soul of every school child is the scene in the mirror hall of Versailles. This scene has bred in the Germans a feeling of inferiority which they must get rid of at all costs. In that very Versailles, Bismarck had stood and founded the German Empire on French soil. A bold thought — the thought of a poet! It was a wonder that in 1871 the French accepted it, and, thirty years later, the overwhelming majority had lost even their ideas of revenge — a satisfied people that would on no account proceed to aggression. And now in 1919, forty-eight years later, in that very mirror hall, the Tiger sat, forcing the Germans to sign a peace which disarmed them! That is the scene that is provoking the new war.

We German pacifists, writing ten years for a European coalition and for the League, hoped once that an understanding between two equally gifted neighbors might replace the eternal idea of revenge. We forgot that one of these two peoples is more vital, younger, more cramped for room, more accustomed to privation than the other. If the French, mature, stable, and averse to change, bore their defeat for forty years without aggression, if it was the *victor himself* who invaded their country a second time in 1914, how much more likely it is that the defeated German will repeat the move! That is what we Europeans hoped to

overcome. We were wrong: the German character disowned us.

While Herr Hitler is protesting that he never wants Strasbourg again, the children are learning in the schoolbooks he dictates that Strasbourg has been German and must again be German. While he is assuring the French that he has no further quarrel with them, even to-day the book in which he calls the French a 'half-nigger nation' is sold by compulsion in all government offices, schools, and universities. Germany is not the only country to have broken treaties, and Bethmann-Hollweg's phrase, 'a scrap of paper,' has been brought up against the Germans by many a statesman who was himself no paragon of virtue. But at that time the breaking of treaties was not yet held sacred. To-day the German Government pronounces that treaties are 'valid only as long as the welfare of the state demands.' That statement appeared during the last summer in official organs, and was directed against the Pope as well as against Austria, although neither treaty was inherited from a former government, as Versailles was, but both were signed by this very government of Herr Hitler.

And yet, nobody cares if treaties are broken. There was only a paper protest when the Germans reintroduced conscription and occupied the Rhineland. Men and women, especially in England, thought: 'In Versailles, after the war, we were not fair to them; you cannot, in the long run, disarm a great nation; we must give them back their equal rights.'

In actual fact, the three real hardships of Versailles had already been done away with before Hitler, when Brüning was still in power. The reparations, the occupation of the Rhineland, and the limitation of the army to a hundred thousand men had been to all intents and purposes annulled by negotiation. My idea of Germany is radically different from Chancellor Brüning's. He is a na-

tionalist and believes in guns; I am a European and believe in the power of the mind. But he, as the last German gentleman, negotiated according to those principles of confidence on which all transactions between states must rest.

V

It is a mistake to say that Hitler is not Germany. In his demagogism, he unites just those incentives which goad the German mind to frenzy. He resembles Wagner in his histrionic instinct. It is from Wagner that Hitler has adopted his endless melodies — that is, the wearisome repetition of the same few themes; the splendor of the processions and choruses, the burning thirst for success, the bluster, the brutality and blamelessness, which make Wagner's work so effective can all be observed in the way Hitler works on his audience.

He is altogether most effective in his speeches, and he is the first popular orator modern Germany has ever had. Up to 1900, no German minister had ever made a speech outside the Reichstag; Bismarck was eighty before he spoke to the people. Wilhelm II had already won his influence over the Germans by his oratory, without which there would have been no World War. Hitler is like him in so many ways that he might be called Wilhelm III. Even physically — draw in the Kaiser's moustache on Hitler's latest photographs, and there is the Kaiser again: the smartness, the same histrionic energy. The history of modern Germany will one day record that the people let themselves be gulled twice by the poses of a neurasthenic.

For here we have a power of suggestion that has carried away the whole nation. Do not believe that it is merely a party government! Although millions are discontented to-day, no one has the courage to bring about a change. They complain of high prices, the scarcity of butter, low wages, the lack of free speech, but that does not mean revolution. A

people that loves order more than freedom does not revolt. When Napoleon III asked Bismarck in 1861 whether there would not be revolutions, he received the superb answer: 'No, Sire! In Prussia only the *kings* make revolutions!' Discipline, which has again descended upon the German, is far more congenial to him than uncomfortable freedom, against which, after fourteen years, he can at last seek refuge in a uniform. A little socialistic bank messenger, with whom I was once speaking about the lost republic, said to me, sighing: 'If only we had known then that it was *allowed* to cut off people's heads!'

It is not the German masses that behead men — but they are quite prepared to see the government doing so. On May first of this year, when Hitler concluded a speech with the word *Gehorsam* (obedience) thrice repeated, the wireless recorded the jubilation with which the beloved word was received. For, in the very deepest sense, the principles of the régime are akin to the overwhelming majority. For three hundred years, uniforms had governed life; decorations, parades, flags, were the glories of life. That had all disappeared for fourteen long years — first, because a people cannot rise immediately after a defeat; secondly, because the leaders of the Republic lacked imagination. When the bands and the flags returned, when every hairdresser had his helmet and every chimney sweep his Prussian boots, this warrior people rejoiced who had been deprived of their right to obey. A very advanced sociological thinker, once when I was discussing Europe with him in 1920, broke out with the sudden earnest exclamation: 'They have taken our soul — our sword!'

This German sword has a mystical meaning. When the youth of Germany see Siegmund, in the *Valkyrie*, drawing the sword from the ash tree, it goes home to them. But as there are unfortunately no swords to-day, but only

unromantic hand grenades and bombs, Herr Hitler has introduced the dagger of honor, for boys of twelve and upwards.

Since these ideas are irreconcilable with Christianity, the opposition to the Bible in the new Germany is perfectly logical. To attain their new aims, Germans even have to return to their old Germanic faith. Recently, in East Prussia, the SS troops, in a body, took an oath to have their bodies burnt after death according to the old Germanic rites. The most sincere among them is a soldier like Ludendorff, who, in a number of his periodical, describes the Bible as a 'document of human hypocrisy, calculated to promote the domination of the Jews and ambitious priests,' while the *Siegrune*, the arena of the struggle for the Germanic faith, writes on the subject of the 'wild oats' of Jesus: 'The Jewish cowardice of Jesus becomes clear from the fact that his first action was a flight from danger. He must not be held up to the sons of Germany as an example. The scene with the moneylenders in the temple is worthy of a horde of Bolshevik anticlericals.' This paper is published with the express approval of the state authorities, while two hundred of the ecclesiastical periodicals are forbidden.

Even where the Gospel is not always welcome, it still is the canon of morals. In Germany, on the other hand, there is to-day a reappearance of the Teutonic Saga, with its breaches of trust and victories of violence. Every man outside Germany can read in the textbook of Wagner's operas how the new treaties will be kept in the good old Teutonic way. The German leaders believe, if not in England's sympathy, at least in her neutrality. The fear of England and of America has swelled into superstition. If the three great democracies would make up their minds to unite in telling the dictators that they mean to stand together, and would say so in the clearest possible words to be understood by every

man in the street, it would make the profoundest impression on the peoples involved.

Three years ago it was thought the generals would overthrow Hitler. But their history shows that they will take advantage of any form of power as long as it is to their profit. Hitler gave them back their power, position, and wealth; in fact, the uniformed Germans are the only ones who have gained by the régime. But no German officer in the hour of need — with the exception of three naval officers — died for the Emperor. The rest disappeared or went over to the Republic; none defended the twenty-two royal houses in November 1918. Will they stay with the leader to whom they have sworn loyalty, if it does not suit them any longer?

If he is overthrown, it will certainly be by his own men, and not by Communists and democrats. It was always so in the German Sagas — Hagen stabs Siegfried

from behind. Hagen's descendant of to-day can hope to sell guns and gain honor in the coming war. But the lower middle classes, who will have to pay for it with their lives, have only the satisfaction of seeing themselves reflected in their *Führer*. For the secret of his success is that he is of them.

The dormant elements of revolution in Germany consist of a few million workmen, — who are, however, very difficult to organize, — of the clergy, and other religious-minded men of both creeds. The priests who go to prison rather than give up the Bible, and the workmen who set their paper in small print in cellars — these real heroes of the Germany of to-day are not strong enough for revolution now. But they are the precursors of those who, when the war comes, will represent the other Germany in much greater strength than in 1914. Then the other, the great side of the German character will come again to the top.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MEMORY TRAIN

It was a very international episode, because she was an Englishwoman buying a toy for her little American girl in a dime store on State Street, and whilst it happened, for a few moments, time stood still.

She had picked up a little model of a garden with the flowers brightly colored and standing up prettily in miniature around a glass pool of water. There was also a stalk bending solemnly over the water, and a lantern. Jane squealed with delight at the sight of it, and cried, 'Oh, I'd rather have that than anything else!' And because she used the long *a*, and spoke with an English inflection, the people near her laughed, and a man with a jolly, comic face cried, 'Stretch a point and give it her, ma'am. It's only a dime.'

So she was just about to get it, and she had planned where to put it in the nursery, and how she and Jane would pretend to water the flowers, when she happened to turn it over and caught sight of the words on the base, 'Made in Japan.' It was at this moment that time ceased to be, for standing in the dime store, the garden in her hand, Jane on one side, the comic man on the other, she left them all, and went thousands of miles away, and more than twenty years back on a memory train that had been too often shunted down a forgotten track of time.

And first she saw the frightened face of a little Chinese boy seen at the cinema, and as she looked the tilted eyes straightened, and it was the face of her six-year-old brother. The 'Take Cover' signal had sounded, and he was stumbling by her side through the darkness to escape from the congestion of an English seaside town. It was two o'clock in the morning, and though it had been very exciting to bundle out of bed at first, now it did n't seem quite such fun, and they were both shaking as they walked towards the country. There was a rhythmic beat high up in the sky, the noise became louder and louder, and when they looked up and saw the pencil-shaped craft right above them they stopped walking and stood quite still. Now he clutched her hand tightly, and his breath

came in sobs as his white face shone up at her. He said in a shrill voice, 'I don't like standing here doing nothing. It's right over us.' His voice sank to a whisper, as if the Zep might hear: 'Well, only God can help us now.' Then he glanced upwards again, and added, 'And I don't think even He can.'

The coarse grasses on the sand dunes along the Norfolk coast were behaving very strangely. They were vibrating, almost humming, and little streams of sand were falling, falling. No one noticed at first because it was a very amusing picnic, and they ate sandwiches spread with margarine, and someone cried, 'I take thee, Marge, for butter or for worse,' and they laughed a lot — till, in a sudden silence, she heard the signal from the grasses, and they put their ears to the ground, and looked out to sea. Before long the whole coast seemed throbbing, and, though nothing could be seen, the tingling and quivering of the sand flowers and grasses became unendurable. They said, 'They're headed for London,' and the party broke up.

Aunt Emily was in complete command of the whole situation. It was one o'clock in the morning, and in her nightdress and a Jaeger dressing gown she stood pouring steaming hot cocoa for the whole household. 'Sugar, Henry?' she asked. 'Who wants cake?' They were all in night wear, and old Uncle Henry had insisted on their wearing overcoats, for, he said, you never knew what might happen. Why was the noise so terrific? They seemed to be at the very heart of things, here in the country, sixteen miles north of London. She tried to keep steady; she smiled brightly at her cousins' jokes; but her lips trembled and her teeth chattered as she drank the cocoa. It was difficult to be self-controlled, and reserved and British, because the whole scene was so fantastic. She could n't talk about the weather, or ask Uncle Henry if he was having a good night.

Some pictures crashed from the wall in a sudden crescendo of firing, and they all looked out of the French windows. There was the Zep, high above the house in flames. Uncle shouted, 'Good God, it's coming down on the house!' And they ran into the garden

to the sound of distant cheering, with the flaming mass coming nearer and nearer. The air was hot; they dared not look up; but suddenly a gust of wind came and they were saved. It was blown into the field next door, and already they could hear the village people running over the field. Aunt Emily was still collected, though at seventy it was n't easy to negotiate the fence quite decorously in a nightdress and dressing gown. The curate, on the other side, raised his eyebrows at the sight and exclaimed, 'Ladies too?' But his own appearance left much to be desired, and Aunt Emily went right on. They walked slowly, nearer to the blazing pile. The sky was red; the distant cheering had ceased now, and she was glad, because it did n't seem right with those bodies burning in the field.

Now the memory train moved forward a little. Why did the warning signal go right in the middle of the morning? She leaned out of the windows of the Admiralty where she was working, worried at this irregularity in procedure. Oh, how beautiful they were, this squadron of aeroplanes, perfectly controlled, the light flashing on them moving on London, in fan formation with a single one leading! They must be English; they could n't be German, right over London in the morning! But the guns were sounding, naval officers crowded to the roof, the girls were herded to the cellar, and the bombs began to crash. A few of the girls moaned and became hysterical, but she sat very still, shaking a little, and thought, 'Will it be the next one? What is happening to Father and Mother, and Westminster Abbey, and the Strand?'

Then she smiled, for the signal came, 'All Clear'; and was it her little brother or was it Jane plucking at her sleeve, and crying, 'Why are you standing still and doing nothing?'

She was out of her dreams now. She would do something. The comic man would n't understand — how could he? Jane would be hurt; but, oh, not so hurt as her small brother had been, or as the little Chinese boy to-day. If she stood still and did nothing, and heard that beating all around her, the beating of machinery, the pulsing of memory, hatred might fill her heart; she might smash the little garden that led on or back to death. She put it down.

'Jane,' she said, 'we must get something else.'

TAKING MY MEDICINE

It is n't any fun to be sick in a world gone science-mad. I'm like old Uncle Ab. 'When I hurt, I wants t' holler. An' I want folks a-listenin' t' me, too, by gosh!'

When I was a child in the Ozarks, there were compensations for being sick. I was allowed to sit in the biggest rocker, made cozy by covering it with thickly padded comforters. I had cinnamon toast and 'scraped' apples. I had personal attention. If I was very sick I was moved into the downstairs bedroom. Folks prayed for me at the meetinghouse. Yarb doctors brought me magic potions. Old mountain grannies muttered incantations to bring me back to health.

Nowadays, when my body revolts, I go to a clinic, where the doctor obviously is a very busy man. He gives me tests, asks a few questions in machine-gun style, and hands me a prescription, which I can't read. There is a coldly inhuman air that offends me. If I am very sick I am shuttled off to a hospital, where I fill out blanks and become a room number and the nurses won't even tell me my temperature.

I never really understand what is the matter with me and what I'm taking for it. If I get off with just a prescription, I sneak past the soda counter, the lunch booths, the perfume department, the liquor, cigarette, and magazine departments, to a hole in the wall where I hand my magic paper to a superior mortal and wait to receive a numbered bottle with austere instruction as to the use of the contents. Small wonder that I regard the medicine with disgust before the first dose goes down to fight my mysterious germs.

When I was a child, medicine was a familiar part of my life. Usually it was purchased from the 'medicine man' who drove through the Ozark hills in a square, black, high-topped 'medicine wagon.' He sold spices and stock remedies, hair tonics, bay rum, and cosmetics; he was a traveling drug store and novelty department. He told us the gossip of the countryside and what our neighbors had bought. If we had no cash, he left the stuff anyhow, and said we could pay him next trip. He hated to think of our home without a bottle of his new vanilla extract or his marvelous roup cure. Sometimes he took eggs or chickens in payment.

We stood in the doorway and watched his black wagon going down the road. Momen-

tarily the peddler had brought us in touch with the outside world. We envied him his glamorous, vagabond existence. To have the medicine man stay all night and regale us with his experiences was a treat. We never charged him, but usually he left a present — a bottle of cake coloring or a bottle of liquid powder.

Sickness was a community affair then. When someone was 'took bad' the news traveled over the neighborhood via the party line. All the neighbors came in to sit up and bring delicacies. Warmth and relaxation spread through the worried household when a car rattled into the back yard. Aunt Mandy Cotton usually was the first to arrive. She came in laden with supplies, took charge of the kitchen, put the other children to bed, cooked the meals, sent the washing to another neighbor, and generally brought order out of chaos.

'There, there,' she'd say to the worried mother. 'You jest set down an' take it easy. Ferd and Lizzie'll set up till midnight and then Amos and Dora's a-comin' over. I'll jest give these dishes a lick and a promise.'

More folks would come in and sit around the kitchen stove, talking in lowered voices about what Velt Pyatt said when he was 'out of his haid that time' and how it required six men to hold old Jack Carter when he took the fever.

The farm folks were capable nurses. The men could turn the patients tenderly with their work-roughened hands. The women, with infinite patience and kindness, managed everything from childbirth to typhoid fever.

The home remedies appealed to me much more than things out of a ninety-eight-cent bottle from the drug store. When I had a cold, I licked a spoon containing a syrup made by boiling cockleburrs and sugar and vinegar; or else I was given a treat of horehound candy made by my grandmother. My chest was covered with hot turpentine and lard and soft flannel. Perhaps I was given a weak whiskey toddy, or, if I had croup, a spoonful of kerosene. If my throat was sore, a stocking was tied around it. That meant I was to be treated gently and might get to stay home from school.

Burned whiskey was given for the colic. The whiskey was poured into a saucer and ignited. I liked to watch the flame and then have the pleasant excitement of drinking the remainder.

A tonic was n't just a mixture from the drug store. It was essence of the woods. We had tonics of sassafras, poplar, wild cherry, and white ash bark. Yarb doctors made them. Chestnut-leaf tea was given for whooping cough. Wild peppergrass and dandelion made good blood medicine.

Parsley and wintergreen leaves were good for kidney trouble, according to mountain herbalists. There were all sorts of teas, from 'sheep tea,' made of sheep manure and used to 'bring out the measles,' to white oak bark tea, used as a gargle for sore throats.

In the spring we drank the pale, rosy brew of sassafras tea to thin our blood. If I had boils, I ate raisins and applied sulphur and lard to the eruptions. When I sprained my wrist, it was bound with vinegar and mud. When I had poison ivy, I mashed up peach leaves and applied them. Fat meat was bound over splinters and sores to 'bring them to a head.' Bran, bread and milk, or onion poultices were supposed to 'draw pizen out.'

Of course, there were a lot of 'cures' that we sniffed at. Our family did n't believe that a sty on the eye could be cured by rubbing a black cat's tail across it nine times.

We did put a pan of water under the bed for night sweats and wore asafetida bags around our necks during flu epidemics to keep germs away. But we scoffed at curing chills by tying a yarn string around a persimmon tree with as many knots in the string as there had been chills. We called the doctor for the 'shakes and fevers' and he dosed us with pills, which we swallowed inside canned cherries. The doctor was a kindly old man who gave us empty pillboxes with fascinating color stripes, let us look at the long tubes of medicine, and asked my father if he'd rather wait until the corn crop was in before payment.

The modern methods of medicine are undoubtedly better. But I miss the old personal element. When I'm sick I want the equivalent of the big rocker with its soft, worn comforter, the cinnamon toast, and the juicy, pulverized flesh of Winesap apples patiently scraped by knife.

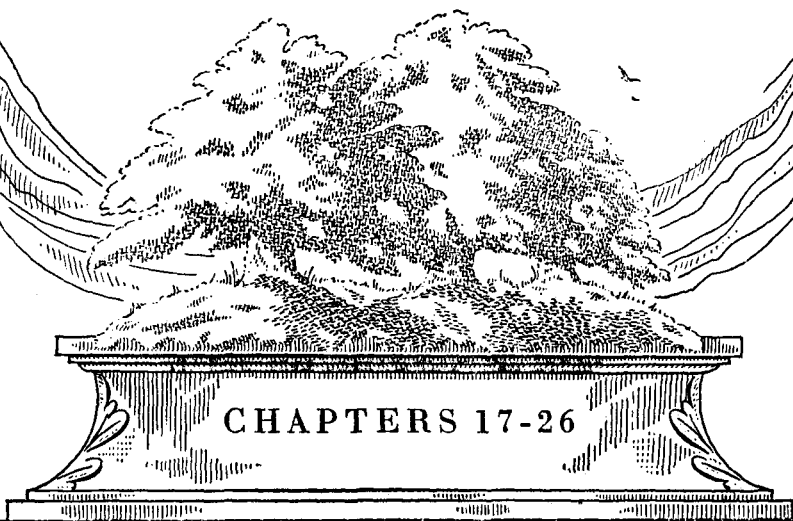
Science is all very well, but I miss Aunt Mandy smoothing my forehead and saying, 'Hush, child.' I want the comforting sight of a familiar face by my bed at night, the cozy yellow glow of a turned-down kerosene lamp, shielded on my side by a folded newspaper. I want my pills in canned cherries!

The Atlantic Serial

A

PRAIRIE
GROVE

BY
DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE



The Opening of a Remarkable Book . . .

THIS is the biography of a prairie grove, the story of the Illinois prairie, from the time when the glaciers remade that portion of the earth into an inland ocean of grass. The drama of the beasts and the Indians who first hunted and were hunted there is made to live again in our imagination. And from the records of explorers and missionaries we recapture the bright, perilous days when the traders and *coureurs de bois* came to astonish and rob the Indians, the priests to convert, the settlers to dispossess them.

Robert Du Gay, with his gold and scarlet cloak, his restless ambition, and the shrewd courage of a La Salle, comes up the Kilimick with his *coureurs* to make alliance with Nikanapi, chief of an Illinois tribe. With him are two priests. In the first canoe is Father Pierre Prud'homme, who sternly disapproves of the 'children of Hell,' their dog feasts, nudity, and polygamy. When Father Prud'homme's conflict with a medicine man culminates in the death of an Indian child, Du Gay, more realistic in his attitude toward the Indians, determines to get rid of him. Prostrate in the second canoe and now carefully carried to the shore is Father Gabriel Forrester, who is dying of dysentery, but who has kept his promise to come back to the Indians he loves and respects. They admire his stoicism; they recognize his brotherly love; they sense that he speaks with the Great Spirit. His gentleness and the courage of Du Gay forestall a dangerous conspiracy between the Illinois and the English-bribed Miami. The Indian face could be read by shrewd experience. An hour after Du Gay has observed the sullen hostility of his hosts, his strategy is ready. As from a dream he foretells the coming of his lieutenant and thirty Frenchmen with muskets and powder. It is a long shot, but two days later they do arrive, and the Indians are very much impressed — respecting dreams, they decide they have 'listened to the whistling of bad birds.' In the renewed peace, the affable Indian girls and the bearded *coureurs* measure the racial ways of love. But Du Gay, who has no time for dalliance, builds upon that European discipline which has brought his lieutenant, Rafael Pons, across the wilderness according to promise and on time — that honesty and clear thinking, that trained reliance and faithful comradeship, of white men.

Planning the first fort, they have to bear themselves like kings in their own right, for their only true measure of space is time, and their king is six months away. So they claim and plan on their own responsibility — but what they claim as their own is really the gift of the Indians, who have it in turn from the mercies and abundance of Nature. Out of this abundance come the waking dreams of hunger and hunt aroused in wolf, cougar, and lynx; the Indian dreams of spirits, of the hunt and of the dance, mingling with the explorative and exploitive dreams of the Frenchmen — and all are doomed to fail, to fail, to buckle, like the prairie grass, under the home-making dream of the English 'come-outers,' the pioneers and settlers. But neither the Franciscans, one about to die and the other to be sent alone into the wilderness, the guileful Indians, the hungry, fecund beasts, the *coureurs* enjoying the vices of illusionary freedom, nor Du Gay, thinking of the prairies and forests only as a source and a storehouse of raw materials, foresees the spoliation that is to come, clearing the way for the settlers and their dream of building homes. . . .

Now with each twelve months of the Atlantic

THREE GREAT BOOKS OF THE YEAR



A PRAIRIE GROVE

BY DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

CHAPTER XVII

THE troubles between Father Prud'homme and Du Gay must have been gathering to the point of explosion all through July. It must have been, as much as anything, a matter of discordant personalities. Father Prud'homme protested so many times in his record that he was ready at every moment to lay down his life for the glory of God, and that his only desire was to labor for the soul's salvation of the red man, that Du Gay finally took him at his word. If Prud'homme really wanted to store up treasure in heaven, he should go to the Sioux, the wildest hordes of the plains. They were the only other tribe of whom the Iroquois thought with respect. They had the horse now, the wild runaway from the Spaniards in the southwest; they had the short-grass plains to themselves, and they lived in a world of kill and hide and gorgeous featherwork, without those cowed humilities that infect the hearts of folk who know the mystery of forest. From afar they saw everything that could approach them, and had time to raise their hate. Stony sod indeed for the Christian seed!

Prud'homme was not a hypocrite; he was startled, but he bowed his head to the challenge and went. Two French-

men accompanied him, and as they bent their backs to the paddle he stiffened his own, and turned his face toward his duty, not expecting bodily mercy or that his God would upon the Judgment Day show mercy to those who might hear the Word and refuse it.

The hammers were still ringing upon the fort when, on the eighteenth of August, Du Gay too started south down the Seignelay, with twenty-five men. He had to act now to invalidate the claims of Spain upon the lower Mississippi. The Seignelay falls into the Father of Waters, and while Prud'homme went toward the source of the great river, he, Du Gay, must follow it to its mouth. Only so, when France could put her finger on the top of the map and the bottom and say her sons had planted her standard there and there, could she face down the King of Spain, narrowing his lids and stroking his preposterous jaw in the morose Escorial.

If I were writing biography, I should tell the story of Du Gay and of Prud'homme. Their adventures were great enough for any book. But the island grove is my story; when he leaves my stage, I may not follow the actor. Du Gay, for his part, made a handsome exit.

Pons, who was to remain with fifteen men, staged it with all the military form that he could muster. The Indians in full costume massed outside the fort in an effect of loyalty; the guns roared, the flag dipped. The startled waterfowl rose in farewell, crying away over the wild rice, and the wind fluttered the gold and scarlet cloak like a last laugh of courage. In the country of the Arkansas the great chevalier was to be murdered by his own men, and, they in their turn meeting with just vengeance, that cloak thirty years later would be flung at the feet of the first French admiral to sail up the Mississippi from the sea.

And Prud'homme? He earned his heavenly prestige. Seven years after he left my island, there appeared at the gates of the mission of St. Ignace a twisted cripple in torn skins. His face was heavy with beard; he had the inhuman skin of an old Indian, and he spoke as though he hardly dared to utter the French language. But from under his buffalo tatters with the lice in them he drew out the chalice that the Sioux had been afraid to touch. The light from it flashed in his own eyes, and the Jesuits saw that though he had lost his reason he had not lost his faith.

Within the fort in the island grove, Fort Colbert, Rafael Pons remained at his post that August. He had fifteen men at his command, and not one of them was a soldier. They had not even the bearing of soldiers, and there was no certainty that he could enforce the simplest sort of discipline. At night he was the only one who slept inside the palisade. By day half of them were out hunting to supply their own needs. God knew there was plenty of the wild-fowl. You could get fifty ducks in an hour, but his men melted away for sport to escape the tedium of sentry go and barracks life. Pons had no guarantee from surprise attack. He could count upon his Indian allies just as long as intangible prestige personally surrounded him. He had the soldier's sensitiveness

to the details of his *tenue*. To stumble on a log, to miss fire, to be seen in undress or sleeping — these were actual strategic false steps. Never look vulnerable, never appear undecided or reveal any plan or motive or surprise.

Time was against him, and he knew it. He might have to hold this position for two years. Peace might be as dangerous as war; it bred familiarity, relaxed the guard; it made the martial gestures empty. And already the great ennui of the wilderness had become a force. There seemed to be no wind any more to lift the flag; it shrank to its standard, and because there was no motion left in it the French soldier had to set himself to a cadenced step, marching round and round the palisade.

The summer drought now showed its yellow face. The land that in spring stood four-fifths under water seemed half desertic now. First there was the smell of mud and stranded decay; then the mud opened in seismic cracks, and out of the coarse and to him nameless plants was baked the terebinthine smell of goldenrod and prairie dock. There was just a hint of tar about it, enough to make memory — more sensitive to odor than even to half a strain of melody — raise up Marseilles and the wharves. Marseilles was hot too, and this man's native Provence in summer shimmered, and shrilled with the cicada-haunted golden dust. But there you had old wells under their roofs like little shrines, with maidenhair growing in the shadowed crannies down the shaft. You saw the flash of the scythes going through the grain, and men called from one hillside to another. A woman bending down to scoop a sheaf in a brown arm showed the half of each globed fruit under her vest. Through the olive trees shone the geometrical level of the Mediterranean.

Here in the depths of another continent there was no sea; here an unstable and excessive climate knew no medium between flood and drought. The rivers, the only highways of this land, were

withered now till the children waded across them, and you could not have advanced or retreated by canoe if the fate of New France had depended on it.

Nothing seemed more alien to Pons than the absence of woman. In the squaws he recognized female humans, but there was nothing about one of them that went to make up that being, that experience, that home that is *la femme*. His heart was warmer than his absent commander's; he needed something to love, and there was nothing that needed him here. Only the flag needed him, and, watching it by the hour and through the weeks, he gave it the worship of his eyes.

At night he had the light of a fire, but there was no book to read by it, and it was not his way to keep a journal. What would he have written in it? Only the desertions, one at a time, two at a time, and another day without rain.

Father Forreste was a dying man, but he would not be brought inside the fort. Indian women had made him an arbor under wild grape. The last of the wine was gone, and he lay looking at the spindling pendants of the hard green American fruit, wondering if they would ripen before he died. He was lucid but remote; he was so filled with the coming wonder of the love of God that he required nothing of the love of man. When his fellow white man touched his hand it was already cold, and there was nothing in the eyes that turned to the soldier's but a vast gentle darkness.

Pons did not fail to appreciate his countryman; he recognized discipline, devotion, and stoicism when he met them. But he had been too long a soldier to think of any speech he could bring to this fallen warrior of God. His recollection of priests was clearest from his childhood, when he went to confess that he had been guilty of the sin of gluttony, had disobeyed his mother and stolen from a baker's shop. Would he trouble now this passing soul with the confession that he had killed men, lied for his king,

lain with a woman on his last night in Europe? There seemed to be no reality in sin this far from the cool church doorway, and this far in life from his mother's tender scolding. There was nothing but *tendue*, and there were no eyes but your own to hold you to it.

CHAPTER XVIII

At the last, Father Gabriel became delirious. He talked, and the Illinois said to one another, 'He is having a vision.' A wise old man, a spirit on earth, was possessed of revelation. So they came and sat around his arbor to listen. They were rows deep, and nothing that Pons could do could drive them away or prevent them from crowding about the sick man. They had come to express their sympathy, they were doing him honor, and they might hear from him some message of the great Master of Life with whom he spoke. The medicine men were respectfully present; they entirely admitted him to a category above themselves, and the secrets of his bread and wine, his cup and his incantations, had challenged and fascinated them. The whole village seemed suddenly to have nothing to do except gratify curiosity about the way in which this white spirit would depart this life.

Within the darkened room of Forreste's consciousness the presence of these his children was only a vague disturbance among the shadows. He was troubled, too, by the intolerable heat of the day that clamped upon his forehead like aching bands. He smelled the tobacco smoke which he had always loathed, but he thought that he was a child sent to the tavern on an errand by his father, and, as one odor supplies the memory of another that may be linked to it, he imagined the reek of the stale cheap wine and the drunken singing of a solitary old sot at whose expense all the others used to have jokes and laughs.

His parents had been peasants driven by economic forces to the cities. Here

they took the lowest station above beggary, and subsisted just level with the dregs. As a child he came from the innocence of country to the noisy, knowing, and self-preservative life of the guttersnipe. He discovered then that, though the beasts have no vices, even children may be beastly. He learned that there is no limit to how much a gang of boys can enjoy torturing something defenseless. He heard nasty words in the mouths of little girls, and discovered that whatever they had that you could call modesty about them might be nothing but precocious provocation. Above his head wrangled and suffered the grownup humans. He knew the bitterness of seeing his parents submissive before evictions; he saw through their pretenses when they were trying to impress some prospective landlord with their solvency. It seemed to him that the thin walls of the tenements of Rheims, Amiens, and Rouen must all be made of the same sandy plaster, for it was forever dribbling away. It grounded him thoroughly in the first lesson about material security — namely, that there is none. The thinness of those dingy walls taught him the soul's equality, for on the other side of them you could hear the strangling of the diphtheritic baby, the rising, raging voice of a woman getting ready to whip a child, the unconscious groans of a man too tired to sleep at peace. Above the roof tops, fantastic as some fructification pushed out by lichen, rose the Gothic spires of the cathedral.

The child Jacques — he had taken the name of Gabriel upon entering the order — was not shrinking; he was not an artist with a special gift to be sheltered. He had peasant strength and even gusto for life; he was not broken, not even deeply shocked by his experiences. He was bigger than the street boys of his age, and bigger than the city men when, a man, he went to work among them as a day laborer. But his convictions grew as sturdily as the great body that God

had given him. And the priests presently began to notice him. There are not many men of twenty-two who come morning and evening, day after day, to pray in the darkness of the aisles, and what they could not read in the stained-glass mystery was revealed in the blaze of sunlight on the porch steps of the cathedral. Already written in his face the priests saw what they had been promised in the seminary would come to them upon their ordination. So they made overtures to him; only then did they discover that he could not yet read or write.

But genuine humility and submission are cardinal virtues which the Church knows how to appreciate, though it could scarcely be expected to elect one of its great executives for such qualities. The call to the American mission field found the now educated and consecrated Father Gabriel a willing respondent, and among these bronze children of the wilderness he was not so far from the known and the forgivable as one who had been better born in this world and might die more ill prepared for the next. It was not strange to him that the Indians lied and stole by nature, nor that a hair's breadth divided their friendship from their pitiless treachery. Not even wholly unfamiliar to him was the unspeakable torture he had once helplessly witnessed, followed by a village saturnalia which sent him sorrowfully away alone into the dark forest to pray.

Now he was entering for all time the dark and the unexplored. But he was not afraid. He thought how first God made the world and all that in it is; He made the sweet land of France, He made the cool shadows of its trees and the flocks of sheep, the many, many sheep running and bleating after the shepherd. He made the dark might of the ocean marching and marching by its white-topped combing waves. And He made the new-found world holding the gift of the five Great Lakes with their pure deep saltless water. He gave to this land its

river sycamores so generous of girth that in the hollow ones you could have stabled two horses; He planted out the pasturage of the prairies. In both countries He was found; He was always in the sky, which is indivisible and arches impartially over the nations. God waits for His children to come to Him, and it is no farther to Him from the western wilderness than from one's own thresh-old in Normandy.

Father Gabriel did not know it, but he was speaking his thoughts. He struggled up and opened his eyes, and the arm of Rafael Pons went beneath his shoulder blades. The blue of the drought sky filled his eyes, and he thought that he was kneeling at the hem of the Holy Virgin's robe. 'I see the sheep,' he said, 'the many, many sheep coming to the Shepherd.' Then he died, with his head rolling forward on the captain's sturdy shoulder.

A cry of sympathy and respect ran through the Indian crowd. 'What does he say?' they asked. 'What is the vision of the spirit?' And they crowded insistently, suffocatingly, around the kneeling Pons, who laid the old man down. He turned, and the soldier in him brought him to his feet. He was swept by a moment's sympathy with these savages who in the presence of death had the universal human hungering to know what lies beyond, and he spoke to them in their own language and answered their own need: —

'He said that he saw the great Master of Life, who was sending buffalo, many, many buffalo.'

The deep-throated word of approval came out of all the strong bare chests. 'Hau!' they said, like talking crows. 'Hau! It is a good vision. He has indeed spoken with the Master of Life.'

Pons had dreaded that the savages would take the Franciscan's funeral out of his hands. He did not want even their grief, knowing the highly histrionic nature of it; he had seen a man walk into the midst of his own obsequies, when he

had been long missing, and, being full of Dutch whiskey, sit down with his relatives and weep for himself for two days. But to his surprise the Indians were too genuine in their sorrow to wail. They came to him and asked him if it were not time now to ring the little bell. They were never so delighted as when the priest had rung the little altar bell at Mass; the meaning of this ceremony was utterly opaque to them, but there were some who had come to Mass chiefly to listen for the unpredictable moment when the sound of the small brass bell struck across the piping of the frogs or the gobbling of the wild turkeys. They supposed that by its means he aroused the attention of a drowsy manitou.

Already the young men had made a coffin of two boats; women had dug a trench so deep that the coyotes would never find the bones. They understood that it was not the custom for the white men to paint their faces, alive or dead; the last gift to him of their vermilion and walnut stain they had denied themselves.

So now they made ready to double the thin old body into the position it had held in the womb. Tactfully Pons showed them how the white men lay out their dead. 'You see, it is like a great tree that falls down unbroken. When the Master of Life upon the last day of the world shall call His good children to come and feast with Him forever in the skies, they will rise from this position right up on their feet.'

They let the coffin down into the trench with ropes of wild hemp as Pons showed them how to do. Then the five remaining Frenchmen knelt and muttered the prayers they could remember. Pons crossed himself and bowed his head; the black generous earth flung back by women's hands rattled on the top of the coffin; Nikanapi rang and rang the little bell. On the burning prairie the field sparrows heard it, and after a pause of listening they answered it with their sudden overflowing rapture.

CHAPTER XIX

It is an old miracle how spring will come back in spite of snow and sorrow and war. But in other lands than ours one cannot say much for autumn, except that there must be an end to all things. In temperate North America, in the hardwood forest belt, it is autumn that triumphs over drought and summer weariness; it sweeps in with the sense of freshening, of a new coming to life and an actual reawakening of the instincts.

There was in the wilderness days a whole great biological pulsation that was autumnal. The prairies then filled with grass herbage like a rising lake. Ankle-deep and starred with little wildflowers in the spring, it rose above a man's head in the fall. It was gorgeous with the purple spikes of blazing star and the gold of the sunflowers. The big grasses flowered in autumn, and when the green began to go the bronzes came, the tawnies like the wildcat's fur, the low-toned, burned-out vermilions like old war paint. And then at last, when the squaws had pulled the corn ears and the children, with the little melon bellies, had dutifully rolled the pumpkins to warm another side in softening sunlight, the prairie suddenly died. Color drained out of it like light from the top of the evening sky. And then the tumult in the island groves began.

Part of it was crows, a clan of birds that is shocked by everything, and part of it was the flight of the does, who do not come to heat so soon as the bucks. They crashed through the forest with eyes starting and exultant, knowing the rapture of flight from a pursuit that meant no harm to them. They say that a buck would follow one doe who would elude him by running among her sisters, crossing her scent with theirs; then he would drive the pack of them, rearing and bounding, divide it and quarter it and scatter it, trying to find his first desire and losing himself in a maze of scents, all of them female and all of

them now dissipated upon the sudden fresh wash of the north wind through the softly applauding forest. Then his neck would swell with passion; he would throw up his head with his nostrils flaring and his antlers tossing the sumach leaves, the sur-royal tines clattering the dead black twigs of the hickory boughs.

After weeks of such pursuit, his body wasted with running and fighting his rivals, this torment-ridden fury discovered all at once that the does were wraiths no longer. They were suddenly still in their tracks, fine legs trembling, dark dilating eyes turned back toward him; in the calm steeping sunlight the perfume of these gentling friends washed back to him, bathed him and promised kindness; the scarlet and the orange and the gold of the leaves rained through the antlers and drifted about the motionless black hooves.

For the autumn colors were part of the tumult. There is no other land in the world with autumns like ours. We pile the treasure of the year into a great burial fire. Tongues of flame go up to the sky, the garnet of black and red oaks, the leaping maples and the flickering aspens, and out of the midst of it all one exulting spire of light where a cottonwood shakes primal yellow at the primal blue of the American sky. From the boughs pours down the glory of the vines — woodbine and corded grape and poison ivy. The thickets fill with the cymbal colors of the sumach — orange and scarlet and stain of wine; the leaning dwarf forest of the hawthorns begins to drop its shower of little pomes — ruby color overcast with purple bloom. They tumble in a circle, a wild harvest no less bounteous because only mice and children gather of it. Under the trees curls the violet breath of the asters. And still sometimes, where the cattle have not trampled, I find a lonely gentian hoarding blue. It keeps its corollas closed against the bee, dropping pollen from the linked brotherhood of the

anthers upon the stigma, like some divinely descended royalty that must propagate within its own sacred circle.

The jays, blue crows that they are, have much to say in autumn, and they talk as though they remembered the clamor of the old abundance. For those were the days when upon the dwindled river marshes, already crowded with wildfowl, the hordes from the north descended. The redwings devoured the wild rice; they rose in irritable black tempests when the Indians came among them, bending the freighted heads of the rice over their canoes, beating the grains into skins spread waiting on the boat bottoms. The yellowlegs and the plovers came back then, teetering, piping, foraging at a run upon the mud. The wild geese went over, high, too high for the upward rain of arrows. The great cranes felt the disconsolation of shortening days, and began to stream away — mere etched lines of gray on the soft gray plumage of a sky promising moisture and the break of drought.

They say the cougar mated in the fall, but he is more vanished now than the credible memory of the elk. King of the antlered kind, the elk in the great rutting season was a creature of terror. Nocturnal then, his fights were like the matching of Sioux strength with Iroquois. Rousing himself out of the mud wallow where he had retreated from the stings of the horseflies, the old master of the herd stumbled up, blew out his matted nostrils, and began to remember the number of his does. He rounded them together, perhaps a score of them, with a warning scream of his perpetually impending displeasure.

When they strayed, he struck at them unmercifully, for he smelled other bucks upon the air. He knew that some of the young does of the year had already eluded him and got to the gatherings of the males. Already there were minor passages at antlers, for the possession of these escapes.

So he must turn, and in the moonlight

show in a hideous grin his hatred of those younger males that gathered in a waiting, wavering row, their hindquarters deep in the pool of forest darkness and the safety of retreat.

Then a challenger would step forward and bring his muzzle down to the luscious river of doe scent on the grass. The prongs of his antlers pointed then directly at his foe. They were twice as terrible as the buck deer's, branched like the snagged tree that tears the bottom out of a shooting canoe, and between the mighty arches of the shafts sprouted the two brow tines and the two bez tines. These were the weapons of the close attack, and the moonlight sharpened them dangerously.

The scream of the challenger was answered by the down thundering of the old Turk's charge. They met with a crash and a shock that sent the other rivals scattering, plunging, snorting away in the greater desire of escape. There was a sound of the snapping of the slenderer tines, and the harsh wrangling of the locked branches. They swayed and pushed and panted, and the does looked back from their cropping with the soft eyes of the enslaved. The old lord found some second strength; he began to thrust his enemy — his own son — back with a measured merciless science. The young buck reared back for the breakaway and found that his tines were snagged in his conqueror's. The fighters sensed their mutual danger; they rolled their heads in one frantic futile purpose.

The fight staggered and crashed into the darkness, and the young bucks came back, and, snorting and screaming, they cut the harem this way and that, driving off the does by fours and fives and sixes, stopping to battle with each other and losing their favorites to a third. So, under the eyes of a moon sagging in harvest orange toward the west, the wild irregular mating went on and was repeated on the next night, and the next, until the old lord and his challenger

staggered dead in the forest and the young bucks, spent with their revels, sick of them, ravenous for grass, left the does some peace at last, left them to follow, chained now by the unrebellion of their new state.

In the autumn, after the death of Father Forrester, the Indians waited in confidence for the coming of the many buffalo. They had not been sighted all through their mating season of August and early September, and late September came, and still there were no buffalo. The river was swarming with waterfowl; the deer and the elk were hunted, and young boys brought in bobcats and lynxes, opossums and raccoons. The turkeys fattened till the old gobblers were as heavy as a child of five. The little teal were so full-fed that when they fell upon hard ground they burst. Throughout the Illinois village there was one great skinning and roasting, and a running of grease and fat. There were hides to scrape and bags of fur to be sewn and dyed yellow with the bark from the oak and black with the walnut stain and scarlet with the redroot. There was a cutting of robes out of elkskin and deer-skin and a shaping of moccasins, and among the rushes the women prodded for the ripened tubers of the arrowhead and the lotus, robbing the muskrats of next winter's food.

Now there was corn again, and bear's grease for the hair, and wildcat oil to rub on the tired leg muscles. The girls were sent to cut rushes for mats and baskets, pouches and thatching, and they felt free there and called to each other through the lisping forest of the marsh stands; they chattered and idled, because the sky was so blue and tranquil you could not believe in the winter coming. A young bittern in his first striped autumn plumage was caught asleep standing there so slim with his beak pointing upward that he looked like a reed; one girl wandering away from the rest came on him, seized him by the neck, and carried him back, laughing, with his wings

beating around her shoulders. That year a male fawn had shot right into her arms; now the girls asked her when she was going to catch a man. She tossed the bittern free with a laugh. 'When the buffalo come back,' she said, and they understood her. For the buffalo and the *coureurs* were bearded.

The Illinois were relieved now of their guests. A message had come from Michilimackinac that all Canada was harried by the Iroquois, and the captain Pons had tried to rouse his Indian allies to the defense of New France. But Nikanapi had replied that the Illinois went to war in February; now the buffalo, many, many buffalo, had been promised to them by the white spirit. When Pons turned back, the remaining five *coureurs* at the last moment sobered and came to him, and with the first fall of the autumn torrents the six aliens had vanished down the Kilimick.

The fort was empty now, and the flag was gone, but the Indians liked to wander in it, full of amazement and some little scorn for so much hollow effort. It made them all laugh when one of them would sit down on a rude chair like a white man or pretend to write a message or salute. There were gifts of the white man's clothing left in the village, and Nikanapi was proud to put on a cavalier's hat with a curled and drooping plume. Several of the women had received garments too, but the men took them away and wore them without any loss of dignity among their kind. By next spring these chemises and petticoats would be too dirty to wear outside the body, and they would be carried under the ceremonial robes until, their donors forgotten, they were flung, rotted, away.

The white oaks were naked and the red oaks, clinging to their leaves, were faded to the color of dried tobacco when the village roused up to the cry of '*Pisi-kiou!*' They pounded to the edge of the grove and saw on the western horizon the toppling column of dust that was the buffalo, and nearer at hand, staring at

the eastern wall of the woods, the vanguard of the cows, alert to all that the wind brought them of danger out of the woods.

CHAPTER XX

No one will ever know within two or three million the numbers of the bison horde. When the creature was going, stumbling toward extinction, there were censuses.

You come on phrases, from Texas, from Wyoming, serious estimates: 'About a million'; 'Only half a million now'; 'Twenty-five thousand.' The greatest North American animal of historic times, it stamped from the eastern forests to the Rockies, it wandered north in summer up to Athabaska, and struggled through the drifts with the norther at its hindquarters into Texas. When the bison went on the march to the salt licks of Kentucky, to the watering holes of the great plains, it traveled sometimes in single file. So the buffalo trails were made. These were the first roads that ever crossed the continent. The Indians walked in these trails too, as a goshawk will stalk down a rabbit's runway through the brush. The white men followed in the buffalo way, and they called it 'the buffalo trace,' 'the Kentucky road,' 'the Governor's trace.' Cutting through the tedium of rectilinear Chicago to-day runs the slanting Vincennes road; here the buffalo came from Indiana to the prairies. They were monarchs once, thundering along the routes where now the trucks and buses rattle on the metalled highways.

All but two of the continents have had their buffalo or their wild oxen, and there are most of them in Asia. In the rice fields of India plod the water buffalo, subdued to the will of the children that tend them. The cliff paintings of the European New Stone Age show impounded herds of long-horned cattle, and there is a memory in Russia and the marshlands of Lithuania of the aurochs that stood as tall as the American bison.

But it had not the mighty chest of our plains monarch. For the bison, like the lion, was a king in front; he had the eye of wrath, the snort of scorn, the collar of kingship; only in the hinder quarters did he betray how he too was mortal flesh.

At the height of the hump a bull stood six feet, a cow a foot less. A full-grown master of the herd would measure nine feet from the muzzle to the rump. When he stamped, he could throw the weight of a thousand pounds upon whatever lay beneath his feet. The horns of the bison curved upward, fit for battle. Among the American fossil species there are some whose horns stand out at right angles, and others with drooping horns. Only the one combative, prolific, indomitable sort survived the glaciers.

The last of the buffalo were wary, but the great original horde relied upon the might and the temper and the collective will of the mob, which, be it buffalo or ants or angry men, leaves the individual slight choice and a drunken insensibility to details and warnings. Perhaps there were many herds, or perhaps, biologically speaking, it was one great population. Where it went, grinding the grass with the many million molars and covering the land with the returned fertility of its great flaps, the horseflies swarmed and gorged themselves; the cowbirds walked among the great beasts, sat on them and ate their ticks and lived themselves in polygamous, helpful, jackal plenty. The wolves hung on the flanks of the herd, gray flickering cowardice emboldened by hunger. A strong cow defending her calf would stamp them out like tongues of prairie flame; a bull would toss them gored from his horns into their own ranks to be devoured. One of the old cattle could stand them off for a day; in the end they got him, and the hungry waves closed over him.

Wherever the herd turned they had the Indians upon their trail. The Crees and the Arickarees, the Mandans and Kansas, the Ioways and Osages, lived by the buffalo. They lusted for him as

the wolves did, but with that strange human element in lust called love. They worshiped what they killed; they feasted on his flesh and they wore his horns because it gave them stature. Of his bones they made their ladles and bodkins; they used his sinews for thread and his dung for fire. Their wigwams were of buffalo hide; so were their boats and robes and moccasins and belts. Even the Illinois learned from the Sioux to make a shield of buffalo leather, and the Illinois women spun the buffalo wool, sometimes as fine as silk, for gowns sewn with roebuck sinews, for garters, belts, and dyed scarves.

The buffalo meant abundance, warmth, excitement, and when they came it was as if earth had suddenly flung open the woolly sack of plenty and given wealth and purpose. They put the manhood into man, they gave him his way of life; they were what he could win by bravery. His art and his songs, his prayers and his dances, exulted in the perilous opportunity that thundered on him in a golden pillar of dust.

Trampling eastward from the western droughts, from the harrying of the mounted Sioux, came the buffalo to the prairie seas about my island grove. They had the wind against them, and they could not smell the Illinois encampment, but they saw the woods and they flanked away to southward. In the shadows of the trees Nikanapi held the young men back. He did not want the wary cows started with a premature attack. And a buffalo surround was a half-religious matter, not to be entered on without some thoughts and reverence for this fellow creature who was friend and enemy. It gave the chief the opportunity he never neglected for oratory and the bestowing of advice. So he told them all what they all knew already, but, being ceremonious animals, they liked to hear it again.

The attack was planned like a battle, and the first war party was sent behind the groves and in the concealing marshes

far ahead to start the prairie fire. On the flank of the herd the village waited, hidden, watching the great straggling defile till the centre with the calves went by, and in the rear, ready with fire, the most skillful of the hunters crept, covered with wolfskins, among the stupid, superannuated bulls. These let the stratagem steal by them, and when at last in the south the violet column of the first smoke waved a signal above the traveling dust, the great attack began. Near at hand, the ignited shriveled grass flung up orange hands of astonished flame. And the herd caught the cruel laughter of it and the smell of man in the same instant. The straggling wolves became yelling humans, sprung up full height.

There was a buckling forward of the whole horde, driven on by flames from the rear, a wave of frantic flesh that was impacted by the return of the column's head. Between the two charges ran the naked human bodies. Through the dust and the uproar the arrows sped without a sound and stuck their taunts in flank and shoulder and chest. The bulls put down their heads and gored the earth up; they pawed defiance and glared about for the right thing to hate where everything was mounting, reddening waves of hate. But the arrows found them without an answer left to give; the knees buckled and the great forward weight unsteadily sank.

When the flames closed in, the goring began; the calves were trampled and the cows were killed by their lords. Then the herd milled in its death dance, till it had to turn and face the storm of arrows on the flank. So it rolled, a wave over its own dead, and, charging blind with the blood in its eyes, broke through the Indian line and did not even see the yellow flight of its tormentors. Men fled like mice before the stampede, terror in the marrow of their brittle bones, and the tide of cresting hump and heaving rump hollows seethed westward, into cleaner air where the man stink and the

smoke acid faded as they ran and their snorting breath perfumed free air again.

South and north dashed the exultant flames. They too were loose now and would not stop till they had burned the prairie black and scorched the boughs of generous oak upon the farther shore of it. By their flickering light, in the gathering dusk, the men came back and began to claim their kill by the individual symbols on the arrows. There were seven hundred dead buffalo on the charred plain, and three dead men.

So they had their kill, the Illinois, and they paid their price. They took what they needed, like every tribe with hunting grounds in the range of the bison. They did not fracture the strength of the great bodily pyramid of Nature. Year after year and through the centuries the buffalo, like all the beasts of value to man, paid some toll to the cunning and the necessity of a fellow creature less strong than they. But there was no diminution in the great numbers. Save for our white men's coming, the bison would still blacken the plains, the passenger pigeons still cover the sun with the close net of their wings.

The Indian had no real greed because, except in a small way, he knew of no markets and had nothing so movable and disturbing and universal as money. Had his numbers been like ours, he would have had to lead a different life. But no estimate of his population has ever set his numbers north of Mexico at so high a figure as ten million mouths. For the higher the block in the pyramid, the smaller it must be. If you cut away the stones at the bottom, if you pile the weight upon the top, can a pyramid stand?

For ten days there was nothing but coming and going from the village to the place of the kill. It was a ragged procession of women and dogs, slaves, catamites, and old men, going out to the slaughter where it lay mountainous on the prairie. They went out empty-handed and came back laden, like a

defile of ants that has found a dead thing in the woods and brings it back by infinitesimal piecemeal to the nest.

Out on the prairie the great hides came off under the knife, the mighty tongues were cut from the throats, — enormous delicacy, — and the steaks of the cows, always fattest at this season, were carved from the bones and tugged back to the hundred fires. Around the feasting circle passed the tenderloin and fat, offered first to the old, to the visiting Osage and Mascouten, and eaten in turn by the chiefs and the great warriors. The smell curled through the camp, into the bark and reed houses loose-woven for summer, suddenly chill and windy now; and the women were hungry and waited. They stole cuts and shreds of meat for the children, and kicked the leaping dogs. Out on the plain the slave captives were finishing the monstrous butchery, till the entrails and the bones were all that was left. Under night's cover the coyotes came for them.

When the steaks were jerked on the slow fires for the winter's use, and the last wild swan was pickled in brine, and the corn was dried and some of it warily buried, the tribe, like the bison, like the fowls of the air, were done with this hunting ground. They stood up and felt the cold wind at the roots of their hair, and how the sunlight on their limbs had little warmth in it. They gathered their weapons up, and mounted their medicine and their clan bundles on their hard male backs. The women took down the houses, collected and folded them; they piled the buffalo jerks and hides on the women slaves. The babies were strapped to their boards and shouldered; the children came running; even the poplars flung down the last of their leaves, and the fires were trodden out.

They moved from the grove by families, by groups with their dependents, the half-wild dogs running in and out between the steadily moving legs. Miles ahead already ran the stripped young

scouts, but the least came last. The final figure in the deserted camp was a silent slave with three great cow jerks, two kettles, and a papoose, whose weight combined depended from the straps of buffalo skin passed round her forehead. As she straightened up from the last act of loading there was only the forest to see the sum of her burdens, great among them the curve of her pregnancy like the oblate ripeness of the pawpaw. But the tall trees were indifferent, and the squirrels bounded happily behind her back as she followed the last of the dogs into the charred prairie.

Now the rains came, and the dust was laid and the smells were washed out of the earth. Now was the season of great emptiness. A marvelous silence occupied the grove. The arriving winter birds settled their little clans without a word; they flickered through the trees like the leaves that blew off. The elk and the deer were at peace now, browsing on the last of the greenery. There was sleep in store for the one old he-bear that the red men had not caught; there was sleep for the woodchuck, obese as an old chief. The gophers and the chipmunks drowsed in their burrows.

Then the snow came, the white crystals spinning purely through the steely deciduous woods and falling on the bear's blowing fur, to be speared or melted there. But storms overtook each other, and the snow flew as if the divinity of the West were sending spirit-arrow showers. So the drifts went over the head of the bear humped deep in the leaf bed with his back against the biggest fallen oak; they rose to the necks of the tallest weeds before they ceased. Then the crust was printed with the tracks of the foraging longspurs and snowflakes, and the field mice tunneled an intricate city of runways underneath the miles of prairie snow. Deep beneath the ground the muskrats worked their way toward the buried rootstocks of the water lily. More snow came, dry cold snow, and blew whispering across the glistening crust.

CHAPTER XXI

So wilderness erased what had been writ in water. The coming of the Frenchmen was a false dawn, and for nearly two centuries after, history in my island grove was dark. Then, with a stumbling plod of hooves, came the day of our own people.

The progress of the ox carts was only a mile and a half an hour, but nothing held them back.

A strange thing comes your way, wide wilderness, something you never conceived or invented, a geometrical shape, an abstraction become reality — the wheel. No Indians knew it; they only drifted slowly, like blown leaves, upon their migrations. Lumbering, bogging, lunging up, crushing, protesting, the wheels came on. For the wheel is the shape that cannot stand still.

Sounds went before the wagons, the jingle and drumming of the pots and kettles that dangled underneath the floors. There was the thick, inevitable plucking noise of the ox hooves trudging mud; sometimes the tired children cried, and sometimes a boy or a young wife would strum a banjo, playing 'William Riley' and 'Sister Phoebe,' and a man would sing, if he was n't too tired, or a girl would sing. And always one deep strong voice or another called, 'So-o — oh!' and 'Gee there!' and 'You, sir!' Command, backed with the laugh of the whip splashing the pool of air; under it all the voice of ash and hickory, the squeal of the axle, the yielding of the wagon frame.

Just ahead, always just ahead, the wild pricked up its ears, flew up with a glint of rump feathers. Ohio's woods, Kentucky's woods, woods of Michigan and Indiana, fell awfully silent, and then forgot. The ruts were not deep yet. When the traveling circle of noise moved on, the birds closed up its wake with song again. The squirrels still raged, and the foxes walked along awhile where the many new smells were braided, flaring

sheep and chickens, dogs and leather and gun oil, and white men.

By night there was a new sight, the enormous fire. The Indians had made little fires, a few sticks, a finger of flame, a secret curl of smoke; they were always afraid that they would be seen. The white man wanted light; he wanted to see; it was as if he challenged the top of the highest maple to look down and watch him, and the wolves and bobcats to come to the edge of darkness and stare. They saw the big wagons with their weary shafts bowed down at their owners' feet; they saw the children running, making wavering shadows run up the trees; they saw the stubborn ox backs, the men and women who went about and stooped and rose and would not let themselves be tired. The fiddle said:—

*Oh, Sister Phæbe, how merry were we,
That night we sat under the Juniper tree,
The Juniper tree, heigho.*

Pioneers had to sleep at last, sunk in it, drunk with it, deep in it as animals. They did not set a guard; there was no one who could have stayed awake. They trusted in an Old Testament God, a long-bore gun, and the big, wary dogs that took everything in this wilderness to be enemy. The Indian dog was a kicked, starved, needle-fanged native jackal, more friends with the wild than with man, but having none of the wild pride. Cap and Prince and Juno and Queenie followed not from hunger so much as from faith. They had watched the old dooryard, they ran all the day now beside the wheels, and they came to the fingers that snapped for them, and nuzzled adoringly.

The night did not like them. It went away again. The big cat crouched in a low crotch and licked annoyance off its chops. The deer bounded off and ran a long way into the forest, but the memory of a smell grooves deep; it is there after it is gone. The fire slowly died; darkness regained the clearing; the summer stars wheeled down through

the trees, and in the chill of the after-midnight hours the autumn constellations rose up, prophetic ancients.

A woman's eyes would range the camp then, looking for the broad back of her husband, for the count of her children and if they were covered; in the darkness she stared at risk and struggle and stared them down. Or sometimes she missed her husband, and started up in the wagon at a crashing in the night; then he would come, his silhouette almost unrecognizable with logs and brushwood, and hearten the fire for them all. A boy, disturbed and numb, would edge away from the in-creeping dew and steal to the warmth of his small brother. One girl, wakeful in a family of men, would hug her own arms and hide from the firelight in her hair. Any who saw another rouse spoke low and reassuringly. These are our nights, then and still. On the immigrant ship, in the farmhouse centred in the drought waste, in the hot apartment with doors open in the thin walls, night is all body and heart.

Day came, and the astounded woods heard the cocks crow. Cramped in their coops, ludicrous and courageous, they thrust out their necks and cried their trumpet cry. Fresh smells were flung upon the brightening air, foreign odors of bacon and coffee and wheat bread. The English speech rose clear and hard through the treetops. The woods had heard the Shawnees talk, the Miamis, and the Potawatomis, the crows, the jays, the bellowing elk. For a little time from the days of Du Gay to the loss of New France to England, there had been some fine French speech and much bastard French of the *engagé* and the half-breed. But that language was still now, and our own was heard. Can you say that it is not beautiful? Softness is not the only beauty; grace is not better than strength. So the voices called:—

'Hiram, your cattle got loose with mine, I guess.'

'Susanna, this child's lost a shoe.'

'Looks as if the sun would burn to-day.'

'Find anything on your trout lines?'

'No, too many kingfishers, Nevi. I guess they got quite a catch.'

These are friends, this is laughter, you wilderness. This is not clan, not *gens*, not tribe. These are Americans. They come with a joke for the worst, and take the best in silence. They pass small change of kindness freely; they call stranger brother.

'Sister, how's that boy of yours? Belly still aching?'

'Shoake, how's your wife? That rough piece back a ways yesterday must a been hard on her.'

'It was some hard, but it's getting along so that one thing or another's going to bring the baby soon. Not too soon it'll be, now.'

'S'pose she wants a boy?'

'S'pose so. I could do with a girl this time.'

'Well, remember, as long as you keep close to us, my wife's here.'

'Mammy!' A child came running, calling. 'Mammy, look! Can I eat them? Little apples!'

Into the cupped grubby hand the woods had given the soft, lemon-shaped May apples. But the child's father was calling to her mother, the baby fretted, crying at the breast as it lost the nipple, so the child, unnoticed, with a delicious sense of adventure, put her milk teeth into the mysterious fruit. And it was soft as custard, citric-tanged, a new taste, new food, another thing found. She ran away shouting and laughing, she did not know why.

In the thickets her brothers were running the sheep back to the blaze and the trace; they called her to go and hunt for Belle the cow, and she went off dutifully. Suddenly under her feet a grouse covey exploded. Her heart pounded, and then she was sure again and went on. 'Belle!' she called. 'She, boss, boss, boss!'

CHAPTER XXII

This state began to fill up from the bottom, like a vase. At first the rivers were the highways. The Ohio and the Mississippi bore the flatboats, the keel boats, the arks, and the log rafts to the southern shores. Then the Wabash, the Vermilion, the Kaskaskia, and the Illinois let the water immigrants move inland. They came from Kentucky, Tennessee, and southern Indiana, but few of them had been born there. The black Illinois bottom lands were their third, their fourth temptation to remove. Those pioneers were born in Virginia or the Carolinas or Georgia; on the way, in the stages marked by decades, their children came forth from the race womb and were carried onward, in arms, in the wagons, the boats.

They found an enfeebled colony of French settled in the fertile hot malarial bottoms, a people whose best citizens had moved across the Mississippi into Spanish territory. Frenchmen, Indians, and Negroes dwelt together in the same ruinous houses on the tracts of treacherous richness into which the rivers ate with each spring flood. The dream, Du Gay, is over, and the race you planned is mongrel, without spine. It is picturesque, — a sure symbol of decay, — affable without power, a branch cut off. So it could only wither, and alien wheels rolled over it.

Across the sea the plump German hand of George III tried to stop the westward flood of the colonists. When the English won the Illinois country from the French, the Crown did not intend to give it to the rabble. The plan had been that it should be bestowed in time on nobles, favorites, moneylenders who could not be repaid. The King told his governors to tell those Long Rifles to come back over the mountains where they could be taxed and churched and, like feudal peasants, raise the crops an overlord most needed. This Illinois was then the western boundary of Virginia,

on the maps. But there were men who without compass could line a grove across a hundred miles of unmapped prairie, who yet were unable to read a proclamation. Hopeless to send after them; those who were sent themselves remained.

When war came, George Rogers Clark, with the Rangers at his back, struck so swiftly that he found the royal governor Rochambeau in bed; he shook the sleeper's shoulder to inform him that all Illinois was George III's no longer.

So he won it for these loosely united states. But even the wise, east of the Alleghenies, could be foolish. Prophesied Monroe to Jefferson: —

'A great part of the territory is miserably poor, especially that near Lakes Michigan and Erie, and that upon the Mississippi and the Illinois consists of extensive plains which have not had from appearances, and will not have, a single bush on them for ages. The districts therefore within which these fall will never contain a sufficient number of inhabitants to entitle them to membership in the confederacy.'

In 1818 Illinois became a state. There was some padding of the census, but within ten years none would have been necessary. The vessel, slender at the bottom, was filling up. Hunters they were, a people who lived by and for the bear as the Illinois had followed the buffalo, small corn farmers coming after the hunters, Southern gentry coming after these, with slaves and horses and money, turning the one-plough man out of his squatter's holdings — so they propelled each other forward in waves.

These were a forest people; they had a tradition that you had to clear the trees away before you could farm. Thus they deployed into a prairie state, avoiding the prairies, cutting down the woods. They were afraid of the prairies; these looked empty and lonesome. Instead of water, they held only marshes; there were rattlers and ague there and nothing over your head, nothing at your back.

Men in the forested bottoms had been known to shelter a whole family, the first winter, in the hollow of a giant sycamore — such trees were in America in those days. But it was not in the experience of the Southerner to make a sod hut; his children could find the cattle in the woods, but it seemed that on the prairies, where there was no timber for the snake rail fence, the beasts might wander over the world's rim.

Slowly the farms and houses crept northward, up the bottoms, meeting the Kickapoo and Mascoutens, the Sacs and Foxes. But the Black Hawk War, descending on the centre of the state like the whirling tip of a tornado, caught the northern settlements up in fire and death. Even when the old chief looked back defeated from the Iowa shore and said, 'It is a beautiful land; I give it to you; enjoy it,' the scare had not died on the frontier. The Southern man, the brown rifle tall as a tall boy, the black slave and his muscle, the Lincoln type, the traditional pioneer, were not destined to reach my island grove. So it missed many familiar and storied things.

We love those things with a wry smile for them — the literal Gospel, the grown women going about their duties on bare feet over the earthen floor, the house and all the many implements hewn out of the continent's toughest timbers with a ringing simple art. The loom was not here, nor the traditional pattern. Neither was the old ballad from the Southern highlands, nor the crackling joke, the fried cooking, the yellow complexion, the lordly male idleness, the feckless spawning, the ragged dooryard deep in weathered chips, the possum feasts, the whiskey jug.

To the north a different culture was coming, that of my own people. But it was dammed back longer; it was held away by the lack of roads and great rivers, and by the Indian reservations. When it came, in the eighteen-twenties, with a rattling of slow wheels at first, and then by the Great Lakes and the

new canals, it was no random movement propelled by the palm of inscrutable forces. Men from New England and New York and Pennsylvania came for business, for opportunity, for deep soil and breadth of view. They talked about manifest destiny as they came; they saw empire shining; they balanced the pro-slavery elements of the southern counties with their consciences and their votes. It was commercial vision and it was industrial civilization that armed them; their backs were strong and straight not so much through bodily endurance as by belief that God reveals His will to everyone directly and so no one who has enough examined himself need falter.

If you like them, these people, more than the Southern pioneers, or if you like them less, you cannot say that one way, one dream, one countenance, was more American than the other. Only my people's way, my ancestors', that of the settlers in my grove, is the unsung. They have somehow not found their way into romance and sentiment, for they are not a vanished people, or a defeated people, or anachronistic. They could drive a nail with one true blow; they built a strong house. They planted, they did not cut down; they made the straight roads. In the Civil War, under incompetent generals, without a military tradition, with nothing hotter than principle to uphold them, they kept their ranks in defeat and took victory as the end of terrible business.

There are many people it is easier to admire; chivalry, the samurai tradition, grace in the art of living, the glamour of lost causes — these are properties, stock scenery, of the dramatists and the romantics. But these others, these plain pacific Midwesterners, were the sort who got a school up as soon as the home chimneys were smoking. They filled the sink holes in, and they planted lilacs in a straight row from the door to the gate. When they left New England they took its new tolerances with them.

There were wholesome indications that

New England's granite faith in its soul's rightness was cracking and weathering. New Englanders were beginning to travel, to learn modern languages, to shift from farming, fishing, and shipping toward industry, and so doubts and doctrines blew over them. As the maritime empire receded from the east, New Englanders turned west, filled with a zeal that was sublimated religiosity. Men who had seen Canton, Penang, Sunda, Bombay, Nagasaki, and Russia sent their sons west into the ocean of land. Asa Goodner was rolling west with his family and his little apple seedlings, looking for a home site, where the raising of a log house would not be done to enhance the dignity of labor, where loneliness would be only half a privilege, and the celibate life no use to man or woman.

CHAPTER XXIII

Asa Goodner's father, Amoy, seems to have been the first come-outer in the family. He was born in China because his mother insisted on making the voyage out on the *Hope of Salvation*, Salem Goodner, Master. That was his first offense, and his second was that he took no interest in returning to the land of his birth, either for gain, curiosity, or for the mere satisfaction of his uncles and brothers. The Goodner family had always followed the sea — that is to say, they had always followed it in the brief history of America. In tracing them back to the south of England, I find that a great many of them were shepherds, sextons, potters, curates, and tenant farmers. But an American family will admit to hangings in its history before it will confess peasant origins, so Goodners, of course, have always followed the sea.

On the rocky cape between Marblehead and Salem, Amoy had the insolence to build a house that turned its back to the virile ocean, and there to breed sheep. Yes, sheep, of all maggoty cattle! New England is used to religious independence of mind, but Amoy's

come-outing was not at the dictation of his conscience. It was not even a new commercial venture, but an abstract curiosity about ovine genetics. Not, of course, that he or anyone else employed such language. They said, 'Goshen, Amoy, there's no future in that!'

When Amoy had had enough of this, he drove his flocks over the Berkshires to Herkimer County in New York, and gave his family the final shock by marrying the daughter of a music master of Troy. Her name was Catherine O'Brien, and she sang too much about the house to be quite seemly. You have to know about this Irish girl before you understand the next generation. She put the warmth in their hearts; she accounts for the dark strain in about half the children, and she was prophetic because she represents that racial admixture in which America came to take pride. She added the touch of the histrionic to the taciturn Goodner strain; she gave it the only musical ear that it had ever had since the first Goodner was able to flat a tone and a half while singing a hymn next to the bellow of an organ. To a line threatened with extinction through miscarriages, one-child sterility, and a morbid chastity, she brought wholehearted fecundity. She had twins three times, and twice as many girls as boys. In short, she did everything possible to break up the Goodner traditions, multiply its descendants while erasing its name, and strengthen the stock while altering it.

Amoy adored her; he did not miss a detail of what she was doing to the sainted Goodner family. He saw in place of the steel-blue Goodner eyes and the thin commanding lips the laughter in his children's faces and the look of passion that flowered early on their mouths. He went on quietly improving the stock of his sheep, importing the first merinos ever seen in New York; he took sheep, wife, daughters, and sons to Cattaraugus County and went to raising grapes as well. Catherine is buried there. Without coercion, he managed to marry his

girls off to the men that looked right to his eye. He was not mistaken in his genetic instincts; they live there still, the many descendants of those daughters. Two sons, I find, were killed at Lundy's Lane; two I cannot trace; Asa, the youngest, came west in Andrew Jackson's administration, with his wife, whom he always addressed by her full maiden name of Mary Tramble, his nine children, and Amoy, his father, still coming-out.

For his part, Asa had had enough of sheep. He was interested in apples; he wanted to plant. Good stock was, to his reason also, a first principle. He had the Goodner missionary zeal, but it took its own form. He wanted to plant the prairie to fine trees; to stand under such was to stand in grace. He had studied medicine in Buffalo, but he did not want to use the lancet; he wanted to graft the delicate upon the strong. That was why, perhaps, he had chosen Mary Tramble. She seemed to him, after her twelfth child, — three died in infancy, — still a flower upon a fragile stem. He adored children; he thought of the instruction of them as a kind of planting, and delighted in it. He believed that girls should learn the sciences; he thought you should be seasoned with forty-five winters before the Bible was good for you, and no one before in the family had ever thought it worth-while to learn a foreign language. So, in his way, came-out tall Asa, so tall his shoulders were never quite straight, bent a little in his smiling attention to the slighter about him.

They came in two wagons; one was a big Conestoga built on the schooner lines with a boat-shaped bottom, hind wheels double the size of the forward, topped with a weathered housing of tow linen and drawn by four big horses pulling in a gigantic harness, its iron trace chains jangling. The other was a low boxed wagon drawn by a lightly harnessed pair of mules; Amasa, the oldest boy, drove it.

If Amasa was then as serious as he

turns up later in the family annals, he never wasted a smile for anything which was not obviously funny, upon this travel; he drove on steadily and kept the smaller of his brothers and sisters behind him in order. He was supposed to look after the twins, Nancy and John Paul, fertile in monkey-fingered diversions; Sybil, a throwback to Catherine O'Brien, so dark as to be almost a case of melanism, dramatic and disobedient; and Timothy, who was fifteen, quiet, observant, with gentle hands that learned about everything they touched.

In the big Conestoga, with the trunks, chests of drawers, and the bedstead in which Catherine had borne her children and died, rode Mary Tramble, her eldest daughter Patience, Rhoda, who was nineteen, and Amoy, meditative on a trunk, nursing a cane. Rhoda liked to sit beside her father, looking forward; she could watch the road come on forever with a zest that life's repetitions could not abate. Patience sat in the back and looked after the scenes and the days and the desires that went glimmering into the vanishing point. They say, in the family, that she cried all the way; the others pretended not to see it. They never knew for whom she cried; the girl had a tight mouth; privacy with her was religious. Their fears for her hovered between the possibility of a decline and old-maidenhood. Ahead, on the white stallion Washington, rode Franklin, who had all the good looks for the boys of the family, and behind him, postilion, young Delia the romantic, who loved her brother with a purely temporary intensity, pending, though she did not know it, the first possible transfer.

When they drew up for the night, in Ohio, when they stopped at a well in Indiana to ask for water, when Asa gave apple stock to settlers for whose orchards he had a contemptuous pity, when Delia, without speaking, could draw men and boys to her, or Timothy for the first time in his life showed fight, at cruelty to an animal, broke a boy's tooth, and

begged pardon for that — strangers, looking the Goodners over, recognized a clan, and a clan way. The family trailed the memory of themselves, and, long after, people talked about those Goodners, them Goodners, those strangers, the man with the apples, the girl with the eyes and her quiet sisters. They had a way with them that sure was good-natured; they had mighty fine horses; those apples were better'n even he said. A pity they did n't stay — folks you'd like to know.

The strongest bond of this clan was its loose articulation. All its members had a tolerance for its various differences. It did not cohere under the compulsion of aristocratic traditions, peasant penury, religion, thrashings, or sentimentality. To plant, to grow, to come-out, to fling the seed wide and take responsibility for what you planted — they lived this way so openly that they never called it a creed or held it up as sacred.

I can tell this much about them because I know them. Their way of life persists, and by this present I can tell them. I do not think of them as unique; I meet Goodners in many houses, and on the street I look in their children's happy eyes. Sometimes I think of them when a railway conductor accepts my invitation to talk, or when an old lady, enjoying her son's wealth, remembers the early hard times for me. Say, if you like, that the paternalistic peasant family is more cohesive, or there is glamour in a line whose admiral ancestors, painted by Romney and Holbein, look down from the walls; the Goodners are our way. Theirs are the five sixths of the American marriages that do not break up in divorce; they are the people who combine fidelity with freedom. Not unique, not picturesque, — unless by grace of time past, — and not wholly enlightened, but aware of that. There is no formula for Goodners, and you cannot make a class or theory out of them; their individualism is a total barrier toward regimenting them.

The Next Great Plague To Go

TODAY syphilis is causing more misery of mind and body than any other preventable disease. Five hundred thousand new cases are reported under treatment by physicians each year. Hundreds of thousands of other cases never receive proper medical care.

Most new cases can be cured — completely cured—*provided* correct treatment is started immediately. Why then does syphilis wreck so many lives? One big reason is that in its early stages the disease creates little personal discomfort. In addition, charlatans and quacks often can deceive syphilitic patients. Early symptoms—usually a sore, a rash or a persistent feeling of not being well—disappear no matter how unscientific or inadequate the treatment.

Many a victim, therefore, believing he has been cured by a few quack treatments or that he has never been infected, lets time slip by during those early weeks when he has the best chance to begin a real cure. Meanwhile, the disease slowly entrenches itself in one or more vital organs.

Years later, long after the initial attack has been forgotten, syphilis strikes. It may mean death from heart disease in a man of forty, at a time when he is most needed by his family. It may mean insanity, also at a relatively young age. It may mean blindness. And often death is preceded by a long period of partial or total disability.

Syphilis numbers its innocent victims in the thousands. In its early stages, syphilis is highly infectious. It may be contracted unknowingly by a kiss or by direct contact with articles freshly contaminated.

Fortunately, nobody needs to be in doubt as to whether he or she is infected by the syphilis germ. With the aid of blood tests and microscopic examinations, the skilled physician can determine whether or not

the disease is present. This service is also given by public health centers and clinics in an increasing number of communities. Their locations will be readily supplied by the health department or the county medical society.

* * * * *

There is no quick or short-cut method of curing syphilis. The only way to kill all the germs is through a systematic course of regular weekly treatments for a period of many months. Begun in the early stages of the disease, the treatment covers a shorter period and insures the cure of about 85 per cent of all cases. Even sufferers in the advanced stages can be given some relief.

Syphilis is a leading cause of stillbirths. Most tragic of its victims are the 60,000 American babies born with preventable syphilis each year, many of them born blind. Early and competent prenatal care of syphilitic mothers will save most of their babies from being born with infection. It will also prevent many miscarriages and stillbirths.

A postcard will bring the Metropolitan booklet "The Great Imitator" which gives additional information about this disease. For free copy address Booklet Dept. 238-T.

* * * * *

The American Social Hygiene Association, through its National Anti-Syphilis Committee of over 200 prominent people, is sponsoring the second *National Social Hygiene Day, February 2nd, 1938*. On this day, citizen groups and physicians all over the country will meet with officials to plan the next steps to take in stamping out syphilis. This Association, 50 West 50th Street, New York, N. Y., will be glad to send literature and full particulars regarding the meetings.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board*

LEROY A. LINCOLN, *President*

ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Copyright, 1938, by Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

I wonder if they did not grow that six-foot individualism of theirs in the old abundance; and their tolerance in the breadth of the prairie view. It was not tolerance that accepted for itself, or does to-day accept, every point of view. It is part of the knot twist in their mental timber that they are refractory to a great deal of bosh and even more to decadence. They turn the edge of many blades. They are steadfast, but they grow, yet not so that you can predict them. Because they are free, you never know what they will accept next.

These are the people who fought a war for the privilege of being united to brothers who did not wish to stay with them; they believed in a war that would end wars and make their way safe; some think they are mighty fools. Many of these thinkers now wish the Goodners to believe in class intolerance or race intolerance; perhaps they can be fooled again. But when they are, you will never get the requisite hate out of them, and you will not be able to prevent them from admitting it when they have been wrong and laughing deeper than their critics. That makes them an infrangible people, still living by the manitou they found in the sky when the wagon wheels rolled them west.

CHAPTER XXIV

And all the time, while the state filled up from the bottom, when the soldiers and women were killed at Fort Dearborn in 1812, the island grove was there, tall and lordly. But in the changing weather of history it had drifted far away again; it was remote, sighted sometimes by a *voyageur*, a commissioner of Indian business, or a party of Miami or Mascoutens. The Illinois had gone, for in a luckless hour one of their band had murdered Tecumseh, and the Shawnees in their rage had sworn to wipe them from the earth. They kept their vow, and the affable, treacherous, libidinous people whom Prud'homme had tried so

hard to love had been blown like smoke and ashes, driven like their buffalo, west over the prairie till the last beaten remnants were homeless beggars among the settlers of the Spanish bottoms and the tribes that once they had enslaved.

After them you have the Mascoutens. They were prairie Potawatomis; they had horses, and gorgeous beadwork on their leggings, robes, and moccasin flaps. The Jesuit fathers who knew them said that their women were noted for chastity and the men, not so well-shaped as the soft Miami, were taller and more rugged. They had more ceremony and less bestiality than their predecessors; they were braver, and they had no luck in European politics.

They sided with the French against the English, and with the English against the Americans, and under the spell of Tecumseh's enlightenment they had done away with their old gods only to find that the new were not invincible. They sold land recklessly at first; presently they saw that the more of the white man's money they took, the more they were become paupers and dependents. Once they had learned to need their luxuries, there was no resource or wealth in all their country that could pay for them. They had broken faith with Nature; they had stepped out of the pattern of the aboriginal fauna and had got into the deadly treadmill of the peoples whom white men call natives. This is to say that they exploited their inheritance, and the white men bought it under the name of raw materials. They gave back manufactured articles to the Mascoutens, and in this sort of deal one side must take a loss.

Hundreds of miles beyond the frontier, the Indians felt the deep disturbance. It is almost forgotten now, but there were many settlers who paid the Indians to hunt for them, to bring them daily meat. The first settlements subsisted, in part, by tapping the resource of regions far beyond the horizon. Trade, like a new river, cut across Indian



More for Less

ALL workers are also consumers. If the cost of goods can be cut in half, a worker's purchasing power has been doubled, even though his money wages remain unchanged.

The increasing efficiency of private industry has brought within reach of the masses things that used to be luxuries for the rich. Ten years ago a mechanical refrigerator cost \$400. Today the price is \$160. Electric clocks which used to cost \$15 now cost \$4. When the motor industry made only 100,000 vehicles a year, the average price of a car was \$2,000. The present price of a far superior automobile is less than \$700.

Similar reductions have been achieved in the prices of hundreds of other articles. Such reductions are equivalent to an

increase in the workers' income. Combined with actual increases in dollar wages, they have resulted in a tremendous improvement in the American standard of living.

For instance, in 1914 the average factory worker had to work 11½ hours to obtain enough money to buy a hat. In 1936, 3½ hours of work bought him the same hat. It takes him only half as many hours of work today as it did in 1914 to purchase his clothing. The house furnishings that he had to work 40 hours to get in 1914 cost him only 28 hours of labor in 1936. A study made in 1936 of 20 leading machine-made articles showed that a worker could buy them all for only 37% of the work hours it cost him in 1914.

As bankers for commercial and industrial enterprises, it is part of our responsibility to contribute something to a better understanding of the facts about private business.

BANK OF NEW YORK & TRUST COMPANY

48 Wall Street · New York

UPTOWN OFFICE: MADISON AVENUE AT 63RD STREET

New York's First Bank

Founded in 1784

life; it disturbed the whole lay of their land; it flowed away and never came back. Pride and independence and stamina and some deep prehistoric rhythm were washed away by it. So that there was nothing that an Indian would not beg for; the Indian girl became the prostitute of the frontier; then smallpox came. One legend has it that an Indian stole the blanket from under a man left dying with it; that is probably only a frontier joke, of the 'serve 'em right' variety.

There is no record of the whole Indian tragedy, only scattered references, sad words of chiefs: *We burned our tents and houses; we were afraid to touch the dead, and dragged them away with a hooked stick under the chin; why will you not give us whiskey now? You gave it when you wanted our land; now if we had it we could forget what once we owned. We do not know what to think of you; your children never get enough land. We have listened to you until our land is nearly gone. Our footsteps have passed off it.*

I am not certain that the Mascoutens ever had a village here in my grove. They used it still for a portage, but they went where the white men went, like dogs at the back doors.

And a great commercial destiny had missed the grove. When the Chicago portage was discovered to be superior, trade went that way. If it had not, I should have the Union Stockyards here; this spot would hold in its hand the fifty reins of the greatest railway plexus in the world; the lumber trade and the grain trade of the continent would lie heavy here; there would be the ringing of the steel mills and the hell glow of them on the night sky. I should have three million neighbors, most of them Italians, Swedes, Poles, Jews, Germans, Hungarians, Czechs, and Negroes. I am not feeling superior in my loneliness; I like Italians, Czechs, Germans, and so on; I like to wade through the shoals of their children in Maxwell Street; I like to look upon their window gardens from

the Elevated. I have never yet read the story of Chicago as I would like to read it, the rise of the brownstone front, the waves beating around Hull House, the detonation of the Haymarket riots, the manifest dream of beauty in the first World's Fair, the big men who shouldered the city up. But that is not this story.

For greatness missed you, my oaks and my prairie; so you are still here, and the sweet slough chains are not drained; they touch fingers in April and May. So the depths are here, the green perspectives, the blue shadows, the hard tang of the goldenrod and the complaint of the wheeling hawks. I hear the lisp and the hum of the summer afternoon; I see the light lie on every leaf. You are forgotten again, and there are only the memories of good endeavor here.

I cannot find a certain mention of this grove between 1673 and the Goodners' coming. In all that time it had no English name; it drops off the maps, it disappears from travelers' tales. Sometimes I think I find it, but never so that I can identify it as an historian would demand. A doctor says:—

'I was taken by the Indians a long way, up a river which I now believe may have been the Kilimick, and arrived after dark at an encampment in a thick growth of trees. The patient, a very old Indian woman, had died before I arrived. I was treated with every courtesy and feasted upon pigeon and bear, which tastes like sweet pork, and some sort of root which they dig out of the marshes. In the morning I was paid in beaver skins, and departed as I came. I remember that it seemed to me I had never beheld such splendid oaks; many of them had boughs which swept the ground. There were thick cables of grapevine festooning the woods, and the women were gathering an incredible harvest of hickory nuts.'

The two Hawley girls were captured in what was then part of the immense county of Crawford, in the War of 1812.

IT'S YOUR FUTURE AS WELL AS OURS



A JOB for every man who wants to work — a time when every farm and factory and mine will be busy producing things which people need—

That's not impossible in the nation that has made the most spectacular growth in history. Every reason argues the nation will continue to go ahead.

Sure of this, the American railroads have, even in lean and trying times, steadily built toward the day when increased commerce will need and profit by finer transportation than it has ever had before.

So the railroads have doggedly pressed for better service, laying heavier rails, straightening curves, cutting down grades, increasing the average speed of freight trains almost fifty per cent—producing transportation more cheaply and more efficiently year by year.

The record of the past decade clearly demonstrates the determination of the railroads to keep their service abreast of America's needs—and their *ability* as well.

But if America is to have the tools she needs to prosper, railroads must earn enough to continue this progress.

Since 1933, prices of the things railroads buy have gone up; wages have increased; taxes have risen—while the average level of railroad freight and passenger charges has steadily declined.

Advancing production costs in other in-

dustries have been accompanied by increased consumer prices.

The average charge by the railroads for hauling a ton of freight one mile was, on the contrary, actually 10 per cent less in 1937 than in 1932—26½ per cent less than in 1921, shortly after the end of government operation, when the downward trend of rates began.

As a result, they have been compelled to cut down forces and curtail purchases of the 70,000 different items which railroads buy. That means less work, less business, less prosperity in industries and communities in every corner of the land.

And that's what we mean when we say it's your future as well as ours—that's why you have a vital interest in seeing that the railroads earn enough to help bring about increased employment and a broader prosperity.



ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

They were made to walk or run a hundred and twenty miles in four days, and arrived, according to the memoir of Elizabeth, at a grove near a river toward noon of the fifth day. They were greeted by a band of women who at once began to beat them with sticks, out of revenge for their dead sons and husbands. After a week of bullying, they were finally adopted as slaves. They discovered that as soon as they were willing to live and behave like Indian girls they were better treated. Nevertheless, one of them died of starvation, and the other was saved from the same fate by going to the blanket of a chief.

The whole band removed westward after a few months, and when ten years later Elizabeth was restored to her race at St. Louis, she had forgotten what the Indians called the grove and the river. She remembers the multitude of the ducks, and the elk fawn that she found in the woods, which played dead, lying limp and still in her arms but with its bright eyes still open and sparkling; she remembers how she and her sister tried to live by eating blackberries and bitter acorns, and how she had to cut the marsh reeds for the mat she took to her master.

This is all, and it is nothing. I have looked conscientiously, but I am not fully sorry that I cannot fix my island grove in that span of time that was so long and so indifferently meagre of human event in the wilderness. I like the thought of it, lost for long intervals, left on one side, adrift, becalmed, self-contained. The trees I walk under, the tallest ones, were young then; they did most of their growing through those years. They would not be here had they been found too soon.

Asa Goodner says the grove was empty when he came. He liked it so. At the land office he bought a section, half prairie and half grove, from the government. It would do for a beginning. He knew how clean the slate was, and he liked it so. He got his apples in

before the fall rains came, while the family was still sleeping in the wagons. He started out with many kinds, Greenings and Bellflowers, Rambos and Russets and Red Vandeveres. The rains came, the roots struck; they were sucking life before the frost. And he thought of the orchards that his grandchildren would know, and how their teeth would bite through the deep red coats of the Vandeveres, and how hardy the Russets were, and of the beautiful shape of the Bellflowers. But he loved the Rambos best, for their perfume and their sweetness and their clean white flesh.

CHAPTER XXV

The Goodners found the grove in August, the last of August, the season that I call green autumn. That means the goldenrod is tall, the asters are in flower, and the woodbine is turning color. But the oaks are green, and green are the mossy-fringed burr cups; the haws upon the thorn tree are not yet red. The world at that moment has all the depth and bounty of summer. But a high cool wash goes through the treetops and they clamor gently at coming event.

The black ground mists of heat are lifted and blown to Jericho, and across the prairie the depths and the groves and the winding river woods rush nearer at a stride. Yesterday you could not see the shape of Alison's barns; now you can distinguish each pigeon's wing in the swirling flash around the silo. Now is the moment when you can find the first secretive bluebottle gentian; the jays and the crows talk as though it were already October. It is that part of autumn that is thoughtful without decay, lusty without being carnal. There is nothing to regret as yet, and all you intend to do still seems possible.

In the old days this was the season when the travelers fell in love with Illinois. The swamp chains were dry then, the prairie was not blackened with October fires, and you would not believe



HIS EYES
have seen the
STORY--

Electricity has come of age within the lifetime of a single man

YOU'LL find a veteran like this at work in the huge main aisle of the East Pittsburgh plant. Another may be bending over a drawing board in East Springfield, or behind a busy desk at Newark. Perhaps another is an inspector at Mansfield or Sharon, or running a machine at the Trenton lamp works.

Wherever they are, whatever they are doing, there is something more than honesty and sincerity in the eyes of these

old-time Westinghouse workers. Theirs are the eyes of men who have seen and done big things. The entire pageant of modern electrical progress has passed before them. They have known the intimate history of the wonders we accept as commonplace today.

For the history of Westinghouse is the history of modern electricity. These men have helped apply it to every kind of industry — to power plants —

to transportation and communications. They have helped to put light, heat, refrigeration and labor-saving devices into millions of homes — to make electricity cost less as it does more.

In short, such men have worked shoulder to shoulder with the world's greatest force in solving the world's great problems. Small wonder that they are proud of their company. Small wonder that their company is proud of them.



Westinghouse

The name that means everything in electricity

then, with the weather exultant and optimum, in the cruelty of winter. The game was jumping; jacksnipe came back from the north; the sandpipers clinked and ran around the last moist border of the sloughs; mud was infrequent now and good. Mud of the marvelous old black woman, earth, irrepressibly fertile, clothed in the lipping sedges where the big game birds walked, scuttled chicken-wise, rose up unwillingly and, unwary, took the time to wheel and gave the marksman his moment. There seemed still to be endless plenty, though the buffalo were gone; the elk were gone, and so were the cougar, fisher, gray fox, marten, beaver, and otter.

No one knows just when or why they went; there was more concerted attack upon deer and wolves, yet these stayed longer. The others shrank away; they lost together curiosity and courage; the gun and the dog, the fence and the plough, were too much for them, and they met something even steelier. Call it intolerance or mastery, we all have it, and so utterly possess it that we scarcely feel aware of it. White man — and it is just as true of white woman — momentarily demands that all things should kneel and bare their necks; then we decide what we shall spare. The creatures that are not either useful or humble draw back on to their haunches and snarl and stare; they have the military privilege of dying like braves, but they may not live.

The fragments of memoirs, the letters, the county histories, the old women with folded hands remembering what their grandmothers said, do not tell me everything I know. From them I get only phrases: They turned the teams loose, and the horses were so wild for the pea vines that you could hardly find them or drive them in at night. John Paul and Nancy began to fill Nancy's skirt with hickory nuts until they saw that there were so many that you would not have to gather them up until you needed them. Asa called, 'Mary Tramble, come and

see this oak opening; do you think you'd like the house here?' So that's how it came to be built here, you see.

That is the way the family story goes. But I know the rest; I know the grove and the weather, I know Sybil from her pictures and Timothy from his fame and Asa from his apple trees, bent over now with great bearings and storms and this wry miracle of living.

Sybil walked about alone, having decided that this would be a good place and moment in which to try out luxurious unhappiness. She was eleven, and in the dusk she carried about with her she lived a separate life. She did not regard her present situation as romantic; her family had simply chosen to move far out into loneliness. They had swept her to an island as well removed from the ship lanes of glory as one could imagine, and rescue seemed almost impossible. Yet she sent up, hopelessly but faithful to herself, the thin signal of her moods.

Asa and Amasa and Franklin could all master a log; Asa says he was considered the best axe man and general ranger in Cattaraugus County, and the dove-tailed logs are still here to speak for him. Nothing he did ever warped. Amasa was interested in the engineering problem of the upper walls and the roof; he loved the theory of a thing, but in the practical Yankee way. He was not curious about the impossible; he simply liked to do the work first in his head; he liked laws, premises that you could hang your weight on.

Franklin worked because it got you where you wanted; secretly he did not hope or believe that he was going to remain here. He wanted money, and he saw that money could be made to work for you and could make others work for you. Imagine waiting for apple trees to grow up, waiting on weather for your harvest! He was patient now, with the iron discipline of those who know what and how much they want and how far away from it they are. The house he saw in his mind, the mirrors, the carpets,

• Tea-time concert in the Great Hall on the swift Lloyd express EUROPA, sketched by Wallace Morgan.



TO EUROPE



ON SHIPS THAT COMPOSE THE OVERTURE ... TO THE MELODY OF LIFE ABROAD

• Your introduction to the cosmopolitan and fascinating new "Old World" of Europe begins at the gangplank of your Hapag-Lloyd liner. On these luxurious ships you will immediately enjoy the infinite finesse of European service, the piquancy of European cuisines, and the charming companionship of interesting, cultured passengers. All your shipboard associations will still more whet your appetite for travel in that entirely different, picturesque and vivid hemisphere. And you will step from a Hapag-Lloyd ship "on the other side" with an enhanced appreciation of the pleasures to follow.

Book Early
Reservations from



Your Travel
Agent, or

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

57 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Uptown: 669 Fifth Ave.

Other Offices and Agencies in Principal
Cities of United States and Canada.

• Lloyd swift expresses BREMEN . . EUROPA to Cherbourg, Southampton, Bremen; with the COLUMBUS adding Ireland. Hapag "Famous Four" — NEW YORK, HAMBURG, DEUTSCHLAND, HANSA, every Wednesday Midnight to Cherbourg, Southampton and Hamburg, frequently adding Ireland; leisure, low-rate ships, Hapag Motorship ST. LOUIS, and Lloyd Steamer BERLIN.

the table, the bedroom, the woman — they were already realities to him, and already torments. For it makes the unimaginative suffer to imagine.

The twins came and begged for tasks to do; they put chips in a basket, and Patience began to weave her one spell. She could cook a hickory limb, so the family always says, so you could enjoy eating it, and she set the cookstove up under the trees. In spite of meagre materials, she found something to keep her hand in all day, and this kept the twins trotting and stooping for wood, until they learned to hide from her.

Rhoda and Delia were as busy as their brothers; they were dutiful and gay. But each was busied in her head with her own desires. Delia had a face like the morning; you would not have supposed that spite, envy, or untruth could find an instant's lodging behind such a countenance. Her body was a song; she could not move except seductively. She was not, however, so eager to love as to be loved, or rather — though she did not know it — to be desired. Rhoda was the quiet one. She was not girlish; at nineteen she was a young woman, with purpose and control in her movements; she was more awake to love than her sisters and thought less about it. She had such health that only to live was rapture, and she wanted to give herself away, health and rapture and purpose all together. How she might do this she understood very well. No one had awakened her; she just woke quietly to find the light come.

Woman came to northern Illinois from the northeastern states just as she had been back home. She was not the barefooted serf of the squirrel hunters; dressed in preposterous modesty, dragging her heavy skirts over unshorn turf, yet she kept her eyes not on the ground but looking levelly in the face of the future. What she intended would make more changes than the French priests' faith. Even then, of course, there were kinds of women without number. Some the wil-

derness killed, as Delia was to die at twenty across the Missouri. To some, whom Eastern life would have stifled, it gave air to breathe. It gave a field to girls like Patience, endowed with the missionary spirit. To the artist it offered only thistles. But Rhoda was of that breed of girls that hardship strengthens but does not coarsen, that childbirth does not kill, that heartbreak does not conquer. Some such must have been your mothers, and some, your daughters, will carry your immortality in their hands.

It is easy now to look back and choose, out of the great Goodner sisterhood, Rhoda to stand for the tree that would thrust root and bear fruit. But in a place that lacks them, all women make you think of the same things. And Mary Tramble's daughters, moving roofless still under the trees, their skirts whipped by an aborigine wind, were indistinguishably promising, awaiting what the frontier and its man would make of them.

On the day when the bottom logs were just going into place, Chance Randelman rode into the opening on his roan and offered his help to Asa.

Mary Tramble did not approve of him and seems to have said so. He instantly magnetized all the girls except Nancy. But he paid his court to their mother. I see in her picture the straightness of her back, the touch of fashion in her very small waist, a little of the belle still in her grandmother face. She has grass-flower-blue eyes, and they make her look more helpless than she was; her very small wrists were quite strong, and the whole family was a little vain of the tininess of her foot. This sort of woman, however busy her life, makes a life study of man, and she knows a dangerous one when he comes her way.

He swung from his horse like a condescension, but he knew the arts of the frontier. He took command without waiting to be invited. He had practised rule of thumb for Amasa's painstaking theory, and he put the heart into the log-raising that Franklin could not feel.

Hospitality... Thoughtful Service... Grand Food

! the enjoyment and VALUE an ocean travel dollar can possibly buy



Dining rooms are air-conditioned for your added comfort.

THE MANHATTAN AND WASHINGTON

—America's largest, fastest liners—are two of the most popular vessels afloat. For while they offer six-day schedules, and every up-to-the-minute comfort and luxury, these ships have retained to a surprising degree the charm and informality of the more leisurely methods of ocean travel. And you'll find how much this adds to your voyage—both in thorough enjoyment and actual value received. No wonder experienced travelers choose these ships time after time.

WEEKLY SAILINGS TO ALL EUROPE

Ireland, England, France, Germany, direct. On the *Manhattan* and *Washington*, Cabin Class, \$186 up; Tourist, \$127 up. Or the *President Harding* or *President Roosevelt*, Cabin from \$141. Also "American One Class" liners every Friday direct to London, for only \$105 up. And, under the same management, fortnightly sailings on the Panama Pacific Line to Havana, Panama, Mexico, California.



This American Eagle "house flag" has stood for fine seamanship and well-run ships for nearly half a century.

Ask your Travel Agent for complete details.

UNITED STATES LINE

ONE BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Offices in principal cities



aterooms are really living rooms and bedrooms combined. They're quiet and stful, with plenty closet space . . . en a telephone at our bedside.

ou'll find acres of deck space for loafing, walking and for sports. Some decks are open and sunny. Some covered—some glass-enclosed. And all are unusually broad.

At the noon halt he rode away with a bow and a flourish, and came back in an hour with Jean Kiercereau, a half-breed who cut lifting poles out of ash saplings at two axe blows apiece; then he trimmed the branches off at the top till he had a crotch. With three of these poles you could work a log up to the top of the walls.

When it came to the roof, old Amoy knew what he was doing better than anyone else. Then the children were set to making clay cats out of slough earth and wisps of wild hay; the twins splashed the mud and laughed; Timothy dreamed as he did it; Sybil pretended she was a slave and forced to it. So they made the chinking for the stick chimney and filled the spaces between the logs; then a decent whitewash coat lightened the interior. Amoy laid the first hearth fire that smoked up the damp chimney. The family clustered around to watch it struggle and catch and glow.

Against the door frame Chance Randelman leaned, scornful of the way the fire was built, the vanity of the cookstove, the bright walls, and so much domestic ceremony. Secretly he was resenting the intrusion; he had killed a fawn on this spot, and the doe. He shot the fawn first, knowing that the doe would come back to it, and of course she did, and he shot her. He could imitate the bleating of a fawn, the jittering of a squirrel, or the blowing of a turkey cock. He had that rare, inhuman ability to call wild ducks to him. He knew just how to take hold of animal instincts; then he pulled his quarry to him, and killed it clean. He loved what he killed, and was never satisfied.

That first night Patience outdid herself. Kiercereau contributed the corn; Chance brought the saddle of venison and insisted on roasting it himself, out of doors, larding it with bacon fat. They ate under the blessing of down-sweeping boughs where the cool dusk gathered; they were tired, but they had a sense of ceremony. Everyone understood the

significance of a roof in place and a smoke wisp rising through the treetops.

Kiercereau was as sensitive to this as the others; he was bewildered, illiterate, a little dark musky man whose clearest thoughts were only groping, but animal-neat in his motions. He looked these strangers over, and he wondered why Randelman put himself to any trouble for them; it could only be because there were women here. The hunter was now paying attention to Sybil, but this was a hunter's blind. Yet how the little decoy liked it!

Thin curtains of darkness dropped soundlessly between the farther trees, moving as *conclusive music*. The embers sputtered with the last fat drippings.

Kiercereau thought frankly about the three older girls, but looked respectfully. For himself, he would have chosen the cook; no man leaves a woman who is a good cook. He thought the middle girl would be a strong worker; the youngest, the one with the eyes, was the kind of woman who would want things, an expensive wife. Not that anyone had ever heard of Randelman's going wife-hunting; he had women where he wanted them. And what a fool a woman was to look at a man's face!

There was no event that night. Significant moment, it was not part of a story. To make a story the teller must select out what will forward a plot, and cast aside the quiet matrix that holds incident together. I like what the storyteller throws away. I like to think about the scraping good-bye of the half-breed, the shock of the ground under the roan's departing hooves, the family that came in out of moonshine and dewfall to find the embers on their hearth. I like old Amoy's stick put to stand by the door while he slept, and the clean smell of the wood in the new roof, the harping song of green autumn insects; and the bulk, the shape, the fact, significant and blunt, of the house in the midnight clearing.

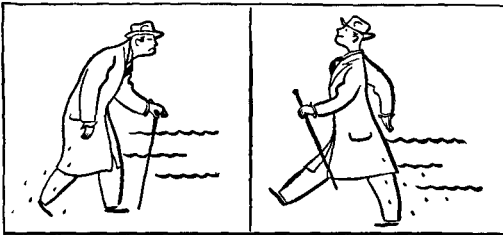
TRAVEL IN COMFORT
WITH
MELLON
TRAVELERS CHEQUES



Known and accepted the world over, Mellon Travelers Cheques offer an ideal means of carrying travel funds with safety and convenience. They can be used directly in payment of traveling expenses or changed into currency as needed. Before leaving on your journey, convert your travel funds into Mellon Travelers Cheques. Ask for them at your bank.

**MELLON NATIONAL
BANK**
PITTSBURGH

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation



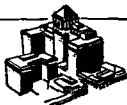
They arrive *anorectic*
They depart *boulimic*

Anorectic means no appetite; *boulimic* means an appetite like an athlete's. The quickest way to become *boulimic* is to visit these beachfront hotels, where salt air and tempting, wholesome food make mealtime a major event. Moderate rates.

LEEDS AND LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

Chalfonte-Haddon Hall

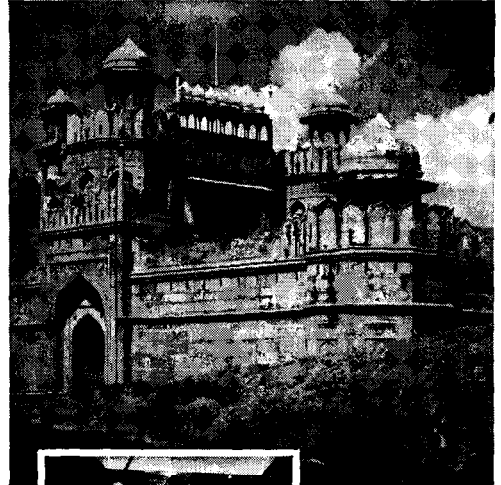
ATLANTIC CITY



INDIA



Land of Fabled Luxury



*The Famous Fort
and Palace at Delhi.
Left: Stateroom of a
Private Touring Car.*

Nowhere else on earth can so few American dollars purchase such fabulous luxuries in travel and living comfort as in the land of the Maharajahs. So reasonable is travel in India that it is customary for parties of two or more to see the country in their own private railway car, a private residence-on-wheels (8 guests and up to 6 native servants) at a cost of less than \$10 per day for hire, plus haulage at 45¢ per mile. First Class accommodation includes sleeping compartment and private bath at much lower cost.

Travel literature, itineraries and details, also information regarding freight, rates and commerce from V. L. Dean, *Resident Manager*, India State Railways Bureau, 38 East 57th St., New York. Plaza 3-5481. Or consult your travel agent.



CHAPTER XXVI

The rains came. In a tropical land you can tell almost to a day when they will begin; in Illinois we do not even know whether we shall get any, and when they start we do not know when they will stop. In autumn they bring the feel of winter; they drive in long veils through the trees and they walk on the face of the grasslands. That year they filled the prairie hollows; they brought the swamps back, and they watered Asa's apple roots newly struck in the ground.

On the roof they beat in gusts. They clattered fit to empty the sky, but it was never emptied. They would finger the roof for hours, like the tattoo of an idle girl's nails upon a table; then the down-pour would commence again, until you could hear the whistle of the drops through the air. Old Amoy's roof was tight; his seed beneath it quietly exulted in it. There was a faint violet curtain of smoke that clung just under the boards, beginning to stain them; the smell of it was in the women's hair; the men and the boys had bits of log bark like snuff about their coats. The fire was fed daylong and never went out at night. There was wood enough to feed it, all the deep woods behind the house full of the dead trees that had never been cleared away, full of the flung-down branches and twigs; the men had their axes and their arms; they were part of the vital current, so racial and immemorial, that flows from the sun to the earth, the earth to the trees, the trees to flame again.

So they lived with the four elements. The ancients thought that fire and air were male, earth and water were woman stuff. The Goodners were moderns; they were not mystical; they had the Yankee knack for hitching things together. They believed not in what the elements might do to them, but in what presently they could do with the elements. They blessed fertile rain and spear-armed fire without having to kneel or propitiate; their rites were practical and unconscious.

The rain fell and fell, and the family hugged its unity and went forward with its living. Timothy taught Sybil, and Patience taught the twins, and Asa taught Delia and Timothy. Amasa knocked up shelves; he ran a shelf all the way around the big room and made them grow up like bracket fungi on each side of the doors. In the doorway, with the smoke curling faintly out behind him and the rainy air drinking into the room around his shoulders, he looked out across the veiled landscape and saw the unused, refractory land. He thought of wheat, the intense golden freight of its heads, the tawny sheet of its stubble and the wealthy run and lisp of the grain pouring into the bins.

Delia sowed; she began to take a sudden pleasure in dressing the child Sybil, who had a smouldering hunger for clothes. Rhoda kept the house clean; the broom handle had a soft shine upon it that her hands gave it, but she did not notice it; in her mind, awake and frank, she thought about Chance Randelman. At the little desk that had come all the way from Salem, Asa plotted grafts and plantings. Moving about the house, Mary Tramble created that subtle order and grace that make a lady's home, however crude. At night she would sit writing by candlelight to all her kin in Buffalo; she wrote across the lines too, which is what makes it so difficult for me to read her record of those days and nights.

Then suddenly, in October, the sky cleared. Amoy did n't know how he knew it, but he promised that the deluge was over, and he was right. The woods were drenching still for two days; then under wind and sun they were dry and summery again. But it was Indian summer, and in the woods was heard the rejoicing chorus of the cricket frogs, hopping pilgrims on their way back to the renewed marshes. The ground was populous with them for some days; then the squirrels began to leave. They streaked through the trees as if some-

Hawaii



ROUND TRIP

\$150 up Cabin Class

From the moment you land in Honolulu with a garland of flowers round your neck, you will be thrilled by America's own tropical paradise. Round trips by great white Empresses from Vancouver and Victoria, \$250 up First Class; \$170 up Tourist Class. By more leisurely Canadian Australasian liners, \$150 up Cabin Class. See YOUR TRAVEL AGENT or Canadian Pacific: New York, Chicago, 39 other cities in U.S. and Canada.

Canadian Australasian

Canadian Pacific



*Where Infinite Variety
CROWNS SPORT KING!*



New Zealand's variety is infinite. Lovers of ease may yield to her South Seas languor. Nature addicts may explore her scenic marvels.

To the more strenuous, a world of sport beckons. Some of the world's sportiest game-fish lurk in New Zealand's waters. For the hunter, wapiti, hares, chamois, pheasant, ducks, quail and an all-year season on red and fallow deer.

NEW ZEALAND will forever remain a memorable discovery once you've experienced the travel and sport wonders in her easily-accessible areas.

Modern liners make the voyage in 15 days from Los Angeles, San Francisco, Vancouver, B. C., with stops en route at Hawaii, Samoa, Fiji. See your Travel Agent. Ask for free interesting literature. Learn how much further your dollar goes under New Zealand's exchange. Or write:

New Zealand Government
606-J So. Hill St., Los Angeles, Calif.,
or 520-J Bay St., Toronto, 2, Canada.

New Zealand
A WORLD IN ITSELF

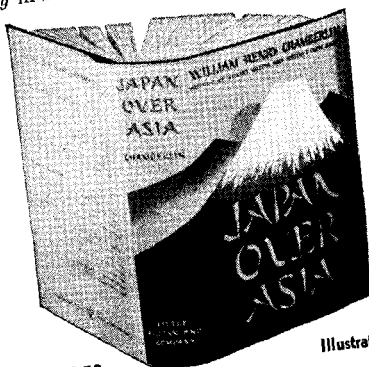
"Superlatively useful as a background to to-day's news."
— N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW.

JAPAN OVER ASIA

BY

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

is a penetrating analysis of Japan's psychology and of her aims as they may affect the rest of the world. A "valuable . . . thorough-going study of social, political, economic, military conditions. It is unquestionably the important current book on Japan." — Henry Seidel Canby in BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB NEWS



\$3.50

Illustrated

AN ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOK

THE Atlantic

thing were after them; they were so numerous that they lost their charm and became as deserting rats. They went south as if they felt cold weather coming, but it was not true migration, for those that went never came back. It was dispersal from overpopulous centres. The squirrels seldom now behave this way, but the old hunters remember it, Audubon wrote of it, and in the annals of this grove the great squirrel drive of that autumn brought back Chance Randelman. He took Timothy out to teach him how to shoot; he gave Sybil all the pelts her arms could hold.

Then the squirrels were gone, and Chance was off to Elk Grove for turkey. The last flowers flecked the woods, goldenrod went to tawny down, the aster bracts were empty and silver, and mysteriously bloomed gall-of-the-earth, nodding, long and withdrawn of flower, above its lion's-foot leaves. Dawn and evening were wintry; the noons were soft, gold in the core, blue on the far edges; sounds came from a long distance clearly in a deepening silence. Earth sighed its warmth away, a little more each day, but there was still heat in the midday sun. Air smelled of far-off fires and leaf mould breaking under the foot-fall. It had such ache and beckon in it, this Indian summer, that it drew them all outdoors.

Timothy set muskrat traps by the river; Franklin got on his horse and rode to Chicago for candles and salt and powder and fitches. Rhoda felt her first impulse to avoid her brothers and sisters; she had to walk; she felt a longing for neighbors; she swept the horizon for smoke, listened in the woods for hoof-beats.

Each day no one came, and each day it seemed that this was very certainly the last when the bluejay would ripple his come-hither call and the ants would have the strength to toil on the high cones tall as her knees. She was looking west over the prairie when Randelman rode up behind her back. He swung off

when he was abreast of her, dropping close to her side, bringing the smell of leather and gun oil and game. There were seven bobwhite slung to the saddle; the wind still made their feathers alive, but their eyes were dead, and the odor and feel of kill stole out from them.

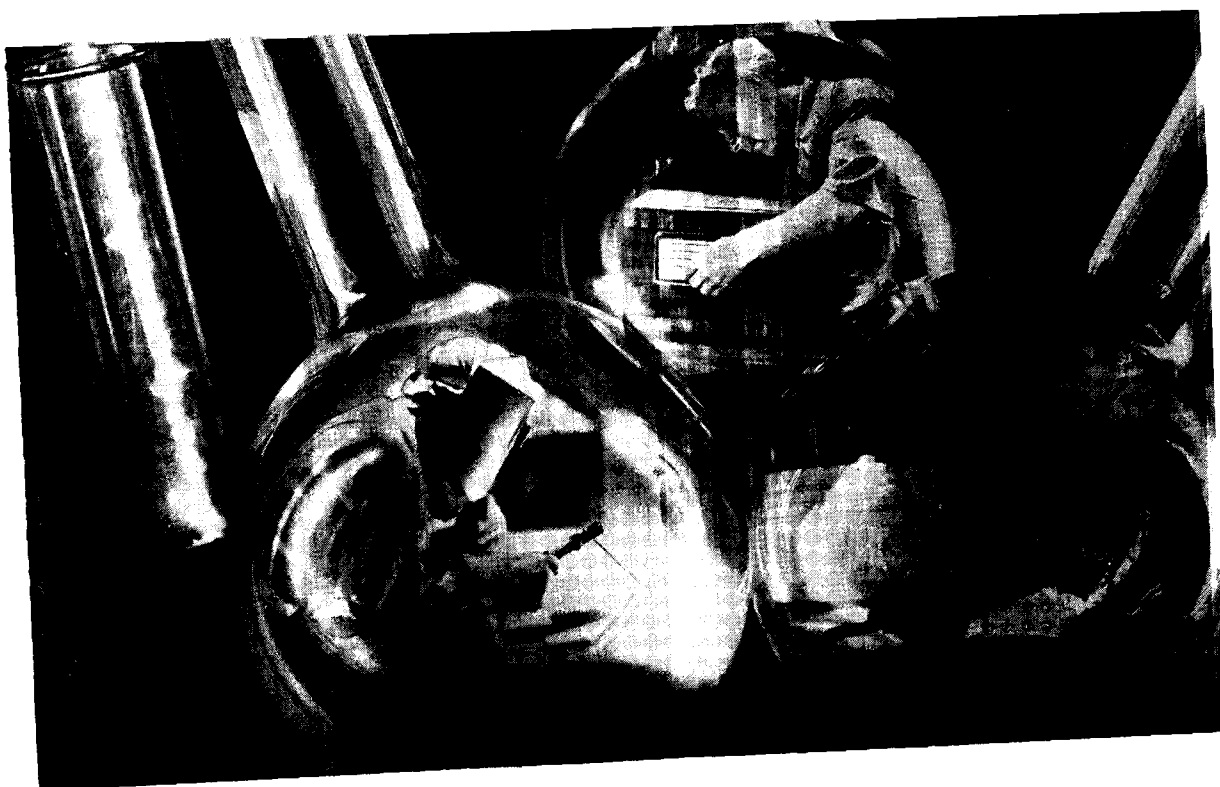
She was quiet and did not look at him much, so that he could not understand her. A girl walking alone in the wind on the edge of woods perplexed him; he had thought at first that she was waiting and looking for him. But she was too natural for a girl in love; he seemed to have interrupted some dream of hers with his presence.

And it began to interest him to imagine what it would take to wake her. He had not thought her the most attractive of the sisters, but he looked now at her arms, three-quarters bare, and it came to him that he was tired of taking and wanted to be given love. The pattern of the promise, the bride, the suckled baby, the mutual labor, sprang up out of this hour like a swift flower with exciting fragrance. For the first time he did not know what he could do with a woman, or how he could come at her heart. The thought that he might kiss her made his heart turn once with hurt in it, like that of a boy who has never tried what he is plotting for the next instant.

The roan mare watched what her master did with a mellow eye; she knew women from men very well; she could sense fright in a human being electrically, but after a moment she saw the woman grow quiet. The mare cropped the sweet deep grass with a seeking muzzle; at the bottom of the warmth, weather-wise, she sensed the coming frost.

It came, under crystal stars in a black sky, Fomalhaut peering one-eyed and autumnal over the southern rim of the world. In the house the fires spit at the coals; the winds sang at the chinks; Rhoda was silent with her first secret from those who loved her. In the mirror Delia did and undid, never satisfied, the tingling wide web of her hair.

(To be concluded)



TEST-TUBE BABIES

FROM the test tubes of industry have come many of the jobs that keep America busy. Fifteen million American men and women are at work today in jobs that did not exist in 1900. These jobs do exist today because, through research, industry has been able to develop hundreds of new products. And it has been able to make them so inexpensive that millions of people have been able to buy them.

These jobs are "test-tube babies," created in the modern research laboratories of industry. As a result, millions of people are employed today in welding, in making and selling radios, electric refrigerators, lamp bulbs, automobiles, and

hundreds of other manufactured products invented within the memory of many now living.

General Electric engineers and research scientists have contributed greatly to this progress. From the G-E Research Laboratory, in Schenectady, has come the modern electric lamp, which uses less electricity and gives more light, thereby saving the public \$5,000,000 a night. From it have come the modern x-ray tube which is helping the physician save lives, and conquer disease and suffering; the high-vacuum tube which makes radiobroadcasting possible; and many other developments which have created new jobs.

G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric

GENERAL  **ELECTRIC**

1938 - OUR SIXTIETH YEAR OF ELECTRICAL PROGRESS - 1938
 PRODUCED BY UNELCOR
 ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

HOLLAND is a good paintbox for those who know how to use its colors. **David Cornel DeJong** (p. 295) was born in the Netherlands in 1905. His parents brought him to the United States in his thirteenth year, and Michigan became his foster land. He was educated at Duke and Brown Universities, and, as English became his willing tool, his prose and verse began to appear in the *Atlantic*, *Scribner's*, *Hound and Horn*, and in anthologies. His first novel, *Belly Fulla Straw*, was published in 1933, and more recently, as a recipient of a Houghton Mifflin Fellowship, he has been putting the finishing touches on a new book about Holland.

'In Washington to-day there are a few more than 300 general publicity writers in the Federal agencies. Salaries range from \$3600 to \$12,000 a year. Prior to 1933 the Capital's roll of government publicists numbered 68.'

Lawrence Sullivan (p. 306) is speaking, and in the development of his article he explains what the effect of such publicity has been on the mind of the American reader. At seventeen, Lawrence Sullivan began his apprenticeship in newspaper work, an apprenticeship which was interrupted by his service on the Mexican Border and in an officers' training camp at Fort Sheridan. In 1919 he joined the Chicago staff of the Associated Press, and thereafter, with extraordinary exertion, he managed to complete three years of college work at Northwestern University without losing step in his journalistic assignments. In 1923 he was 'swing man' for the Associated Press for the thirteen states that make up the Central Division. In 1924 he reported the state and national conventions of both parties with such ability that shortly thereafter he was transferred to the Washington Bureau of the Associated Press. Since then his services have been almost exclusively confined to the Capital, where he has written for the United Press, the Scripps-Howard Alliance, the *Washington Post*, and *Forbes Business Magazine*.



LAWRENCE SULLIVAN

there were over a million injuries from motor accidents on our highways. On this huge casualty list were a good many thousand children — children who have been permanently crippled by heedlessness and speed. We believe that **Ruth Sawyer** (p. 316) speaks for parents everywhere, and we hope that her appeal may arouse our national conscience.

For a fair-minded and comprehensive view of the housing problem, the *Atlantic* calls first upon **Thomas S. Holden** (p. 321), Vice President in charge of Statistics and Research of the F. W. Dodge Corporation. Mr. Holden is President of the New York Building Congress, Inc. He was Chairman of the Mayor's Advisory Committee on the Real Property Inventory of New York in 1934, and Chairman of the Special Housing Committee of the Merchants' Association of New York.



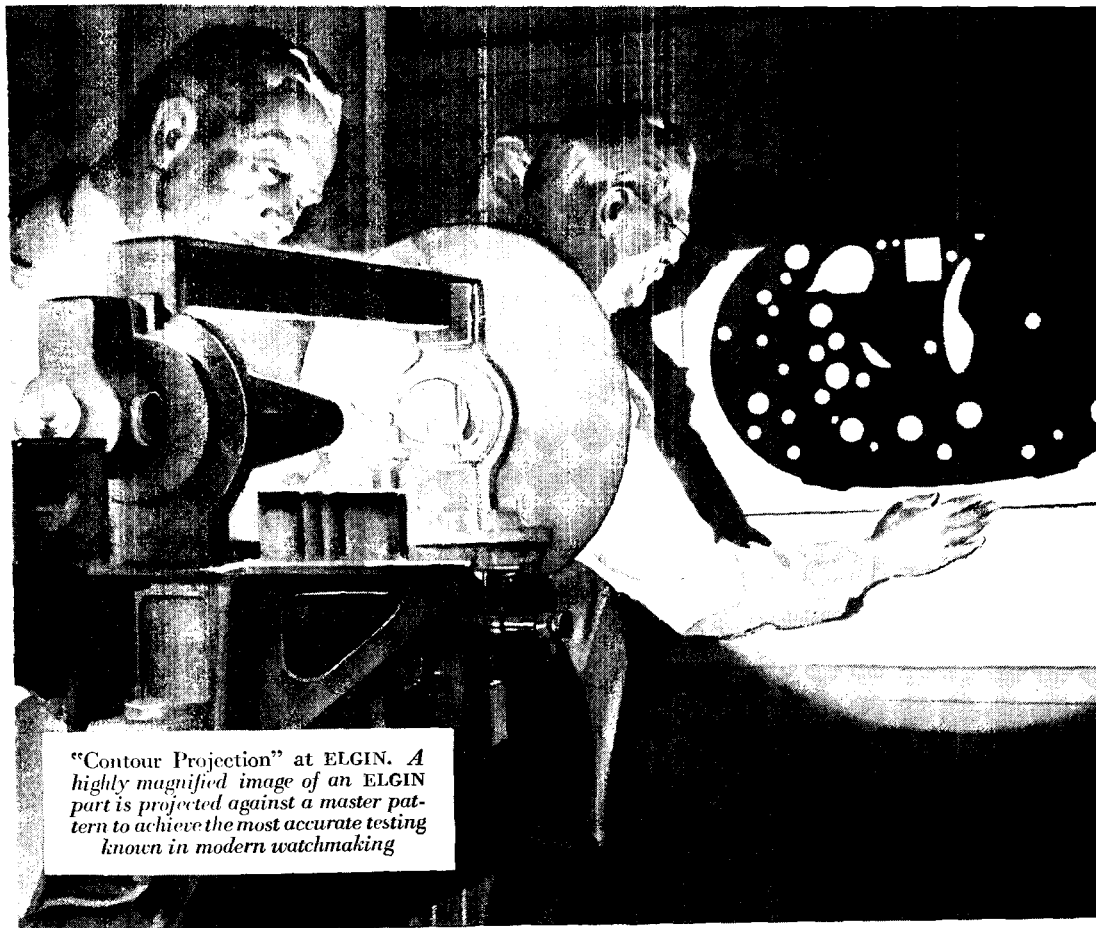
DAVID CORNEL DEJONG

In the April *Atlantic*, Arthur C. Holden of the Manhattan firm of Holden, McLaughlin and Associates will continue the discussion in his paper, 'Can Housing Be Financed?'

There is no doubt that **Elsa Lanchester** (p. 332) is one of the wisest wives in the theatre. Her sympathy and understanding have meant much to her husband, Charles Laughton, and her gay and affectionate account of their life together will give audiences everywhere a much keener understanding of the world beneath the Klieg lights. Elsa Lanchester herself is an actress of rare ability, as those know who have seen her play Anne of Cleves in *Henry the Eighth* and Hendrickje Stoffels in *Rembrandt*. So don't take seriously this account of her early start: —

'Years ago when I had first met Charles, H. G. Wells wrote three shorts for me. Although I say "wrote," he really did not. I met him, and the first thing he said to the company was, "Elsa blows a whistle." That's all — and that was one story. The effect of my face seen blowing a whistle and the results of the blowing of it — the world of officialdom that I brought down on my head — constituted the whole story, and represented for the films something much more valuable

It must be some peculiar form of callousness that inures us to the shocking fact that last year



"Contour Projection" at ELGIN. A highly magnified image of an ELGIN part is projected against a master pattern to achieve the most accurate testing known in modern watchmaking

SCIENCE GIVES NEW EYES to Elgin craftsmen—world's leading watchmaker

Amazing technical advances at ELGIN secure to America unchallenged leadership in the watchmaking field.

Eyes . . . to see as no other watchmakers have ever seen! Eyes . . . to help make possible timepieces that are years ahead in technical design!

ELGIN'S famous craftsmen, descendants of many generations of skilled watchmakers, are today equipped with optical instruments and other scientific aids never before known in watchmaking. These exclusive ELGIN developments are the result of many years of the most intensive scientific re-

search and experimentation. That they are being used to good purpose is apparent in the new 21-jewel Lord Elgins and 19-jewel Lady Elgins.

Here are watches of the highest precision construction, with tiny parts accurate to 1/10,000 of an inch and completely interchangeable. Jewels are specially set—like gems in the finest jewelry. Each part is subjected to exacting inspections under the control of the ELGIN Research Laboratory. And each watch is timed to the standard of the stars by ELGIN'S own observatory.

Quality jewelers are showing these epoch-making watches. Lord Elgins from \$50; Lady Elgins from \$47.50.



★ ELGIN ★

MADE BY AMERICAN CRAFTSMEN IN THE WORLD'S LARGEST FINE WATCH FACTORY

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The COLUMN

than pages of words about how and why and when.

Theodore Roethke (p. 340) teaches verse writing and advanced composition at Pennsylvania State College, and in his more contemplative moments gives himself to those verses which have established him in the quality magazines and current anthologies.

Gerard Swope (p. 341) needs no introduction to men of business and science. Born in St. Louis in 1872, educated at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he has been President of the General Electric Company since 1922.

For several months past **Margaret Dana** (p. 345) has been conducting in our columns a Consumers' Forum — a discussion of fabrics, furs, and waterproofs. Her articles have been written with the intention of edifying the purchaser and of strengthening those fair-trade practices for which there is such need in American industry. We might add that Miss Dana's story of warmth in fabrics has been checked and approved by ranking officials of the Federal Bureau of Standards.



THOMAS S. HOLDEN

H. B. Elliston (p. 348) is a Yorkshireman with a clear head for figures and a nice sense of balance. His eighteen years in journalism have been divided between London, the China Coast, and the United States. And during that period he has rendered a distinguished service to such papers as the *Manchester Guardian*, the *London Observer*, the *New York Herald*, and the *Christian Science Monitor*, of which he is at present Financial Editor. Mr. Elliston is naturally in close touch with England, and in our two preceding issues he has outlined certain financial aspects of the Anglo-American relations.

'Whether we like it or not,' writes **Alexander W. Williams** (p. 352), 'it is the orchestral conductor who has become the important central figure of any musical community.' To appreciate the full force of this statement, one need only think of the attention accorded Toscanini by millions of Americans. Mr. Williams is the music critic of the *Boston Herald* and the successor to Philip Hale.

Perhaps it is his New England heritage which makes **Wilson Follett** (p. 361) one of the most definite people we know. For two years past, he has been making note (at our suggestion) of the

use and abuse of the English language. In his present article he defines those words which flow back and forth across the Atlantic, as for instance: 'In a New York reporter's account of an interview with Miss Marlene Dietrich I learn that the actress wore no rouge, though she was "definitely lipsticked." A young woman volunteer on one of Major Bowes's radio programmes describes herself as being "definitely from Brooklyn." A Manhattan store (*Anglice* shop) says that all the debutantes are describing one of its new "creations" in winter headgear as "definitely divine." One of my cisatlantic correspondents finds himself at last provoked to write: "There is always some popular word one must use, and whether it is used correctly or not is secondary. Just now that word is *definitely*.'"



JAMES STILL

An *Atlantic* tradition once limited the Editor to no more than two short stories in each issue. In time this came to preclude the use of the very short story in our columns. In this issue we have indulged ourselves by printing a collection of brief narratives whose interest, we think, is out of all proportion to their length.

It pleases us to observe that each of the four writers is under forty and that each is, in a sense, an *Atlantic* discovery. 'I was born in Alabama's Chattahoochee Valley,' writes **James Still** (p. 372), 'and have always looked toward the hills. At the present time I am Librarian at the Hindman Settlement and delivering traveling libraries on Troublesome Creek in Knott County, Kentucky. This is probably the most remote section in eastern America. It is a country of creek-bed roads and nag-back travel, the long way around, the far between, the slow arrival. The last few years have brought a hard-surface highway into the county seat, and suddenly modern America is clashing with the primitive and old. It is sad to see it come. I believe the old simplicity was best in many respects.'

Walter Brooks (p. 375) is a Connecticut writer with a delightful sense of humor. His recent contributions to the *Atlantic* — 'Discovery of America' (August 1937) and 'Plant Early, Two Feet Apart' (January 1938) — have been received with chuckles of delight. **John Cheever** (p. 379) makes his



GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD

home in New York State. Wherever his writing may take him in the winter, when summer comes he feels the call to Saratoga. The quartette is completed by an Englishman, **Geoffrey Household**

More than meets the eye

LOOK at it. You are impressed with its size and majesty and grace of line. Sit in it—your appreciative eye finds it faultless in all its appointments. But to *measure* the merits of the Buick LIMITED you must drive it. For the most surprising thing about this arresting car is its brilliance of behavior. Faster

on the take-off, lighter in all its handling, smooth with a fluid ease exclusive to Buick alone, it is nimble as no car of its size has been before. Add that to its stunning style and to its luxurious roominess and you have the reason why you'll fail to match its value elsewhere within a thousand dollars of its price.



"Better buy Buick!"

A GENERAL



MOTORS VALUE

The COLUMN

(p. 383), who made his debut in the *Atlantic* in 1936 (four of his stories were published in that year), and whose first novel, *The Third Hour*, is now being widely discussed.

If readers have enjoyed this departure from tradition, we hope they will say so.

Arthur Pound (p. 387), economist and historian, spends most of his year in New York City, and so observes at close hand the parking problem as it troubles our most crowded metropolis. Municipal authorities everywhere are wondering how to handle transient motors. It seems to us that Mr. Pound's solution of city parking has the double virtue of relieving the pressure and of respecting property rights.

Until recently an undergraduate at Harvard, **Harry Brown** (p. 394) when last heard from was supplementing his college education with a trailer trip across the continent.

After his war service, **Henry Williamson** (p. 395) took refuge in a tiny hut on the Devon



JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES

moors, and there he lived the life of a hermit and naturalist, studying the ways of the animal kingdom, and, when his day's work was done, fraternizing with the rustics over small beer in the village pub. It was a healing convalescence after the long ordeal of the war, and from these days of minute and

unhurried observation came the books which established his reputation — *Tarka the Otter*, *The Old Stag and Other Stories*, and *Linhay on the Downs*.

No reader of normal sympathies can view the struggle in Spain without a feeling of painful perplexity. We every one of us should like to see peace restored — but by whom and at what price? In an effort to approach a clearer understanding, the Editor has invited affirmative statements seeking to do full justice to each faction involved. **Ian D. Colvin** (p. 397) is a London editor long identified with the *Morning Post* and long conversant with Spanish affairs. **John Langdon-Davies** (p. 403) is an English author who resided happily in Spain before the civil war and whose dispatches written from within the Government lines have been widely followed here and in England.

In this issue we conclude *A Prairie Grove*, that eloquent piece of Americana by **Donald Culross Peattie**. He was born in 1898 in Chicago. In 1922 he was graduated *cum laude* from Harvard,

and thereupon entered the Office of Foreign Seed and Plant Introduction in the Department of Agriculture at Washington, where he spent three years in botanical research. He then became a free lance, publishing novels and non-fiction, as well as such technical works as the *Flora of the Indiana Dunes*. After six years abroad he returned to America and the interpretation of its Nature.

An Almanac for Moderns was published in 1935 and was awarded the first annual Gold Medal of the Limited Editions Club, as the book written by an American author during the previous three years most likely to become a classic. It was followed by *Singing in the Wilderness: A Salute to John James Audubon*. The next year he wrote *Green Laurels: The Lives and Achievements of the Great Naturalists*, and in the spring of 1937 his *Book of Hours* appeared. Donald Peattie is married to Louise Redfield Peattie, herself a writer, with whom he has collaborated on several books. They have three sons.

1 1 1

J. Donald Adams's appeal in the January *Atlantic* for a revival of 'personal conscience' did not go unheeded. Letters to the Editor, to Mr. Adams, editorials and comments from near and far, attest to the warm reception accorded his New Year's plea.

Grosse Pointe Farms, Michigan

My dear Mr. Adams:

In the pre-Christmas rush my *Atlantic* did not get read right away as usual, and it was not until I got to bed late last night that I turned to it. Your article came first. I discussed it with my wife this morning at breakfast and then read it again. It is quite impossible for me to resist telling you how glad I am that you have given this expression of yourself, and already many approving letters must have come to you.

We are of the same generation — Williams, 1911 — and for years, particularly as a minister of a suburban parish near Chicago through the fearful twenties, I have felt this decline of which you write, wondering if it was not the sure sign that we were about to topple over into some kind of pit. Nothing could be more appropriate than your castigation of Hugo Black, for, so far as my observation goes, there was no similar castigation anywhere or at any time during and since his nomination for and elevation to our Supreme Court. I mean that no paper uttered more than a mere hint of disapproval and no one said the words in as quiet and deadly a fashion as yourself.

Your reference to Karl Marx and the British Museum makes me wonder if you have read Lippmann's *Good Society*, perhaps the most significant book of this whole time. The reference to the churches goes right to the point. But why this Marx and Communism I can understand. I mean I can see why men should grasp at that teaching; though why some men I know grasp at it passes my comprehension. The withdrawal from the churches, on the other

Southern California

NOW ADDS THIS

Southern California has charmed more than 12,000,000 visitors with its famous year 'round climate...fascinating variety of scenes, sports and fun...interesting industries and resorts like Hollywood, Beverly Hills, Pasadena, Glendale, Long Beach, Santa Monica, Pomona and others in and near Los Angeles County.

Now, with movies and network radio drawing celebrities from everywhere...with night clubs, broadcasts, "sneak" previews, world premieres...you'll find new thrills every day you're here!

Even from New York, it's just overnight by plane, 2½ to 3 days by train, 5 to 7 by auto or stage. And vacation costs here average 22.8% under those of 20 other leading U.S. resorts!

FREE: Automatic Trip Planner

This 80-page Official Guide Book—widely acclaimed by travel experts—shows what to see and do, how to get here, time required, itemized cost schedules plus over 100 photographs, maps, etc....authentic facts available only through this non-profit community organization. Coupon brings it **FREE** by return mail.

When you arrive, be sure to visit our new Official Information Bureau, 505 West 6th St.,



TO ALL THIS

Los Angeles, for expert help in getting the most enjoyment out of your stay here. **FREE**, of course.

Come for a glorious vacation. Advise anyone not to come seeking employment, lest he be disappointed; but for tourists, the attractions are unlimited.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

*All-Year Club of Southern California,
Dept. 3-A, 629 So. Hill St., Los Angeles, Calif.*

Send me free book with complete details (including costs) of a Southern California vacation. Also send free routing by ☐ auto, ☐ rail, ☐ plane, ☐ bus. Also send free booklets about counties checked: ☐ Los Angeles, ☐ Orange, ☐ Riverside, ☐ Santa Barbara, ☐ Inyo, ☐ San Diego, ☐ Imperial, ☐ San Bernardino, ☐ Ventura, ☐ Kern.

Name

Street

City State

(Please print name and address)

ALL-YEAR CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



The COLUMN

hand, puzzles me. I do not know how to account for it. And, of course, in some parts of our country there has been almost no withdrawal in comparison with a generation or so ago. Here in Detroit, for example, the churches have a much more general backing from all groups than in Chicago. But just why should there be a withdrawal? Is it because of the emphasis of the social gospel, so-called, and a complete misreading of the truth that there is really no such thing as a social gospel, but rather a much fuller and widespread individual gospel?

REVEREND FRANK FITT

Princeton, New Jersey

My dear Mr. Adams:

I read with a great deal of interest and profit your article, 'The Collapse of Conscience.' More power to your pen.

Have you ever thought of the possible connection between the tremendous amount of money which has gone into secular education the past ten or twenty years and the little or nothing that has gone into the education of ministers, whose chief business it is to develop the Christian conscience and make it strong, courageous?

I have been studying the *World Almanac* a bit and comparing these figures. They seem to me startling and very suggestive.

HENRY S. BROWN

New York City

Dear Mr. Adams:

Three cheers for your grand piece in the January *Atlantic*. I wish the magazine had a circulation of 120,000,000 copies.

LYNN CARRICK

Lenoir, North Carolina

My dear Mr. Adams:

Your article on 'The Collapse of Conscience' is the finest thing I have read in years. May I congratulate you on the simplicity and conciseness of your writing, and the fearlessness and integrity of your thinking. If more writers to-day had your literary and moral qualities, our country would not be in the condition you deplore.

JEAN A. BERNHARDT

New York City

Dear Mr. Adams:

Thank you for the article in the January *Atlantic*. You have got down to the roots of our trouble. It is a stalwart piece.

IDA M. TARBELL

And from those who disagreed.

Springfield, Illinois

Dear Atlantic, —

For fifty years I have been watching men, some who were supposed or professed to have a conscience. I have yet to find one who had a conscience when his personal or private interests were involved. I have not as yet (and I am looking for that one) found one who would not stretch his conscience out of line in order to gain a private advantage.

'The Collapse of Conscience' is a shining example illustrating my point. I thought when I started to peruse the article that a dissertation on the psychology and ethics of the subject would follow. Instead, any politician of Republican Party stripe could have, and many have, uttered the same sentiments.

Few men are willing (when their conscience is involved) to admit in public that they have made a mistake. Many a man has admitted that he was wrong, but did he, down within his own conscience, believe that he was wrong? I am not sure that the Social Security Act, or the Supreme Court reorganization, or the appointment of Hugo Black was unconscionable. Thirty-five years ago, the Socialists (what horrid beings) advocated many new principles of law and order, capital and labor, social and ethical. If my memory serves me right, most of the then advocated and argued points have since been enacted into laws by our various states and the national government, and many of them our conscience has found good.

Time cures more things than a broken heart. Who can say what the family relations in married life will be in the next thousand years? Many philosophers and others will argue that point with you. Our conscience has gone through many changes outside of our political and governmental spheres. That which is good for us to-day was not good for us ten years ago, because we were not ready to absorb it. And this is true of the food we eat, the clothes we wear, the books we read, the daily work we do, our relation to the State, the school, the home, the Church, or our conscience.

We do not measure principles with the same rule day after day. As we are supposed to grow in stature and wisdom, the measuring stick seems to grow. We see with larger vision, greater understanding; our conscience also grows. The conscience of the *Atlantic Monthly* seems to cover about all things. It takes all kinds and I am 'happy about the whole thing.'

I am not so sure that I should permit myself to 'get mad and stay mad' over 'the Black case,' or the Social Security Act, or the packing of the Supreme Court. Justice Black may develop into the greatest Justice our Supreme Court has ever had. The Social Security Act may turn out (with some corrections) to be the greatest single piece of social legislation enacted thus far by our government, and the Supreme Court may yet be raised out of the murk. Then, oh then, where has my conscience been for the past — ?

HOMER D. McLAREN

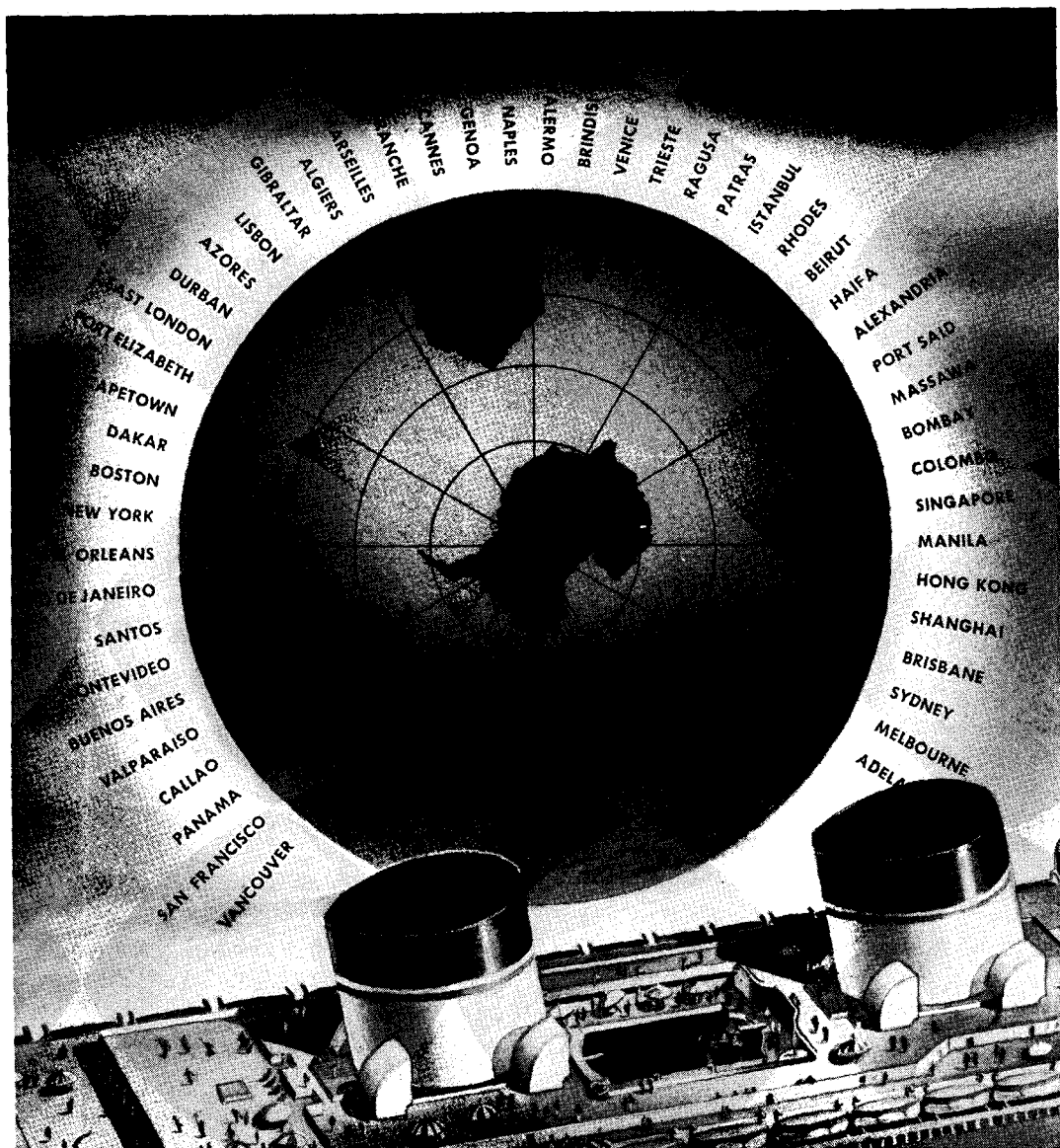
Columbia, Missouri

Dear Atlantic, —

The article by Mr. Adams, 'The Collapse of Conscience,' interests and puzzles me. Pretending to be a lament for the general decay of conscience, it is in substance a covert attack upon President Roosevelt — a very good instance of the decay Mr. Adams is complaining about.

And furthermore it's an attack of precisely the same nature as that made by the officers and directors of the big corporations, who, as was shown by the report of the Federal Trade Commission in February 1934, voted to themselves preposterous salaries and bonuses during the panic years of 1930-1933!

J. W. RANKIN



SHIPS THAT SERVE THE WORLD . . .

SPEEDING from ocean to ocean, from continent to continent — great Lido liners visit the far-flung harbors of the globe!

223 world ports look to the Italian Marine for swift, efficient, *regular* service . . . delightful, open-air Lido life at sea. Are you going from New York to Capetown? Choose an Italian vessel for a 19 day voyage with every modern

shipboard luxury! Going to Bombay? You can make the voyage in 16 days . . . just as you can travel to Egypt in 9 days, and reach Beirut or Haifa in as little as 12 days—aboard a Lido ship.

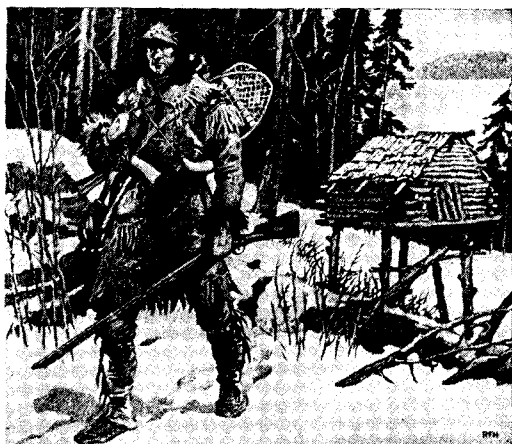
And you'll enjoy the same supreme standards of seamanship, cuisine, service . . . under Italy's flag . . . on every vessel of her lines . . . Italia, Lloyd Triestino, Adriatica or Tirrenia!

Apply to your Local Travel Agent or



ITALIAN LINE

624 Fifth Avenue, New York—Offices in Principal Cities



White hunters learned from the Indians that it was wise to store food in a cache in the forest when food was plentiful.

When Cache Means Cash

When you select life insurance as the cache or storage place for your savings, you have made certain that every dollar—and more—will be there for you and your family when it is needed most.

Other forms of investment in which you place your savings *may* prove to be equally sound. Some may even show you a greater return than life insurance. But of all forms of investment, life insurance is the safest and soundest, and is the only one which guarantees to pay your family full face value if death occurs while you are accumulating the principal.

If you live to retirement age, you have the very valuable privilege of an income from your policy as long as you live.

We have a new policy which fits in marvelously with the Government's Social Security plan. A policy of this kind may prove the ideal solution of your retirement problem. It costs nothing to find out about it. Address:

NATIONAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY

Home Office—**VERMONT**
Montpelier.

A Mutual Company, founded in 1850, "as solid as the granite hills of Vermont."

Do readers agree that our cover 'clashes'?

Washington, D. C.

Dear Atlantic, —

I have been your faithful friend ever since I can remember, and I shall undoubtedly be reading you long after memory fails. Does n't that give me the right to speak my mind about the color of your cover?

In brief, it clashes. It clashes with the pastel shades of my tablecloths, when I read with my meals. It clashes with the rose and blue slip covers in my living room. And it clashes terribly in the bathroom.

This evening I was reading 'Business and Release' in the tub, and wondering whether I could retire at age never-mind-what and live on \$8.40 a month for the rest of my life, when your pages got so damp I could n't turn them. So I tossed you over the side, and when you landed on the delicate pink hooked-rug hollyhocks — it hurt me worse than it did you!

I could n't help thinking, 'You look just like a filling station.' And I could hear you reply, in accents dignified and rebuking, 'What am I if *not* a filling station? If I did not stand out prominently you might not be able to see me when you need more petrol for your thinking tank.'

And that's where the matter rests, until I can think of a suitable retort.

JOSEPHINE HEMPHILL

Beware of 'strange Oriental seeds'!

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

Dear Atlantic, —

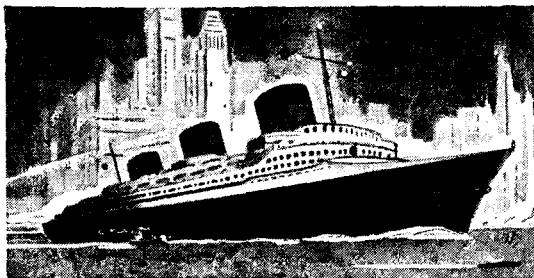
Such tales as 'Plant Early, Two Feet Apart' should be banned from hospitals — I very nearly did myself a serious injury, recently, laughing at it while recovering from an appendectomy. Seriously, however, let me speak for longer and sharper dragon's teeth. The story is a gem.

If you are a collector of bizarre experiences like dragon's teeth, I am reminded of a similar one which happened to some relatives of mine, hard-headed 'Pennsylvania Dutch' people who one time received some strange Oriental seeds from a missionary brother in Persia, or some such place. Fritz was suspicious of them and refused to plant them, but finally curiosity got the better of Minna, his wife. She secretly planted them one night in the dark of the moon. Not expecting any signs of the plant for several weeks, she started indoors, when she was arrested by a shout, 'Ha-ee!' — followed by a jumble of unintelligible words.

Minna, unfortunately, did not speak ancient Sumerian. Undaunted by that limitation, however, and believing that all foreigners speak the same heathenish gibberish, she shouted, without turning around, the only foreign phrase she knew: 'E Pluribus Oonum!' Then she added, as an afterthought, 'Are Ess We Pea!'

Then, as the shouting subsided, she gained enough courage to look about. Imagine her consternation when she saw, not fifteen Greek soldiers, but six starving-Armenian-looking little boys.

'Fritz! Ach, Fritz!' she shrieked, and the six little boys babbled their heathenish tongue, pointing at her, but looking more frightened than belligerent. Fritz at that moment poked his head out of the second-story front window.



To
EUROPE

by
FRENCH LINE



with
**ALL THAT
THAT MEANS**

for
\$174.00 up*
ROUND TRIP



FRENCH LINE ships have been designed in the tradition of elegant living, blended with utmost safety . . . and this tradition permeates all classes, Third, Tourist and Cabin. • Even the least expensive staterooms have ample room and air; they are decorated and furnished with that excellent taste for which the French are so noted. Tourist and Third Class passengers enjoy generous deck space, hot and cold running water, beautifully appointed smoking-rooms, lounges, dining-salons. There are rooms for children to play in . . . gymnasiums . . . even a Tourist Class swimming pool on one vessel. • Food is prepared by expert French chefs, with a good wine free with every meal. Stewards are courteous and friendly (English-speaking, of course). • Exchange is at its lowest point in years! Let your Travel Agent help you plan your trip. He will save you much time and money.

*Third Class

**French
Line**
610 Fifth Avenue
(Rockefeller Center), New York

New York to England and France, and thus to all Europe:
NORMANDIE, March 30, May 4 • PARIS, April 8, 30 •
LAFAYETTE, April 20 • ILE DE FRANCE, April 27.
Fly anywhere in Europe via Air-France.



"Eastward still ... beyond Cathay"



Sail Eastward to all those lands you long to see . . . and sail by P & O—the Line whose very name has, for a full century, evoked the glamour of the world beyond Suez. It's more inexpensive than you might think. Just cross to England by Cunard White Star . . . and there embark in any liner of the P & O and British India fleets, led by the new, 22,500-ton Strathnaver, Strathaird and Strathmore. Regular service to Egypt, Sudan, the Persian Gulf, India, Japan, Australia, East and South Africa, Mauritius.

Round-the-World Tours—P & O and associated Lines offer varied world tours, sailing eastward or westward, tickets good for two years. Itineraries as low as \$885 with Top Class in all ships, \$590 with Second and Tourist Classes. With British India steamers between Europe and the Orient—\$747 Top Class.

P & O Cruises—Elaborate programs of cruises from England . . . to Northern Wonderlands, Atlantic Islands, Mediterranean . . . in season.

Book through your local travel agent or

CUNARD WHITE STAR LINE

GENERAL AGENTS

25 Broadway and 638 Fifth Avenue, New York

EAST OF SUEZ

is the realm of

P&O

PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL
AND BRITISH INDIA STEAM
NAVIGATION COMPANIES

'Vot's der racket?' he inquired mildly, but the sight of his nightcapped head sent the little boys into a mild form of hysterics. Minna's mother instincts overcame her fright, and she ran back to the garden. As the boys' feet were not yet free, they could not run away, and had to submit to her motherly ministrations. They conferred together in low tones, Minna all the time interrupting with 'Ach, can't you talk English?'

Finally the eldest turned to Minna and recited in a singsong something evidently to the effect that they were harmless, for he showed his empty palms and finished by prostrating himself before her as soon as his feet were free.

In the meantime Fritz appeared with a shotgun, which in all probability was not loaded. At this fearful sight, the smallest boy began to run in circles, shouting the ancient Sumerian equivalent of 'Bloody murder!'

'Ach, Fritz, bring 'em in for a cup of milk!' Minna urged. She motioned to them, and led them into the spacious kitchen.

Minna set milk, gingerbread, and apples before them, then put them to bed in the spare room, six in a bed.

'But vat shall ve do now, Minna?' Fritz wondered.

'Ve must keep them, Fritz!' she replied firmly.

Keep them they did. The boys quickly learned English, or the Pennsylvania Dutch hybrid. Minna named them Fritz, Hans, Franz, Ludwig, Richard, and Johann. Some legal technicality as to birth certificates prevented them from adopting the boys, and I never did learn just what story was current as to their origin. Probably they hinted that the missionary in Persia, or some such place, had sent them. The last I heard was that the boys were growing fast, and Fritz was planning to attend an agricultural college.

'They're such a comfort to us,' Minna said in her latest letter.

I should n't like you to use an oxometer on that story, but the moral is, Don't plant strange Oriental seeds in the dark of the moon. Minna, at least, should have known better.

EDITH M. MACHEN

What does union membership do to a man?

Schenectady, New York

Dear Atlantic, —

We have just had a house built by a contractor, and our experience leads me to ask the question: What does joining a trade-union do to a man?

We had two contractors, one to build and one to grade and finish off. At nine the builders and carpenters would arrive, and at four-thirty they were through. There was no work done on Saturday. If a man arrived a few minutes early, he sat around and waited for the clock to strike. He kept union hours. He may have been subject to a fine should he have begun at eight-fifty-five. The painters splashed paint on the new plumbing fixtures, the plumbers put black fingerprints on the fresh paint, the plasterers spat on the new floors.

Well, the work was finished on time. Then the grading was begun under a new contractor, who had his own gang of unorganized workmen. One morning they arrived, whistling, at seven o'clock. Their boss came with them. He was here, there, and every-



Perhaps your product is good—but I did
my buying at The Fifth Avenue Building

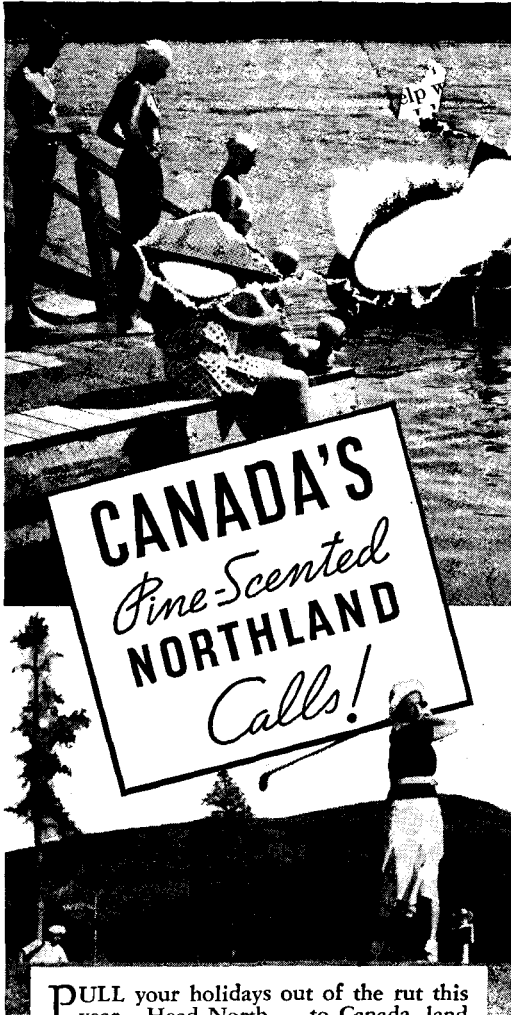
IN MANY INDUSTRIES, a display in The Fifth Avenue Building is the hall-mark of a product's quality. Because so many leading manufacturers have offices and display rooms here, the address lends prestige. And for this same reason, buyers from all over the country assemble at The Fifth Avenue Building. The concentration of displays helps them to make their selections quickly and easily.

The dominant location of The Fifth Avenue Building makes it easily accessible. A subway entrance in the building connects directly with railroad terminals. There are many good hotels nearby.

The Fifth Avenue Building has a reputation for fine management. Among the special services offered is the large Conference Room, for the free use of tenants. Buyers make their headquarters in the Visitors' Bureau, a completely equipped suite of offices. Excellent food is served in two restaurants in the building.

The management of The Fifth Avenue Building has had wide experience with many types of industries. Visit us when you are in New York. You'll be convinced that here is the place for your metropolitan office.

THE FIFTH AVENUE BUILDING
BROADWAY AND FIFTH AVENUE
AT MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK
"MORE THAN AN OFFICE BUILDING"



PPULL your holidays out of the rut this year. Head North — to Canada, land of varied vacations where Great National Parks, surging rivers and streams, placid lakes, deep, cool forests, gay resorts, and sun-drenched sea-shore havens give unlimited choice. All are easy of access: some, just overnight from where you live. And there's no red tape crossing the border. Ample scope for golf, swimming, canoeing, fishing. Mail coupon for full details of *inexpensive* Canadian vacations.



**CANADIAN
TRAVEL BUREAU
OTTAWA - CANADA**

Canadian Travel Bureau, Ottawa, Canada. Z-138

☐ Please send me free copy of your 68-page illustrated book about vacationing in Canada.

☐ Please send information on.....

district, province of.....

Name

Address

State

where. He wielded a pick, a shovel, a hoe. They all joshed each other, and the work went merrily on. They also finished on time, and when the job was completed we fed them beer and they sat under our trees to drink it. Some of them had worked long hours, some short, and the boss was around to as needed. Everyone was happy.

The stories about labor troubles experience was not unpleasant. The job was much pleasant. There was no feeling of being an employee, no one had a chip on his shoulder, no one went around with the Bill of Rights on his tongue.

Now I am quite aware of the fact that most of the good things that have come to labor have come through the pressure exerted by the trade-unions; that the ordinary workman would have no chance in the world if the unions had not fought his battles for him. The big employers of labor have forced trade-unions on us, and it is the employers who are largely to blame for the unpleasant effects of organization. They themselves organized first. What wonder that their employees followed their example? But I believe it has done something to the individual, which is a great pity. The friendly relationship is largely gone. What a loss to both groups!

Now I do not know what my second contractor pays his men, nor do I know how many working hours they put in in a week. But I do know that they were willing, and apparently contented, and that I enjoyed having them around. I do not know whether they would have expecorated on the new floors, or walked off with some tools (by mistake, of course). They worked outside and were not subject to that temptation. But I know they did not walk over the young grass that was just coming up, as the plasterers (who had to do some work over) had to be told not to do. Their future employment depended on their doing a good piece of work, and no union would protect them if they shirked.

I have known many fine union men. The boss carpenter was a grand Scotchman, proud of his skill, a high-grade man in every sense. But he would not make my kitchen shelves as wide as I wanted them, or give the drainboard the pitch I thought it should have. I shall always be a little less contented on that account. Probably I should have been firmer, and stood up for my rights, as if I, too, belonged to a union.

Well, what is it that belonging to a union does to a man?

CONSTANCE JOHNSON

Pennyfeather on the mat.

Indianapolis, Indiana

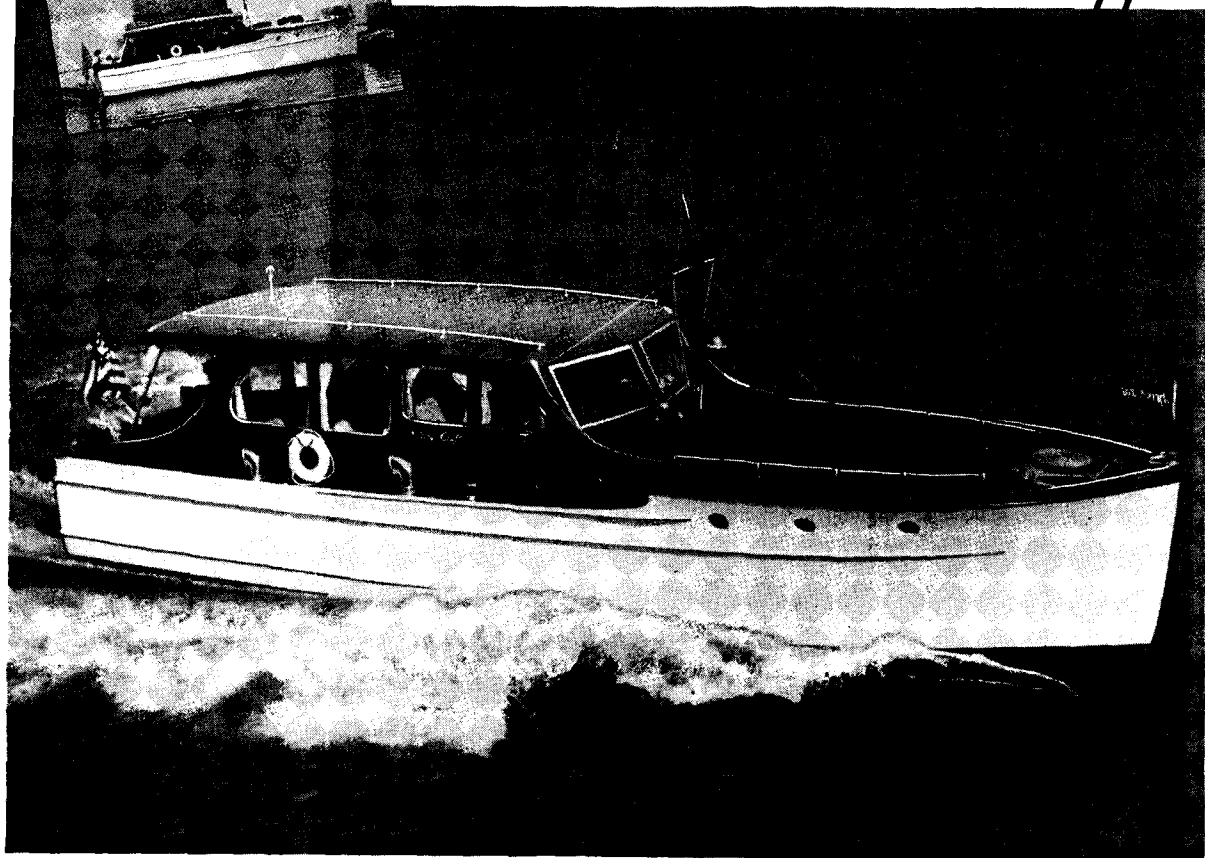
Dear Atlantic, —

I have enjoyed Mr. Moffat's 'War and Football' in your January issue. Being of Harvard leanings myself, the football prelude particularly appealed to me. But I must admit that some of the references to the hows and whys of our going to war, and to the American Legion, rather ruffled my feelings.

I am one of those queer animals who are World War veterans and proud of it.

Of course there have been disillusionments, but I still believe that we went to war to protect our people and our national life and not because Wall

Cruise via Chris-Craft



35-ft. Double Stateroom Enclosed Cruisers are priced from \$6290 f.o.b. factory. Runabouts and Utility Boats priced from \$895

THIS year select your own itinerary and cruise via Chris-Craft. You'll enjoy the freedom from hotels, highways, trains and other less interesting means of travel and living. You'll get the thrill of going where you please, when you please, and you'll get a real kick out of charting your own course. Now Chris-Craft makes this possible with the finest fleet of Cruisers, Utility Boats and Runabouts in the world, at prices which are unbelievably low, due to our greater produc-

tion and precision methods. Take this new 35-ft. Double Stateroom Enclosed Cruiser, for example. It is more sturdily constructed than any other boat of its size. Contains luxurious sleeping accommodations for 6, an attractively planned deckhouse, new sound-proofing, rubber mounted engines, built-in dining nook, 2 beautifully appointed staterooms, 11' beam and many other exclusive features. Write for our 4-color booklet showing all the new Chris-Craft models for 1938.

WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDERS OF MOTOR BOATS...SEE THE NEAREST CHRIS-CRAFT DEALER

CHRIS-CRAFT CORPORATION
603 Detroit Road, Algonac, Michigan
Send FREE 4-color Booklet.

Name _____

CHRIS-CRAFT

CHRIS-CRAFT CORP., 603 Detroit Road, ALGONAC, MICH.
Direct Factory Branch • 83 East 45th Street, New York

PRODUCED BY ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bay of SAN DIEGO



Charm OF ENVIRONMENT

Situated in Southern California's marvelous coastal zone and built around one of the world's ten finest landlocked harbors, **San Diego** offers you an environment unsurpassed. Here, by a southern sea amidst perennial subtropic beauty, this modern community of **San Diego** is indeed your dream city come true.

Come winter or summer and its utter charm will enthrall you.

FREE BOOKLET
Address . . . Room 123
San Diego-California Club



CALIFORNIA
Include **SAN DIEGO**
on your ticket
AT NO EXTRA COST!

JOHN DEWEY on HENRY GEORGE

"No man, no graduate of a higher educational institution, has a right to regard himself as an educated man in social thought unless he has some first-hand acquaintance with the contribution of this great thinker. It is the thorough fusion of insight into actual facts and forces, with recognition of their bearing on what makes human life worth living, that constitutes Henry George one of the world's great social philosophers."

Henry George's philosophy is contained in **PROGRESS and POVERTY**. This book is as American as a sod house, a native contribution to social thinking. It has sprung, not from Russia or Italy, but from George's own observation of the American scene. It shows the real reason for poverty and misery amidst an obvious plenty, and it gives the remedy.

Progress and Poverty — \$1.00 Postpaid
ROBERT SCHALKENBACH FOUNDATION
10 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Street or munitions makers or England or France slyly tricked us into it.

And, being proud of my service, I am just as proud of my membership in the American Legion, because, above everything else, I look upon it as a means of holding and keeping alive a spirit and feeling that only a service man can know.

The vast majority of this particular cross section of America is going its way just as quietly, earnestly, and straightforwardly as the rest of the country. Of course the Legion, nationally, has made mistakes. Of course individual posts and members have done some ridiculous and indefensible things. But the Legion is bigger than John Doe or Richard Roe or past commanders or new commanders. For the Legion was born in the heat of one of the most tremendous moments in our national life, and will endure so long as one still lives who helped hold high the torch in that fateful darkness.

That's all there is to the American Legion — just a million Americans bound together by a common service, working together for a common end, far from perfect, full of mistakes, but everlastingly proud of the work they are doing and prayerfully hoping and believing that they will leave the America they love just a little happier, just a little finer.

PHILIP C. LEWIS

What, exactly, was Mr. Ludwig trying to prove?

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Dear Atlantic, —

The malicious distortions and plain untruths in Emil Ludwig's article on 'The German Mind' in the February issue are perhaps too evident to require comment.

It is true that the great literary, musical, and artistic period of our culture is a thing of the past, in Germany as elsewhere. However, it is senseless to assert that prosperity and political unity, as such, have injured Germany's intellectual progress or reduced the quality of her contributions to our civilization. Ours is a scientific age, and I have never heard it denied that Germany's scientific and technical progress during the period 1870-1914 has been at least equal to that of other lands.

Ludwig has a facile pen and a captivating style. His biographies, however, have had greater success in this country than abroad, owing to the fact that Americans are less familiar with the lives and characters of Bismarck, Napoleon, and so forth, and therefore not such good judges of their biographies.

It amused me to find a thrust against Richard Wagner. Most of us admire our geniuses and gladly allow ourselves to become inspired and even overawed by their greatness. Ludwig rebels and becomes surcharged with hatred toward the man whose greatness would gain such ascendancy over us. For many years Ludwig and a little clique in Berlin have waged war against Wagner and earned the disgust of everyone in Germany with the tastelessness of their attacks. Is he attempting to stir up a Wagner controversy in this country?

May I hope that you will adhere to the good old Atlantic custom and follow this Ludwig article by its counterpart, 'The Jewish Mind,' by Julius Streicher?

ANONYMOUS

HELL ON ICE

The Saga of the "Jeannette"

By **Commander Edward Ellsberg**

An unforgettable true story of the "Jeannette" and its navy crew, trapped two years in the Arctic ice. "No wonder the book is destined to be widely read. It is a thrilling yarn, packed with drama from beginning to end."—LINCOLN COLCORD in the *N. Y. Herald Tribune*. "Ellsberg has made the story seem almost as fresh as though it occurred yesterday; there is in it some of the quality of a fine novel."—RUSSELL OWEN in *The N. Y. Times*.

First printing 110,000 copies.

\$2.75



MEDICAL MAGIC

By **David Dietz** How medical science is penetrating the secrets of the human body and applying this new knowledge to the conquest of disease—the wizardry of the glands, the magic of nerves, the modern seven horsemen of death and disease, etc. "The general public will find it fascinating, as well as informative."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*. Many pictures. **\$3.50**

DEBUSSY: Man and Artist

By **Oscar Thompson** A brilliant interpretation of his life and work, including a detailed biography and a discussion of all of his compositions. "One may well doubt whether future writers will add anything of importance to the French composer's life. Especially valuable are the notes on Debussy's compositions."—*Pitts Sanborn*. 395 pages. **\$3.50**

FROM JEHOVAH to JAZZ

By **Helen L. Kaufmann** Author of "Minute Sketches of Great Composers," "Artists in Music of Today," etc. Music in America from Psalmody to the present—folk songs, spirituals, operas, symphonies, jazz, etc. "One of the most amusing and quotable books on the general subject of musical history."—*Portland Oregonian*. Gay illustrations by Alajalov **\$3.00**

THE BEST PLAYS OF 1936-37

Edited by
BURNS MANTLE

Ten outstanding plays by excerpt and summary: *You Can't Take It With You*; *The Women*; *Tovarich*; *Stage Door*, etc. With valuable theatre data. Stage pictures. **\$3.00**

THE BEST ONE-ACT PLAYS OF 1937

Edited by
MARGARET MAYORGA

Twelve complete plays, in many moods, for reading and acting. Also important biographical and bibliographical material. Indispensable to all drama lovers. **\$2.50**

CHINESE GARDENS

By
DOROTHY GRAHAM

A unique book on the development of the various forms of Chinese gardens and a description of their rare charm and loveliness. With 48 photographs. **\$5.00**

OLD WILLIAMSBURG and Her Neighbors

By **WILLIAM
OLIVER STEVENS**

An informal journey through historic Fredericksburg, Jamestown, the James River mansions, Yorktown, and Colonial Williamsburg. Legends, anecdotes, famous homes and buildings. Frontispiece in color and 60 drawings. **\$3.00**



By the same author:

NANTUCKET
Illus. **\$3.00**

ANNAPOLIS
Illus. **\$3.00**

The Atlantic BOOKSHELF



A Guide to Good Books

PROFESSOR of Law at Yale University, Thurman W. Arnold is the author of *The Symbols of Government*, chosen by H. L. Mencken as one of the three most interesting books published in 1936. Now in his new volume Professor Arnold is concerned with how things work rather than with the moral principles people claim for them. It is a highly provocative study of capitalism under the microscope.

THE FOLKLORE OF CAPITALISM

by Thurman W. Arnold

[Yale University Press, \$3.00]

The Folklore of Capitalism might well have been subtitled 'Fun at the Operating Table,' for it is essentially the gleeful record of a number of cruel and bloody operations in which Mr. Arnold laid wide the abdomen of capitalism, without benefit of anaesthetics, in order, not to cure the patient, but merely to ascertain and list the diseases that are ravaging its body. Our surgeon duly records the diseases that he found, plus an inventory of a miscellaneous assortment of objects, ranging from old house slippers of the seventeenth century to stuffed shirts of the twentieth century, with which the abdominal cavity was crammed. Throughout the record the surgeon tries hard to adhere to the scientific canon *nil admirari*, but the effort is sometimes too much for him and he indulges often in the nonscientific luxury of a smile. Occasionally, when his keen sense of the ridiculous gains the upper hand, we hear him piping little songs of glee, and catch fleeting glimpses of a cloven hoof beneath the surgeon's gown.

The groundwork for our present clinician was laid, of course, long ago by that dour and solemn Norseman, Thorstein Veblen, whose travels in the arid, mirage-filled realms of economics were set down in a tortuous and difficult style strangely

reminiscent of the style of Doughty recording in *Arabia Deserta* his journeys in the awful desert. But where Veblen was dour and solemn Mr. Arnold is gleeful, amused, and amusing. And this is no mean feat at a time when pomposity parades so largely as profundity, and vituperation as virility.

The author's flashing wit plays illuminatingly upon such subjects as 'The Psychology of Social Institutions,' 'The Place of Learning in the Distribution of Goods,' 'The Personification of the Corporation,' and 'The Effect of the Antitrust Laws in Encouraging Large Corporations.' In a period when every burning bush conceals, not God, but a planner, Mr. Arnold calmly says: 'Actually there has never been such a thing as a planned organization of society, even in times where there is the most planning. . . . Goods are distributed, not through plans, but through habit and ceremony.' In an era when hard-boiled politicians, either out of sheer distress or in response to fashion, call in for consultation the professors and economists whom they have always regarded as academic sissies, Mr. Arnold says that the 'total effect of the learning of law and economics is not in any sense a present guide for either business or government. . . . Scholars like to think of legal and economic principles . . . as a practical guide. It is difficult to convince most of them that they are not practical advisers because when their guesses go wrong they can always ascribe the blame to factors such as human nature or politics, which lies outside their sciences.'

Mr. Arnold says that there is no such animal as 'the thinking man' — 'the fellow we might all become if the demagogues would only let us alone.' For man lives by creeds. 'Social creeds,

laws, economics, and so on have no meaning whatsoever [author's emphasis] apart from the organization to which they are attached.' And man does not choose his creeds as a free-willing individual. 'Men become bound by loyalties and enthusiasms to existing organizations. If they obtain

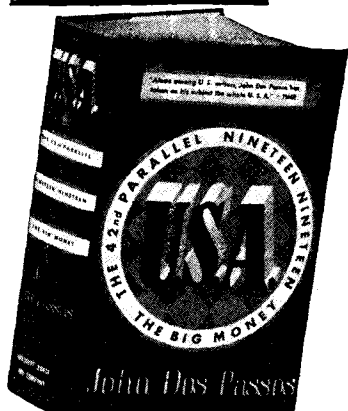


THURMAN W. ARNOLD

security and prestige from these organizations, they come to regard them as the ultimate in spiritual and moral perfection.' Hence man's resistance to change. Hence the futility of the search for universal truth in the political world, and the hopelessness of appealing to men in the political world through universal truth.

Such words and phrases, Mr. Arnold maintains, as 'inflation,' 'private enterprise,' 'government regimentation,' and 'budget balancing,' are merely part of a vast folklore jungle in which we wander lost. This thesis is illustrated with the lavishness of example employed by Frazer in *The*

in fiction — *this is your richest reading experience of the season*



U. S. A. by John Dos Passos

"Now that the three books in his trilogy—THE 42ND PARALLEL, NINETEEN NINETEEN, and THE BIG MONEY—have been published together as they were meant to be, it can be seen that he has produced a major work of considerable stature. . . . He has been able to get into a book more of the life of his day than any other modern American novelist."—*Charles Poore, N. Y. Times.* 1500 pages, \$3.00

by Katherine Mayo **GEN'L WASHINGTON'S DILEMMA**

An almost forgotten incident of the Revolutionary War, in which the honor of the young republic and of its great leader were in serious straits, is here narrated by the author of "Mother India." It is an amazing tale, filled with high suspense and the rich pageantry of our early history. \$2.50

by Eugene Lyons **ASSIGNMENT in UTOPIA**

In its fourth best selling month.
7th big printing, \$3.50

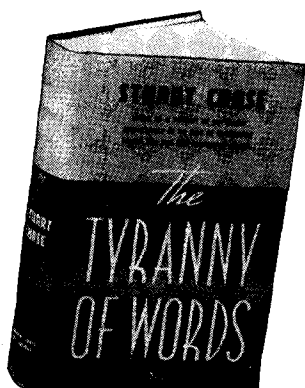
by E. H. Young **CELIA**

The author of "William" and "Miss Mole" writes a new novel which is again in the rich tradition of Jane Austen. It is the story of Celia, who, as a sedate wife and mother in a small English community, wore the cloak of placidity only as a graceful disguise. \$2.50

by Leonard Q. Ross **The Education of H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N**

In its sixth best selling month.
9th big printing, \$2.00

in non-fiction — *this is the exposé of BLAB you hear discussed everywhere*



"All clever persons will get in early on the controversy THE TYRANNY OF WORDS by Stuart Chase will arouse. . . . I doubt if any book to be published in 1938 will be more important. . . . It is so good-tempered a book that I was afraid it would not stir up enough fury to be recommended by the enemies it makes. I was wrong. Already I have heard it denounced by a 'philosopher,' an 'economist,' a 'publicist,' and a bookseller as shallow and unfair, so it is certain to have a triumph."—*Sinclair Lewis, Newsweek.* \$2.50

Stuart Chase's THE TYRANNY OF WORDS

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO. • 383 Madison Avenue, New York

The BOOKSHELF

Golden Bough. One would think, therefore, that the author might have deduced some monumental, guiding principle out of all this. Instead, the conclusion to which he comes is no more startling than that reached by a candidate for a doctor's degree (he got it, too) who proved in a long dissertation that sugar was put in ice cream to sweeten it. Mr. Arnold's conclusion is that successful organizations, such as yesterday's Tammany Hall or to-day's New Deal (my examples), maintain themselves by 'identifying themselves with the faiths and loyalties of the people'; that 'tears and parades, not factual psychological discussion, are the moving forces in the world in which we live.' This is a fact that has been known by all politicians from Pericles (witness the Funeral Oration) to Jim Farley.

The Folklore of Capitalism is not, as some of its admirers claim, the second coming of Karl Marx, and that is fortunate for Mr. Arnold, because second comings tend so often to be anticlimactic. But it is a brilliant, witty, corrosively skeptical examination of some of the myths and illusions by which man lives — myths which the author grants are imperative to his existence. And Mr. Arnold, however mistaken he may sometimes be, has that rare form of intellectual courage which enables him to look calmly, not only upon the fair face of truth, but also upon the peristaltic convulsions of its viscera — the kind of courage which Swift exhibited in one of his poems 'To Celia' that is not in the genteel anthologies.

DAVID L. COHN

THE TYRANNY OF WORDS

by Stuart Chase

[Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50]

'LANGUAGE itself,' Mr. Chase remarks in a key sentence of his opening chapter, 'needed to be taken into the laboratory for competent investigation.' Not alone among contemporary publicists, he finds himself dismayed by the paradox that as the verbal resources of communication multiply and supposedly improve, the efficiency of communication seems to decline. Specifically, he becomes more and more perturbed by the apparent failure of his own trenchant writings to mean the same thing to any two equally intelligent, equally analytical readers. At a certain point he begins to perceive that the core of the difficulty is our general fail-



STUART CHASE

ure to agree on the identity of the concrete matters to which our words refer. We treat the words as if they were themselves things, as if they were self-defining; and particularly we do this with the large verbal abstractions by means of which so many of our more dubious intellectual operations are transacted — liberty, democracy, the law, right and wrong, Fascism, truth, art, neutrality, socialism, production, value, science, progress.

This is the point at which Mr. Chase decides to take language into the laboratory for some long-overdue psychochemical overhauling. He finds himself preceded there by a few pioneering moderns — mathematicians, physicists, anthropologists, psychiatrists, critics — who among them are working out the prolegomena to a new technique of communication, a science of the relation between word and meaning. This new method of linguistic analysis — 'semantics' is the term now coming into use to denote it — has been adumbrated in Korzybski's *Science and Sanity*, *The Meaning of Meaning*, by Ogden and Richards, Richards's *Philosophy of Rhetoric*, Bridgman's *Logic of Modern Physics*, Pareto's *Mind and Society*, F. C. S. Schiller's *Formal Logic*, Thurman Arnold's *Symbols of Government*, and various other more and less technical analyses of the *modus operandi* of thought. *The Tyranny of Words* is essentially a digest, interpretation, and amplification of their results, and it is the first deliberate, systematic, popularly usable discussion of semantic method.

There are probably few writers on serious subjects who can read Mr. Chase's pages without renewed self-searching, not to say self-castigation. More important, his book is going to help enormously in the propagation of a healthy skepticism among all sorts of readers. The man who fully accepts what Mr. Chase has to give him will never again be browbeaten by appeals to nonexistent authority ('History teaches us,' 'This proposal is contrary to economic law'), or by meaningless statistics compounded of incommensurables ('The business index shows'), or by scientific concepts misapplied to provinces in which they are devoid of sense ('The New Deal flouts the biological principle of the survival of the fittest'), or by unwarrantably narrowed alternatives ('Either Jesus was truly the Son of God or else he was the most colossal liar in history'), or by the idiomatic personifications and metaphors of cartoon ('Japan has run amok,' 'Capitalism has its back to the wall'), or by brash absolute statements about undefined and perhaps indefinable categories ('Democracy never was and never will be the most efficient form of government'). *The Tyranny of Words*,



LOUIS BROMFIELD

Claude Houghton's

NEW NOVEL

Strangers



Railroadman

CHAUNCEY DEL FRENCH

Thrilling details of nearly sixty years' service on American railroads, from call boy to yardmaster; forthright and fascinating. \$2.50

Brooks Too Broad For Leaping

FLANNERY LEWIS

The author of "Suns Go Down" presents, with the same sensitive understanding, the world as a seven-year-old sees it. \$2.50

Gallant John Barry 1745-1803

WM. BELL CLARK

The story of a naval hero of two wars. A mass of hitherto unconsulted source material makes it a definitive biography. \$3.50

Laughing Odyssey

EILEEN BIGLAND

A summer in Russia in which the author resolutely ignores all politics and economics and gains unique entertainment. \$2.50

NO matter how intimate the relations between them, modern men and women remain "strangers." This, basically is the theme of the latest work of the novelist who Horace Walpole declared "one of the most interesting and most important" of present day English authors.

The theme is a universal one, but the treatment here is refreshingly original; the human relationships are beautifully handled and the style and technique are to the last degree masterly.

In short, we recommend *Strangers* to everyone who is seeking entertainment and artisanship in fiction. \$2.50

The Rising Tide

By M. J. FARRELL

A story of youth and age in two generations of an Irish family which will bring to mind the fascination met when reading *The Way of All Flesh*. Atmosphere, emotions, action—all are handled with finish and skill. \$2.50

The Moon is Making

Storm Jameson

"Probably the most stimulating novel an unusually sincere artist has yet given us."—*New York Sun*.

\$2.50

Under Capricorn

Helen Simpson

"A rattling good romance; characters that would have vastly appealed to Stevenson."—*Sat. Review of Lit.*

\$2.50

THE MACMILLAN CO., N. Y.

The BOOKSHELF

simply because it tends powerfully toward criticism in the reader and self-criticism in the writer, should do a great deal to lucidify the future discussion of our social, political, and economic affairs. 'A good semantic discipline . . . prevents us from peopling the universe with non-existent things. . . . It checks us from acting as if fantasies were real events worth fighting and dying for.'

Sooner or later, of course, this subject of semantics will itself have to undergo a semantic examination. Particularly, it will have to be surveyed in the light of a searching semantic question that Mr. Chase has chosen not to ask: namely, What is to make us victims of human nature *want* to replace our various illusions, preconceptions, and prejudices, our sustaining fantasies and abstractions, with the scientifically provable concrete facts about 'the structure of the world we live in'?

Mr. Chase himself points out that Christian preachers are extravagantly ferocious in time of war, that well-to-do church members are among the bitterest opponents of laws to end child labor, that our most notorious den of political brigands is kind to the poor, and so on. Semantic analysis, he says, will help us understand these baffling contradictions and confusions. It will; it does.

But how is it to get any initial leverage on the ferocious preacher himself, on the pious enemy of 'state paternalism,' on the Tammany exploiter, on the gullible voter whom he exploits? Describe these to themselves, and — be you Mr. Chase or another, be your account as semantic as Einstein — what they will hear is what they *prefer* to hear; that is, a proof that you are a traitor to your country, an enemy of individual liberty, a half-baked visionary, a highbrow malcontent.

In short, the semantic-pragmatic-realistic method shares with other reforms the drawback that the few who have the least need of it are the only ones who will see a great deal in it. But in the present context Mr. Chase undoubtedly does well to ignore the drawback. His subject is what semantics could do for human communication if humanity were to see the light, and it is tactically sound for him to leave it to future criticism to take the measure of this rather formidable 'if.' What he has written is first of all a fighting book. Few will doubt that it is on the side of the angels.



A. W. SMITH

WILSON FOLLETT

TWO NOVELS OF INDIA

INEVITABLY Louis Bromfield's new book, *The Rains Came* (Harpers, \$2.75) will be compared to E. M. Forster's *Passage to India*, and the champion of either will dislike the other heartily. Forster has portrayed India well through a casual story; Bromfield, with his accustomed skill, has assembled a miscellany of characters and moved them dramatically against an Indian background that seems always factitious and is certainly too weak to motivate, as he intends it should, the psychological upheaval that is the theme of the novel. Any other scene would have done as well; the cataclysms of rain and pestilence affect men everywhere, and this group would just as reasonably have progressed, through love and lechery and sacrifice, to regeneration, in the author's familiar Middle West.

It is a good story, a neurotic melodrama expertly acted, but, as in any Oriental theatre, its setting must be inferred. Most readers will ignore inaccuracies of detail; they will not care that religious and social aspects are jumbled, or that the vivid essence of India, 'where people live by fear instead of faith,' is indicated obliquely. They may have to look twice to find an Indian, but they will be content with the tale alone.

Bromfield's Ranchipur was the most progressive state of the Empire, with its schools, hospitals, waterworks, its civilized economy. But the earth was old and idle, parched and waiting for the monsoon rains, and the nerves of the inhabitants were equally worn. They were a strange group. The Honorable Thomas Ransome planned to drink himself to death. Lady Esketh sought new lovers, the Smileys new charities to perform. And surrounding them were the snobbish missionary Simons; Nurse MacDaid, who was plain and powerful; the wise Maharani; the crass Lord Esketh; young Fern, in love with Ransome; Major Safti, the Indian surgeon; and a troop of others who could not escape from the heat to the hills.

Then the rains came. Flood and earthquake leveled Ranchipur, and plague ran through it. And in that torrential disaster each man was cleansed of his past, some by death, some by abated lust or greed, and some by finding rather theatrically that in service to others lay their sole salvation. All problems are disposed of neatly, by Mr. Bromfield, but unfortunately the reader is left wondering if that disposition is either likely or conclusive.

It is the very slick unriddling that the author has used before, notably in *A Good Woman* and *The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg*. One feels that the fag ends are knotted because of the au-



SINCLAIR LEWIS

OUT OF AFRICA

By Isak Dinesen

author of SEVEN GOTHIC TALES

THIS notable and beautiful book is the story of the author's nine years spent on her African farm, where her companions were black men and wild beasts; its pages are filled with the beauty, as well as the dangers, of her life in the wilderness. DOROTHY CANFIELD calls it: "A book of classic, imperturbable simplicity." *A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection for March*, \$2.75.

THE UNVANQUISHED

By William Faulkner



Seven stories, closely knit into a continuous whole, that give a memorable picture of a great Southern family in the Civil War years. It is one of Faulkner's finest books—packed with war, romance, humor, and courage. \$2.50.

THE PROMISES MEN LIVE BY

By Harry Scherman

What we call "money" is really a gigantic collection of interrelated promises. This is the first book that explains in clear and simple language what makes the economic system "tick" . . . that shows what money, credit, business cycles really are. \$3.00.



A GREAT LORD

By Paul Frischauer

The story of a beautiful woman who loved her native Poland more than she did honor . . . of Napoleon, who took what he desired . . . and of Rasonski, the schemer, who built a great house on the quicksands of intrigue. "An exciting story . . . and a moving account of a grimly important period in European history."—*N. Y. Times*. \$2.50.

This book explains why Japan can't win!

RED STAR OVER CHINA

By Edgar Snow



"The best single job of reporting ever done anywhere!" JOHN GUNTHER. "An extraordinary book; every page of it is significant."—PEARL BUCK. 4th printing. \$3.00.

The BOOKSHELF

thor's technical needs rather than their own. The havoc of the rains was not final enough for him here, nor was the horror of cholera; as a last resort he razed by fire the stricken city of Ranchipur, symbolically cauterizing the entire cast.

He has always been such an easy and artful storyteller, of such talents for the creation of suspense and narrative flow, that now it is surprising to find unpruned incidents, and characters which, though interesting in themselves, advance the story not at all. Even the earthquake has a hard time interrupting the spate of case histories. Remembering the solid background of *The Farm*, one is disappointed to find the characters of this book floating high above a very vague India. Where is the true land beneath them?

Most readers will simply shrug and read on, for there are few writers who can draw European characters that are individuals so deftly as can Mr. Bromfield, or entangle them so curiously. Edwina Esketh and Ransome, who both had lecherously 'double-crossed the world,' the addled misses Dirks and Hodge (come straight from *The Children's Hour*), the gun-begirt Aunt Phoebe and the heroic Major, stand out exceptionally from the snarl in scenes as memorable as any the author has created, scenes of natural catastrophe that are superb. Ransome hastening suicide by brandy, the Brahmin Bannerjee burning his father, Fern Simon desperately trying to barter her virtue for 'Life,' and Lady Esketh denying her urgent body for final peace, are so poignantly real that it seems a pity they should be reduced by literary trickery to fit the thesis that their world must be reborn through pain; for the story is a moving one, of beauty and anguish and power. It is excellent theatre, but fabulous life.

Closer in spirit to E. M. Forster's splendid novel of India is *The Sword and the Rose* by A. W. Smith (Little, Brown, \$2.50), an author who obviously has lived in his actual scene long enough to recall more than its high lights and to write of it with assurance and ease. This is India as the regimental British know it, the palpable ground of their daily life. That this life should be but lightly touched by the complex culture of the land, or by the natives themselves as other than enemies or wards, is perfectly plausible; Captain Smith has therefore occluded, without sacrificing 'atmosphere,' whatever is not essential to his tale. His events must have occurred in India, and nowhere else; and progressing from his premises — that the colonial army is narrow, that India is deep and broad — they must have occurred exactly as he relates. When a Brahmin or Hindu or Moslem appears he is unmistakably real. The rosy legs of the houseboy, the itch of dust, the ammoniac smell of mules, the flavor of blood,

the high thin chirruping of caged prostitutes, give substance to a story otherwise diffuse and thin.

The regiment quartered at Kurdunagar was not what it used to be in the days of *The War*, — the South African War, of course, — for the World War had shunted into it a new sort of officer, hardier and sophisticated, and not usually a gentleman. The code was unknown to young Boykett and Pribram and Mansfield when they went to India. They were conscious instead of regimental jealousies and petty hatreds, of ambitions not always honorable, and most distinctly of India, which propelled each despite himself to murder or heroism or shame. Natasha (who greatly resembles Lady Edwina Esketh of *The Rains Came*) found herself driven into the tent of Major Vivori, while the god Siva, the omnipotent idol, smiled lewdly from the hill above. And Vivori went out to meet the tiger which his experience despised but despair demanded, for he had breached the Code.

There are a dozen major stories, a dozen lives running through this novel, and, though Captain Smith lacks Mr. Bromfield's ability to interweave them, they maintain a sort of unity by stemming from India and developing through the completely artificial life of the regiment. The oldsters served tradition, the youngsters a meagre job. The women waited. All are carefully chosen to mirror as full a view as possible of the scene, and they are excellently drawn in writing that has simplicity and precision and warmth.

HASSOLDT DAVIS



GREAT CONTEMPORARIES

Twenty-one Portraits

by Winston S. Churchill

[Putnam, \$3.75]

HERE are pictures in the grand manner. Hardly since Clarendon's time have portraits of Great Contemporaries been drawn by a Great Contemporary. These are not easel likenesses, with colors borrowed from the libraries, but rapid, nervous sketches vivid with memories of a single extraordinary lifetime. No man is here described, saving Trotsky alone, who is not set down precisely as Churchill has known him. In this solitary instance, the artist has simply accepted the legend and paints a horrible chimera — true, for aught I know, or false, but hardly an historic portrait; but, for all that, most instructive in that the sketch proves how ineffective a substitute is hate for appreciation and affection which alone bring out all there is in a man.

This is not Mr. Churchill's most considered volume, nor so by him regarded. Otherwise it would have been more carefully revised. Whatever his generous feeling is called forth, the native nobility of his style keeps pace with it.

In the National Portrait Gallery there hangs

IS IT CRUMBLING? THE HOUSE THAT HITLER BUILT

By
**Stephen H.
Roberts**

Germany gave this noted modern historian opportunities no one else has ever had to study the inside workings of Nazism. Not stopping there, he bent every effort to learn the truth—and he tells without restraint or bias what he discovered. "Undoubtedly one of the most careful, impartial studies of the German situation which has appeared."—*Sir Norman Angell.* \$3.00

STARTING POINT

By C. Day Lewis

An extraordinary story of four young men who share rooms at Oxford, by a brilliant Englishman who, with Auden and Spender, is opening new vistas in modern literature. \$2.50

400 MILLION CUSTOMERS

By Carl Crow

The best-seller about the delightful, exasperating absurdities of human nature in China. Illustrated. \$3.00

INSIDE EUROPE

By John Gunther

Wholly revised, entirely reset, 1938 Edition. \$3.50

STRANGE WEEK-END

By Mary Borden

"This novel of London's inner circles establishes Mary Borden as one of the major interpreters of character."
—*N. Y. Times.* \$2.50

It Will Make You Proud To Be An American

THIS IS MY STORY

By Eleanor Roosevelt



Family, position, wealth—none of these completely removed Eleanor Roosevelt's shyness, timidity. It was only when she saw her chance to accomplish some real good for her own generation that *she had the courage to be herself.* For its frankness and human warmth this story has few equals in contemporary autobiography. Illustrated. \$3.00

His Greatest Success—

And Admittedly His Finest Achievement

THE RAINS CAME

By Louis Bromfield

Now the novelist whose very first novel, *The Green Bay Tree*, placed him with the top rank American writers reaches new heights. "A finer flowering of a story-telling gift, already among America's best, and a new and deeper understanding of the human heart have gone into this novel of India today. It is far and away Louis Bromfield's best."—*Chicago Tribune.* 600 pages. \$2.75

How We CAN Make A Better World

ENDS AND MEANS

By Aldous Huxley

The thousands who found in Carrel's *Man, the Unknown* new light on man's physical adjustment to his universe will receive fresh inspiration from this book which has been greeted by critics and readers as one of the most important credos of our time. In it Huxley offers a positive, practical philosophy of modern living. \$3.50




The New 1938
Mirthquake—
Robert Benchley's
**AFTER 1903
—WHAT?**
In 106 fun-filled chapters you'll see the Mogul of Mirth get into one jam after another. Don't miss Benchley's new book. A laugh riot. Full of pictures by GLUYAS WILLIAMS. \$2.50

HARPER & BROTHERS

"His flair for the precise, arresting statement makes his sentences seem like fire-brands tossed sputtering into a crowd."
— HARRY HANSEN.

YOUR MONEY AND YOUR LIFE

By GILBERT SELDES

"Functions like an alarm clock and reaches all the people who are afraid they are going to lose their money; it may actually lead them to see that the greatest harm they can suffer is loss of their liberty." — HARRY HANSEN.

2nd printing. \$2.50

THE ADVANCING FRONT of SCIENCE

By GEORGE W. GRAY

"A truly thrilling account in simple, revealing language, of contemporary progress all around the expanding horizon of knowledge. No living reporter is better qualified than Gray to present the current news of scientific research." — *Scientific Book Club Review*.

3rd printing. \$3.00

WHITTLESEY HOUSE McGraw-Hill Book Co., N. Y.



A Voyage of the Schooner Abbie Bradford: 1878-79

By Robert Ferguson

Edited by Leslie Dalrymple Stair

Dramatic adventures in the far north by the author of *HARPOONER*, "a gloriously rich record" (NEW YORK TIMES) of American whaling.

End maps and illustrations by Paul Quinn

At bookstores, \$2.00

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA PRESS
Philadelphia

no truer likeness than Churchill's 'Lord Rosebery,' the sensitive aristocrat serving the state and serving history, but thinking of politicians and the people as

... dissentious rogues,

That, rubbing the poor itch of their opinion,
Make themselves scabs.

Churchill, I imagine, holds somewhat the same view, but, with his career still at three-quarter length, successfully conceals it.

It is great company that Winston Churchill has kept: Balfour and Curzon, Foch and Lawrence, Morley and George V. His gallery reminds us that we, too, have lived through spacious decades. The corridors of Fame seem very empty now, but, looking back, we can still discern the glow of that full noon it is now the fashion to despise.

E. S.

JAPAN OVER ASIA

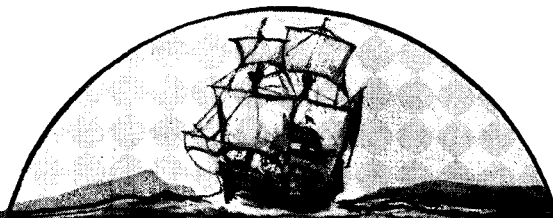
by William Henry Chamberlin

[Atlantic Monthly Press and Little, Brown, \$3.50]

WHENEVER a crisis arises in Far Eastern affairs, the men and women who are content with newspaper accounts of Europe's troubles seem to require books about the Orient to explain to them in more detail who is responsible and why, and what the outcome is likely to be. This demand naturally brings down upon us in such times as this a plethora of responses, most of which make painful and irritating reading for those who have lived in the thick of the Sino-Japanese conflict. It is taken for granted in the East that the 'timely' book will be a slovenly and superficial one; but Mr. William Henry Chamberlin has broken completely with this tradition. He has written the most intelligent 'background' book on the Far East that has appeared in several decades.

Japan over Asia is first of all a remarkably accurate piece of reporting in a field where every obstacle that human ingenuity can devise is opposed to accuracy. It is the first work on the Orient which this reviewer has read in twenty-five years in which he could find no Oriental name misspelled, no instance of geographical confusion, no errors in dates, and no citations of doubtful statistics, unless with due warning that they were doubtful. Secondly, perhaps as a result of his long Russian sojourn, Mr. Chamberlin seems to have been absolutely impervious to the partisanship of the Occidental communities in Asia and to propaganda, published or personal. He seems to have studied each bit of special pleading that came his way as an interesting psychological phenomenon, revealing Oriental ways or aspirations that were worthy of his notebook. In short, Mr. Chamberlin has achieved in a couple of years a judicial attitude towards Far Eastern issues at which old-timers in that part of the world usually arrive after a generation of succes-

*Just
Published*



CONQUEROR OF THE SEAS

The Story of **MAGELLAN** • The great new biography by

Stefan Zweig

The author of *Marie Antoinette* turns to the era of the great explorers, and portrays the greatest of them all—Magellan—who renounced king and native land, ventured across chartless

seas, faced famine, mutiny, storm and war and gave his life to science. One of Zweig's greatest biographies, and a monument to an indomitable man.

Illustrated. \$3.50

The letters and papers of William H. Herndon. The most important book on Lincoln since 1889. *III.* \$5. Edited by Emanuel Hertz

**THE
HIDDEN
LINCOLN**

**DOCTORS
ON
HORSEBACK**

The doctors who fought prejudice and pain on the frontier. *A Microbe Hunters of America.* *Illustrated.* \$2.75 By James T. Flexner

The witty, fascinating, fast-paced new novel selected for January by the Book-of-the-Month Club. \$2.50 By C. P. Rodocanachi

**FOREVER
ULYSSES**

**ANIMAL
TREASURE**

Selected by the Editors of Scribner's and America's publishers as one of 1937's ten best books. *III.* \$3.00 By Ivan T. Sanderson

Just Published

HEARKEN UNTO THE VOICE

The masterpiece of the author of *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh*

Franz Werfel

This book has all the elements that make great literature: a mighty story revolving around profoundly vivid characters, told in a prose of poetic majesty, alive with teeming incident

played against richly varied backgrounds and, above all, possessing a meaning and a message as old and as new as the two great eras which Werfel links within his pages. 792 Pages \$3.00

The Viking Press

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE — MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT

June 29 to August 13, 1938 — H. G. Owen, Director

A graduate school limited in numbers, offering a wide selection of courses in literary history, the art of writing, and play production, all leading to the M.A. degree. Bread Loaf provides a unique opportunity for combining a summer vacation in the heart of the Green Mountains with study under nationally famous instructors.

Faculty: Walter Prichard Eaton, *Yale University*; Donald Davidson, *Vanderbilt University*; Raymond Bosworth, *Simmons College*; Hewette E. Joyce, *Dartmouth College*; Perry Miller, *Harvard University*; Hortense Moore, *Ohio Wesleyan University*; Ruth Conniston Morize, *New England Conservatory of Music*; Theodore Morrison, *Harvard University*; William Merritt Sale, *Cornell University*; Wilbur Lang Schramm, *State University of Iowa*; Hazelton Spencer, *Johns Hopkins University*; Dorothy Boyd Thomas, formerly Mount Holyoke College; George F. Thomas, *University of North Carolina*; James Southall Wilson, *University of Virginia*.

Lectures and Entertainments: Edward Weeks, Robert Frost, Robert M. Gay, Mme. Lydia Hoffmann-

Behrendt, Archibald MacLeish, Marjorie Nicolson, French School Quartet, John Mason Brown.

Courses: English Literature of the Seventeenth Century, Jacobean Drama, Elizabethan Music, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Platonic Tradition in English Literature, Play Production, Seminar in Writing, Play Writing, Seminar in Criticism, Empiricism and Liberalism in English Thought, Development of English Thought in Art and Literature, The Victorian Poets, English Poets of the Romantic Movement, American Ballads and Folk Tales, American Drama, American Novel, Eighteenth Century Prose Writers, Attitudes toward Literature, Literature of the West, Survey of American Literature.

BREAD LOAF INN — The residence of the School and Conference is an old Inn, which accommodates transient or permanent guests, who are admitted to lectures and entertainments and, upon payment of a fee, to classes.

FURTHER INFORMATION MAY BE SECURED FROM THE DIRECTOR

sive enthusiasms and disillusionments — if ever. The result is that this opinionated critic has found it impossible to disagree wholly with any of the author's findings; for when I am not predisposed by my own experience to agree with him, he persuades me to doubt my own judgment.

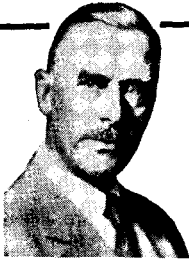
Japan over Asia is two books in one. The first 224 pages have to do with Japan's craving for expansion — an appetite which, like most others, grows with eating. This is traced to its economic and spiritual stimulants: to overpopulation, poverty in natural resources, exclusion from desirable colonial fields and restricted markets; also to the psychology of the military caste, ascetic, obsessed by an almost mystical conception of Japan's destiny, as contemptuous of bourgeois interests as the Communists, yet (on the practical side) determined to prepare for the supposedly inevitable conflict with Russia by taking essential strategic positions on the mainland, without concern for the rights of others or the cost to the Japanese people. Mr. Chamberlin exhausts the possibilities of Japan's expansion southward (as advocated by the navy) through the Philippines to the Dutch East Indies, of her expansion northward into Mongolia and Siberia, and of her immediate plans for reducing North China to docile economic 'cooperation.' Add to these discussions the book's last chapter, 'How Strong Is Japan?' — in which the author expresses the

belief that major military operations would exhaust Japan in a year, and half concludes that Japan has no imperial destiny after all.

Between page 224 and the closing chapter there are 134 pages of detailed analysis of Japan's domestic politics and economy, including a brilliant explanation of the fact that in such a highly regimented and purposeful state there is no responsible authority, that Japan is a dictatorship which has not and is unlikely to have a dictator. These latter pages really form a supplementary book, which explains still more fully to those who want a deeper understanding of the Far Eastern problem how Japan's serious worries and native conceits have mated to bring forth a ruthless, reckless, possibly ruinous foreign policy.

RODNEY GILBERT

THERE has been a remarkable transition in the recent novels of Sinclair Lewis — a transition in technique. It is as if the author had grown less interested in people and more interested in ideas. Gone are those full-length portraits of Carol Kennicott, George Babbitt, Arrowsmith, and Gantry, painted with the hard, clear detail of a Van Dyck. In their stead we have lesser folk, people whose doings typify the mass movements, the current ideas, which keep our world in flux. Because Mr. Lewis is one of the most perceptive



Joseph in Egypt



Winter in April



Louisa May Alcott

By Thomas Mann

The publication of *Joseph in Egypt* is unquestionably the most important literary event of 1938. In this magnificent novel the greatest living man of letters has chosen for his central theme the story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife, and he tells it with such power and mastery that it is hard to conceive of a time when it will not be read and cherished. 670 pages with a map in 3 colors. 2 Volumes, boxed. \$5.00

Just Published—"THOMAS MANN'S JOSEPH STORY, An Interpretation" by Harry Slochower. Containing also a biography, bibliography and critical material. \$1.00

By Robert Nathan

The author of *One More Spring* writes a novel that surpasses in beauty, in mild irony, in tolerant wisdom, anything he has yet written. It is the gentle and moving story of a young man's idealism, a young girl's first fluttering love, and an old man's understanding—a delicate love story superbly told, a mellow and heart-warming view of life that sees something good and timeless in humanity beneath the troubled surface of the world of today. "A beautiful book—beautiful in characterization, beautiful in style, beautiful in construction."—*William Lyon Phelps*. \$2.50

By Katharine Anthony

The distinguished biographer of Catherine the Great and Queen Elizabeth reveals the mystery of one of America's most fascinating personalities. The author of *Little Women* is known to the whole reading world—but she was a riddle to her closest friends. She thought of herself as a boy till she was twenty-five, then a spinster, and at forty decided she was an old woman. She never had a sweetheart in Concord—yet in Paris she found a lover twelve years younger than she. In this, the first biography for adults, Louisa May Alcott is presented with genuine understanding. Illustrated. \$3.00



ALFRED · A · KNOPF · NEW YORK

CURRENT BOOKS ON SPAIN

**Remarkable Personal Records
From Both Sides of
War Torn Spain**

VOLUNTEER IN SPAIN

BY JOHN SOMMERFIELD

"There are hundreds of writers serving in Spain... But the best book about the fighting has been written by a very young man, John Sommerfield. A 'MUST' BOOK FOR ALL THOSE WHO WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAS BEEN HAPPENING IN SPAIN."

—Malcolm Cowley. \$1.50

THE SIEGE OF ALCAZAR

BY MAJOR GEOFFREY McNEILL-MOSS

"It is a magnificent story, and its telling is magnificently effective" — *Washington Star*. 63 illustrations, 3 maps. \$3.50



ALFRED • A • KNOFF

NEW YORK • N • Y

"By virtually universal agreement, not only THE BEST WORK YET TO BE WRITTEN ABOUT THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR, but one of the few pieces of enduring literature to appear."—HERSCHEL BRICKELL, *N.Y. Post*

The Life and Death of a Spanish Town

By ELLIOT PAUL

Not a political tract, not the war in the trenches, but the moving story of the PEOPLE of Spain

"Nothing I have read from Spain has moved me more, nothing has made me feel more intensely the broken sunlight of Spanish life." — *N. Y. Herald Tribune*. "By long odds, the BEST BOOK on the subject."

—*Phila. Record*.

5th PRINTING, \$2.50

A RANDOM HOUSE BOOK

writers of our age, his new books are swift to apprehend our domestic crises. He has led a crusade in behalf of the lone professional woman; he has warned us of the danger that lies in Fascism; and now in his latest novel, *The Prodigal Parents* (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50), he dramatizes still another conflict that has made itself felt in homes as in college communities — the war between the younger and the older generation, the battle between children and their parents, between aspiration and experience.

Sachem Falls, New York, is the arena, and Fredk. Wm. Cornplow is the antagonist of this story. Fred is a high-pressure salesman of automobiles and trailers; he is fifty-six, and has been made portly, exuberant, and conservative by his success — the epitome, if you like, of a middle-class American parent. Picture him as he might be played to-day by George M. Cohan. But there is a sharp and irritable demarcation between Fred and his college children, Sara and Howard; and when they follow the lead of a half-baked agitator and begin to organize the Workers International Cohesion in Sachem, Fred retaliates by threatening to retire from business — and the war is on.

This is an essential antagonism Mr. Lewis is pointing at, and certainly it provides the novelist

with enough farce and satire to keep *The Prodigal Parents* in constant motion. But I do wish that Mr. Lewis's characters were real enough to be taken seriously. Fred Cornplow (what a name!), with his collapsible trailer, his honest indignation, his salty distrust of psychoanalysis and Communism — well, call him a cousin of George Babbitt's. But Fred's identity is weakened by the excesses of his children. For they are caricatures: they talk like actors in a college farce, Sara with her vinegar, Howard with his stupidity, Annabel with her pretty appeal — they have none of them been 'implemented' with what it takes to make a collegiate rebel of to-day. I cannot believe that Mr. Lewis has lost sight of the redheads now in their twenties; I should have supposed that his early rebelliousness would have made him sympathetic to the same mood in others. But selfishness and irresponsibility are what anger him here, and these he has exaggerated beyond belief. It is an unpalatable conclusion that this book shows our foremost novelist at his second best, and that in his pursuit of ideas he has indulged his sense of humor but has minimized his great talent for characterization.

Edward Weeks